VOLUME XXXVI NUMBER FIVE

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1919

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ORGANIZED FOR "THE INCREASE AND DIFFUSION OF GEOGRAPHIC KNOWLEDGE"

To carry out the purpose for which it was founded thirty-one years ago, the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine. All receipts from the publication are invested in the Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge and the study of geography. Articles or photographs from members of the Society, or other friends, are desired. For material that the Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and postage, and be addressed: Editor, National Geographic Magazine, 16th and M Streets, Washington, D. C.

Important contributions to geographic science are constantly being made through expeditions financed by funds set aside from the Society's income. For example, immediately after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. So important was the completion of this work considered that four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resultant given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures, evidently formed by nature as a huge safety-valve for erupting Katmai. By proclamation of the President of the United States, this area has been created a National Monument. The Society organized and supported a large party, which made a three-year study of Alaskan glacial fields, the most remarkable in existence. At an expense of over $50,000 it has sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. The discoveries of these expeditions form a large share of the world's knowledge of a civilization which was waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru. Trained geologists were sent to Mt. Pelee, La Soufriere, and Messina following the eruptions and earthquakes. The Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the historic expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole April 6, 1909. Not long ago the Society granted $20,000 to the Federal Government when the congressional appropriation for the purchase was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people and incorporated into a National Park.

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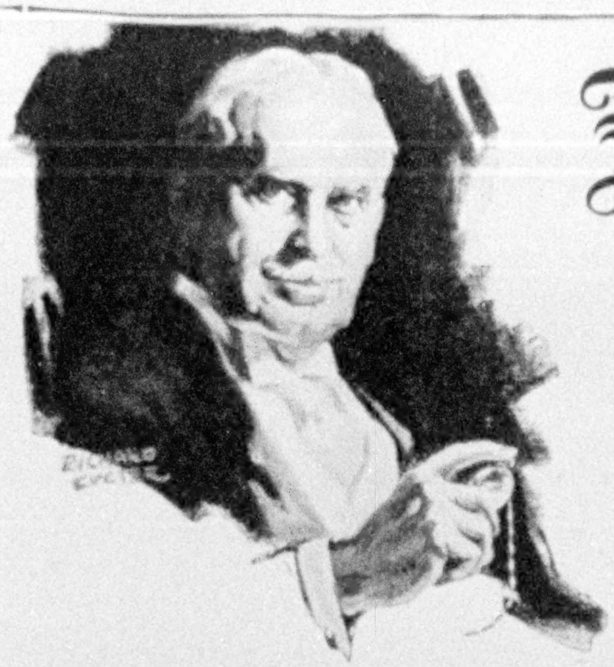
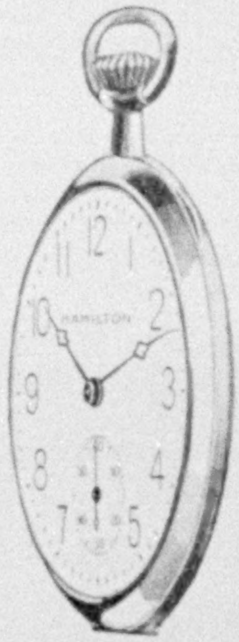


Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"



With President and Engineer Hamiltons Are Equally Popular

The railroad president, with his many appointments and hurried trips 'cross country, finds an accurate watch one of his greatest aids.

And in busy terminals, in yards and roundhouses, in every engine cab, are men who must perform their duties always with an eye on the time. On the accuracy of the watches they carry depends your safety when you travel—depends the speedy, undelayed progress of the trains you take.

Because of their remarkable accuracy, Hamilton Watches are in demand in every branch of railroading—from the executive office to the lonely signal tower. Hamilton popularity as a railroad timekeeper has never been excelled.

But any executive, any man or woman, who wants to be efficient in planning and carrying out the day's work, should have a Hamilton.

Are you planning to make a gift? Then consider the Hamilton Watch. There's scarcely any occasion, any season, that the Hamilton would not make an appropriate, an ideal, gift.

There are Hamilton watches for every taste—thin models and wrist watches for men, watches especially built for rough service, and ladies' bracelet models. The prices range from $36.00 to $185.00. Movements, $19.00 (in Canada $20.50) and up. And there's accuracy, beauty, and enduring service in every Hamilton. See them at your jeweler's.

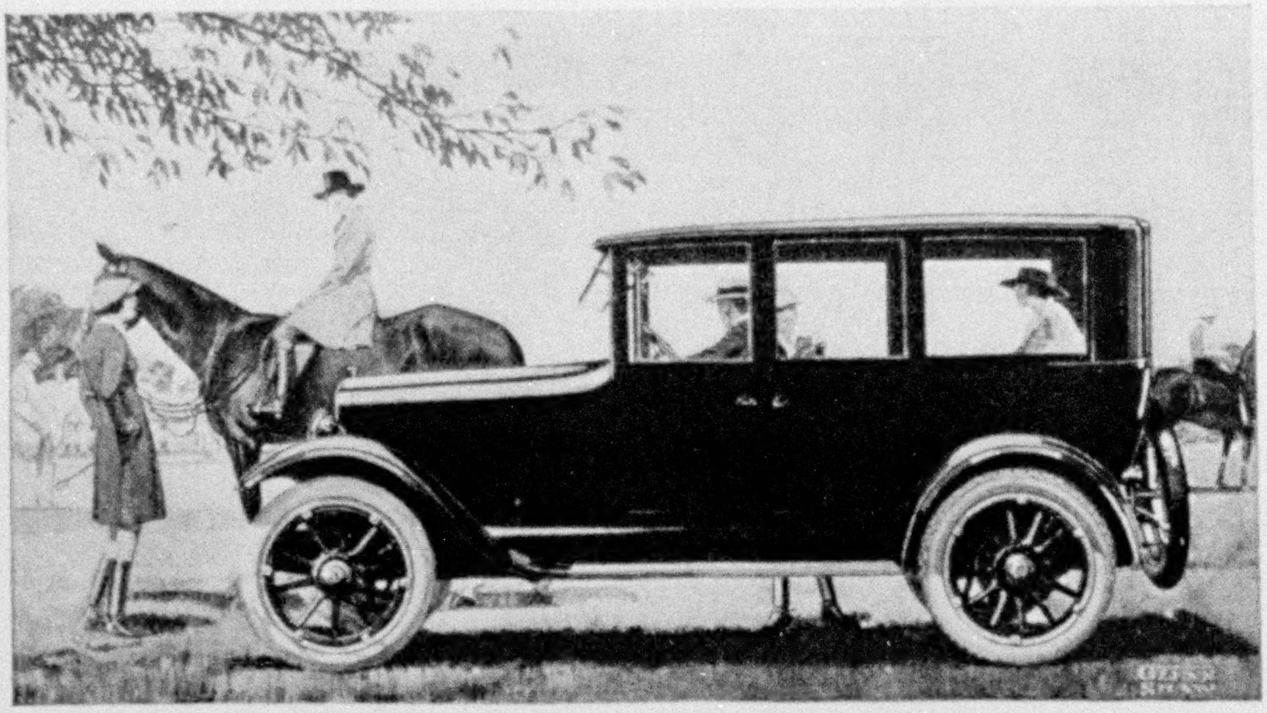
Send for "The Timekeeper." There are some interesting facts about fine watch-making in this little booklet, and the various Hamilton models are illustrated with prices.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY,
Lancaster, Pa.

The "Lackawanna Limited," crack train into New York City on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, is piloted by a veteran engineer and run on Hamilton time. Engineer Charles Stevenson has been at the throttle for nearly three decades, and for 19 years has relied upon his Hamilton Watch for the right time.

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



The Year's Most Pleasing New Sedan

THE season offers no other sedan so pleasing in the beauty of its lines and its furnishings as the new series Chandler Sedan. And there is none that may be compared with it at anything like its price.

The new Chandler Sedan is the highest expression of years of development in the creation of closed bodies. It is beautiful to look at, and most comfortable to ride in. It has style and refinement that must appeal to those who care for the finer things.

This car seats seven persons most comfortably, or five when the auxiliary chairs are not in use. The front seat is solid, not divided as in previous models, and the window posts are a permanent part of the body, not removable. The windows, however, may be lowered away or adjusted to suit the weather and the wish. The interior is upholstered in silk plush of pleasing pattern for cushions and plain tone for head lining. Interior fittings are in dull silver finish of Colonial design.

Despite the largest production in the history of the Chandler company, the demand for the new series sedan will quickly consume the production for weeks to come. Your early order will be a safeguard against disappointment.

All Chandler bodies are mounted on the same standard Chandler chassis, famous for its marvelous motor

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1795 *Four-Passenger Roadster, $1795*

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, $1875

Seven-Passenger Sedan, $2795 *Four-Passenger Coupe, $2695* *Limousine, $3295*

(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland)

Dealers in all Principal Cities and Hundreds of Towns

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Export Department: 1790 Broadway, New York Cable Address: "CHANMOTOR"

XUM

General Motors Trucks

–on Laundry Routes

AN increase in collection and delivery area to four times that covered by horse drawn vehicles has been effected by the Winchester Laundry, Boston, through the use of motor trucks.

Four GMC Trucks, ¾ to 1 ton capacity, are operating over the longer routes.

With horse drawn vehicles, only the close-in routes could be covered successfully, and the income shown could not average more than $240 per vehicle per week.

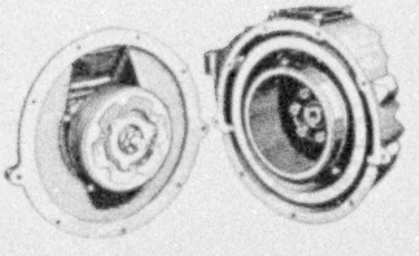
GMC Trucks covering the longer routes are able to bring in business averaging $400 per truck at an increase in weekly operating expense over horses of only $20.

This increase of 66⅔ per cent in volume of business with an increased collection and delivery expense of only 35 per cent has meant an increase in profit of still greater proportion.

The GMC Model 16, ¾ to 1 ton truck, is the model standardized by the War Department for all work requiring a truck of that capacity.

GMC Trucks in the war made a remarkable record in the severest kind of ambulance work.

GMC Trucks are built and backed by the General Motors Corporation, the strongest organization in the automotive industry.



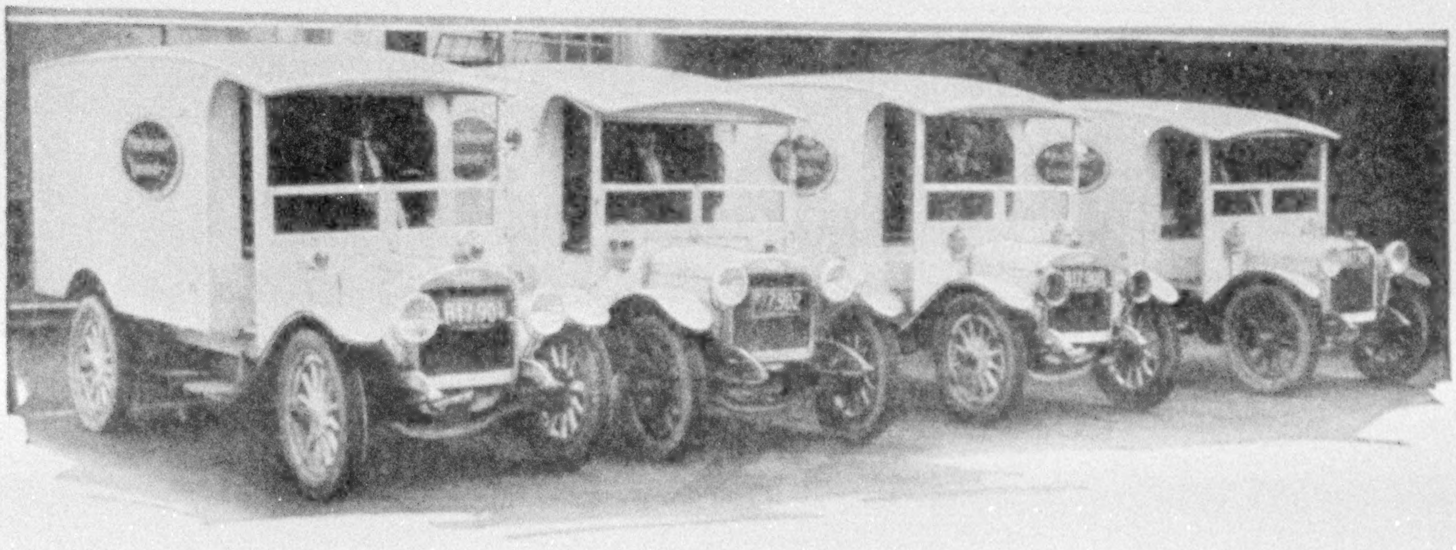
The GMC Multiple Disc Dry Plate Clutch will not slip, therefore cannot burn out; is very smooth, saving engine, rear axle, and transmission. Requires no adjustment; no lubrication; nothing to wear out except the asbestos plate rings.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

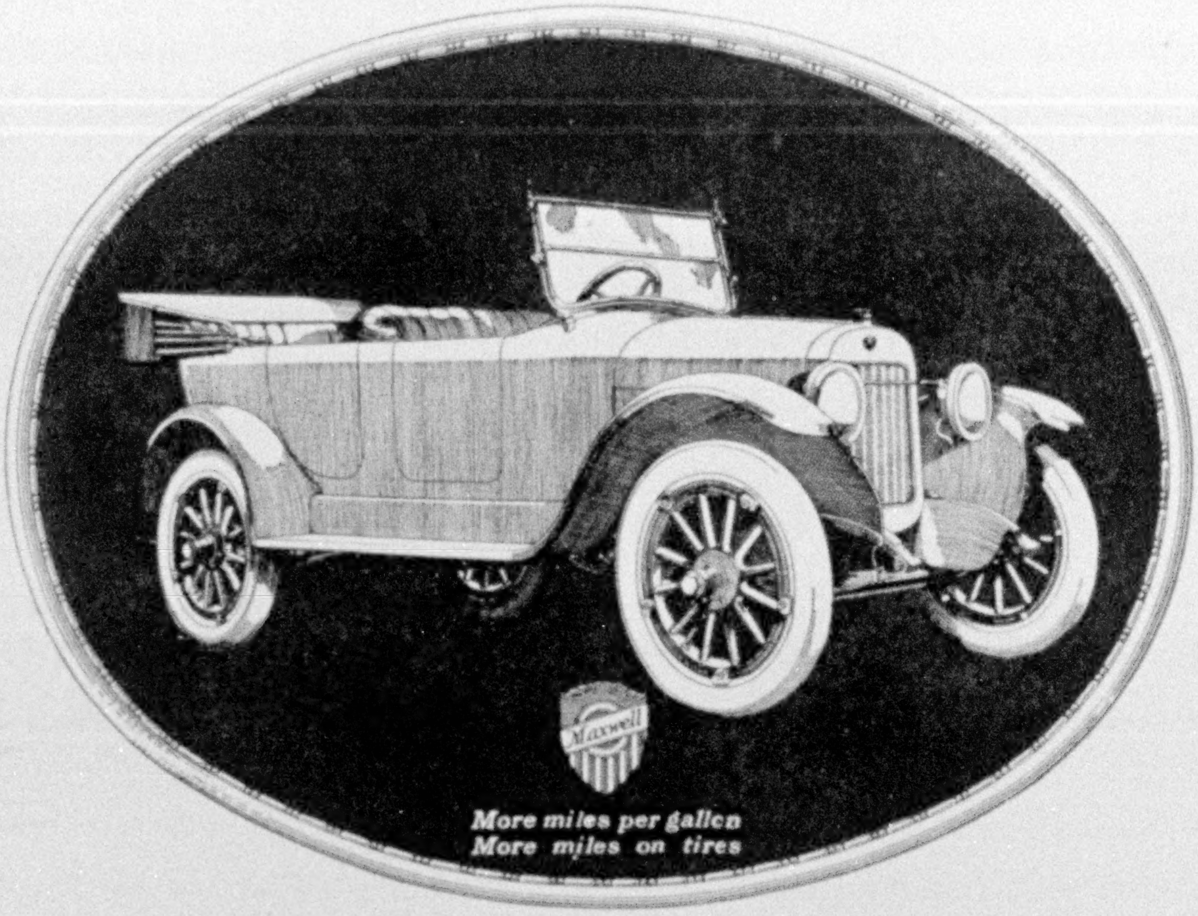
One of the Units of the General Motors Corporation

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN, U. S. A.

Branches and Distributors in Principal Cities



"Mention The Geographic—It identifies you"



12,000 men, 8 great plants, and a capital of $36,000,000 are making your Maxwell

EIGHT gigantic plants and the use of a vast fortune in working capital are your guarantee in not only a good Maxwell, but a car that saves you $200 or more in the initial cost.

A good car at a good value creates its own market, and how rapidly the market for the Maxwell has multiplied is shown by this fact: One Maxwell car is being turned out every 1½ minutes of the working day. Yet there are thousands who will seek a Maxwell this year and suffer disappointment.

Probably enough cannot be built to satisfy much more than 60% of the demand. For it is a greater Maxwell; better looking, vastly improved from electric system to rear axle; and the price is still at the daringly low figure of $985, f. o. b. Detroit.

MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY, Inc., DETROIT, MICH.
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, Limited, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

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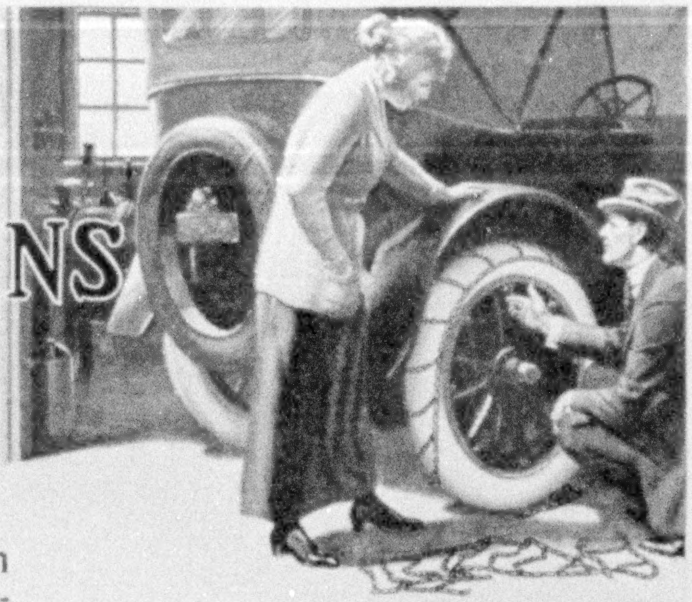
Practice
Putting on—
WEED TIRE CHAINS
in the Garage



It only takes a few moments to attach them when you know how. No jack required. Study the directions. Practice makes perfect. No danger of injury to tires.

THE careful driver regularly gives his car "the once over" every few days before he takes it out of the garage. He gives a turn or two to the grease cups—tests out the brakes, sees that there is a sufficient supply of oil, water and gasoline and that the batteries are in good condition, etc. By so doing he is assured, barring accidents, that he will have no trouble on the road. But—

HOW few there are that pay the slightest attention to the proper method of attaching Weed Tire Chains

Rain comes on, the road and pavements suddenly become slippery and treacherous—the car slips or skids—the Weed Chains, carried in nearly every tool box, are hauled out and a hundred to one the driver has only a hazy idea how to attach them. He fumbles around, gets hot under the collar and falsely accuses them of being a nuisance.

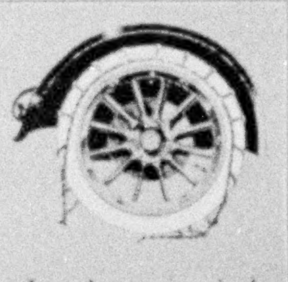
Women drivers are very numerous nowadays. They are driving out into the country over all sorts of roads—*they surely need protection against the dangerous skid*. How many of them know how to put on Weed Chains? Have you ever instructed your wife, your sister or your daughter?

The directions for attaching Weed Chains are simple yet most important. Avoid annoyances on the road—learn how easy it is to put them on correctly—*practice in the garage* and give the women instruction. It will amply repay you in security, satisfaction and comfort.

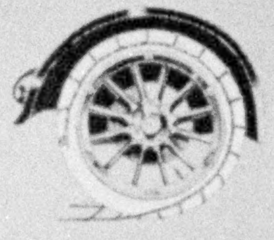
Printed instructions for attaching Weed Chains are packed in every bag—If you desire a copy write us and we will gladly mail it to you.

Weed Chains are also made to meet the demand for an efficient traction and anti-skid device for trucks equipped with single and dual solid tires or with the very large pneumatic tires. They are so constructed that they satisfactorily meet the requirements of heavy truck service in mud, sand or snow.

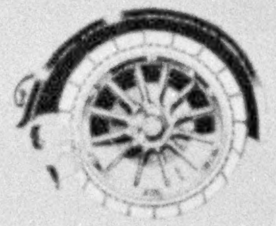
Observe these three fundamentals



Lay chains over wheel with hooks toward rear, and tuck the slack under front part of wheel.



Start car forward just enough to run over slack ends.



Hook chains as tightly as possible by hand.

Do Not Anchor

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

BRIDGEPORT ACC CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

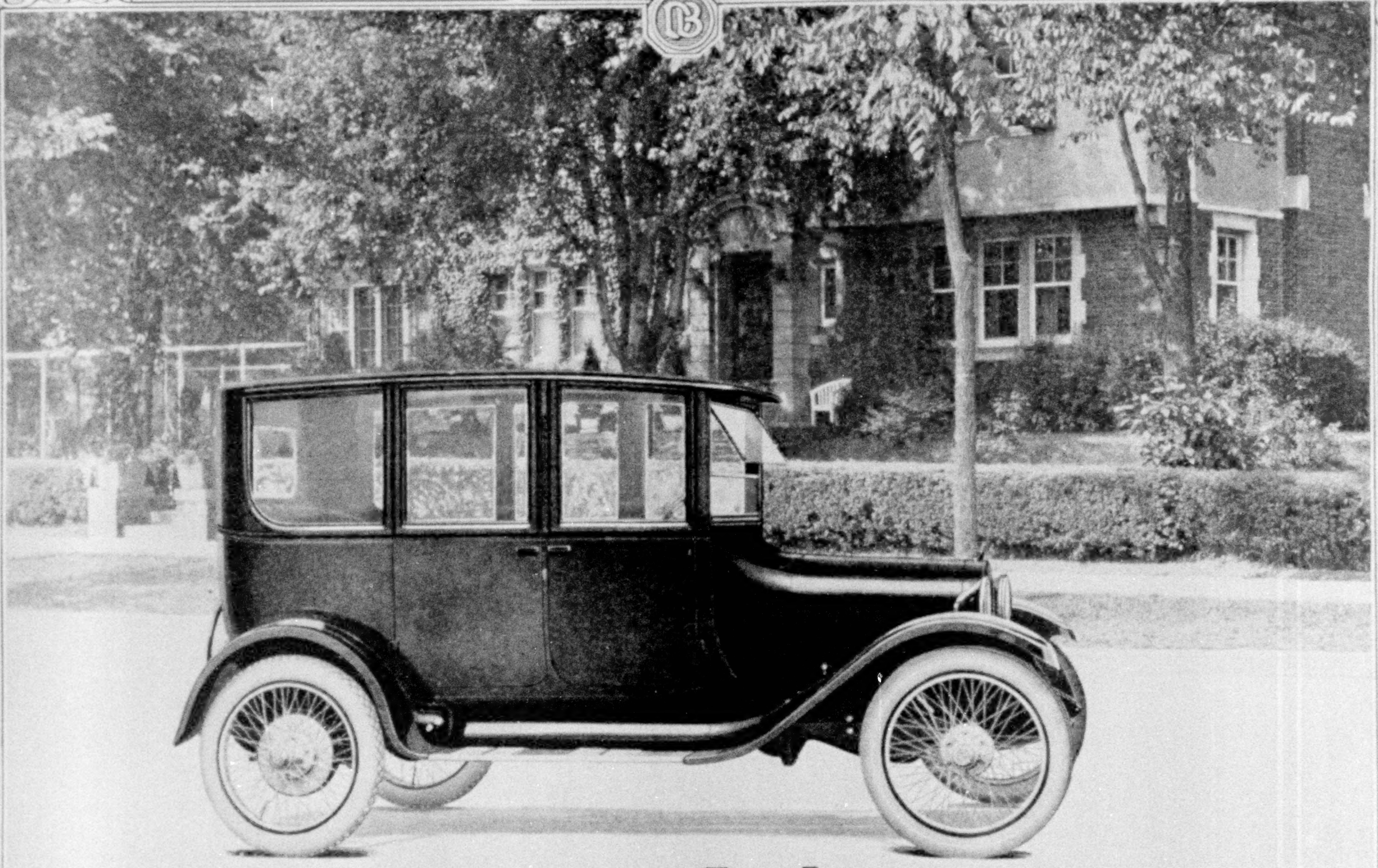
The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumber's Safety Chain to Ship's Anchor Chain

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

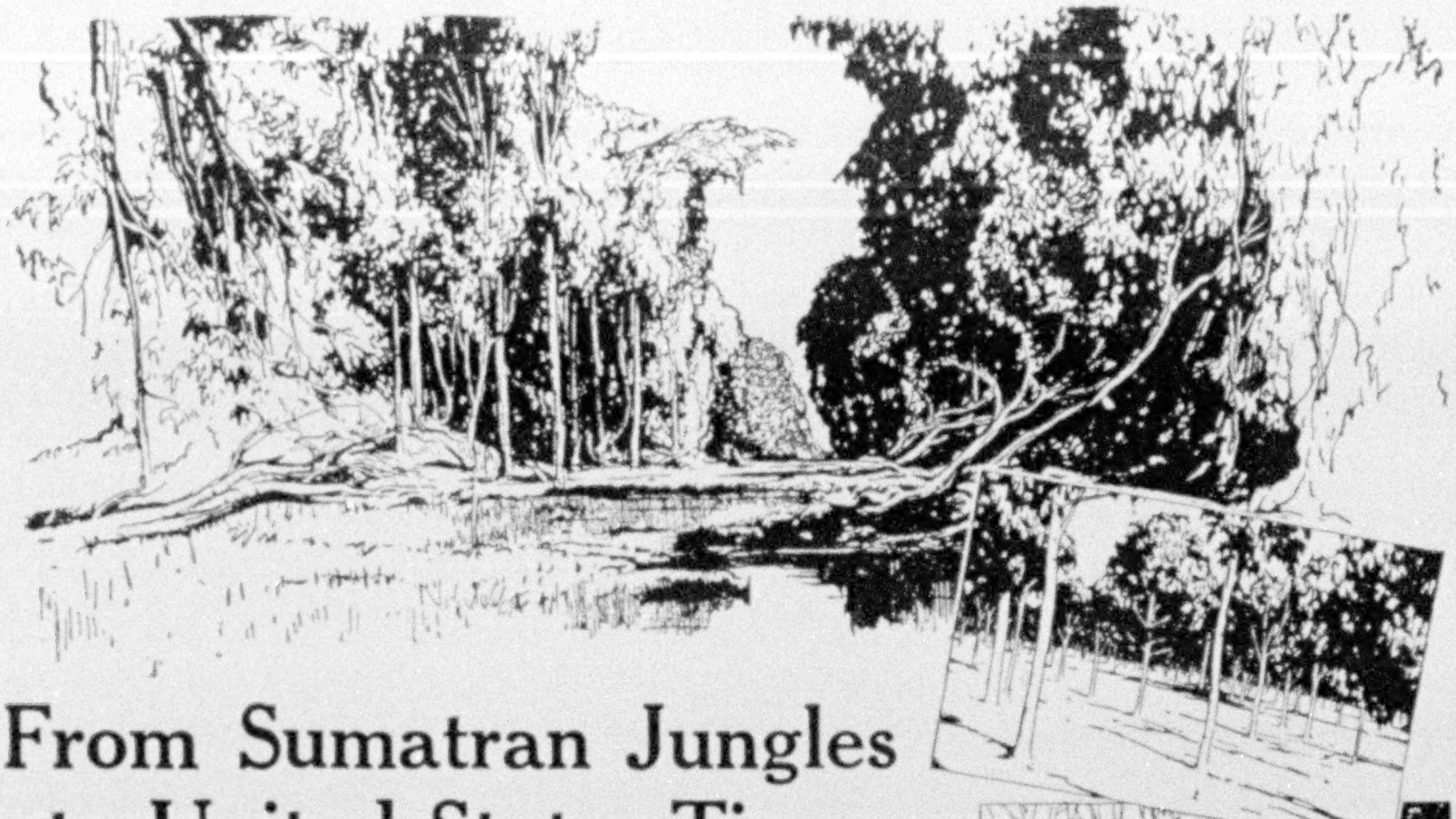
District Sales Offices:

Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg Portland, Ore. San Francisco

THE NAME WEED ON EVERY HOOK



DODGE BROTHERS 4-DOOR SEDAN

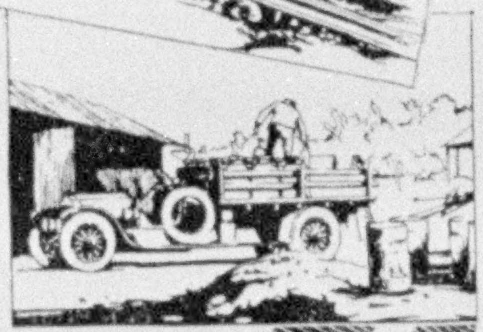


From Sumatran Jungles to United States Tires

United States Rubber Company plantations in Sumatra already total 100,000 acres. They produce a substantial percentage of the company's crude rubber requirements.

Through its foresight in purchasing in 1910 these great tracts—now in constantly increasing production—the United States Rubber Company is able to realize substantial economies in price and vital advantages in the control of the quality of its raw material.

This company is the only rubber manufacturer growing its own rubber supply in any large quantity.



What was a Malaysian jungle in 1910 is today a flourishing province of civilization. It is operated by 20,000 workers. It has modern railroads, towns, schools, hospitals and churches.

The high quality of rubber received from these plantations—constantly enlarged—is reflected in the service given by United States Tires.

United States Tires are Good Tires

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

United States Rubber Company

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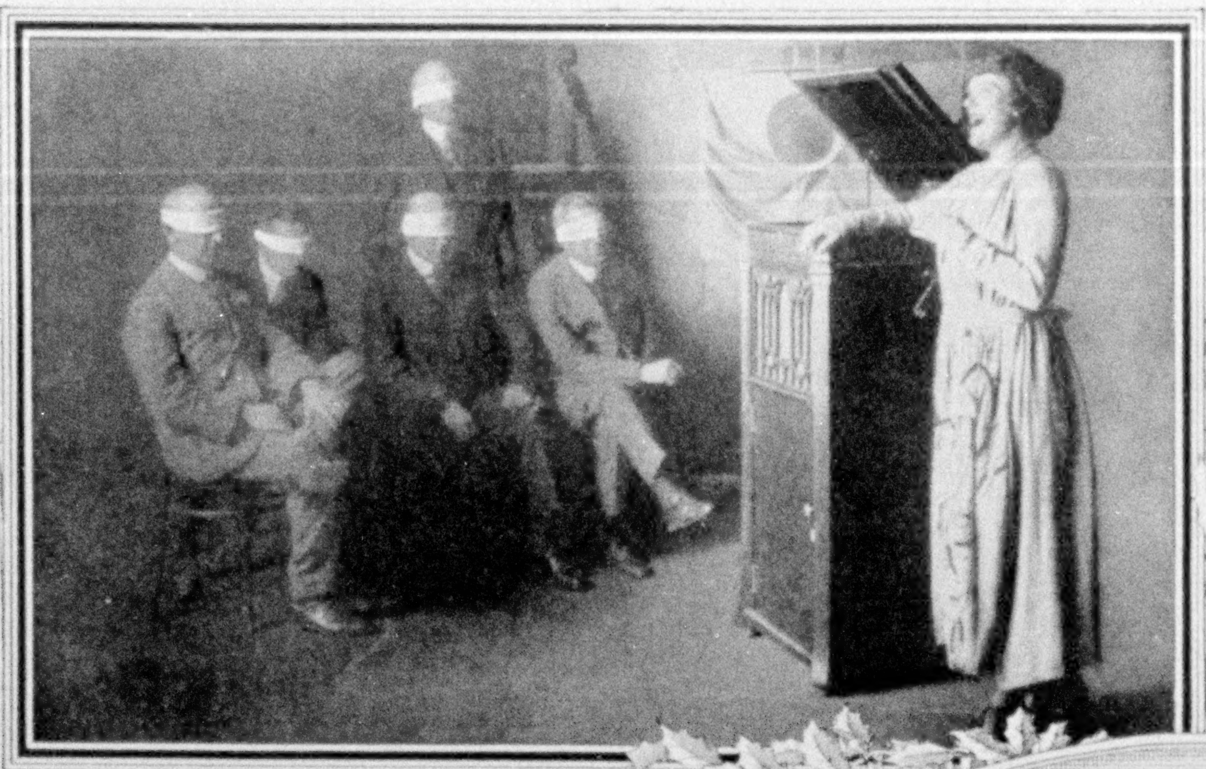


Reproduced from actual photographs taken at Edison Recording Studios, New York

The blindfolded jury hears Hempel sing "Io non sono piu l'Annetta," while she stands beside the New Edison.

No dif

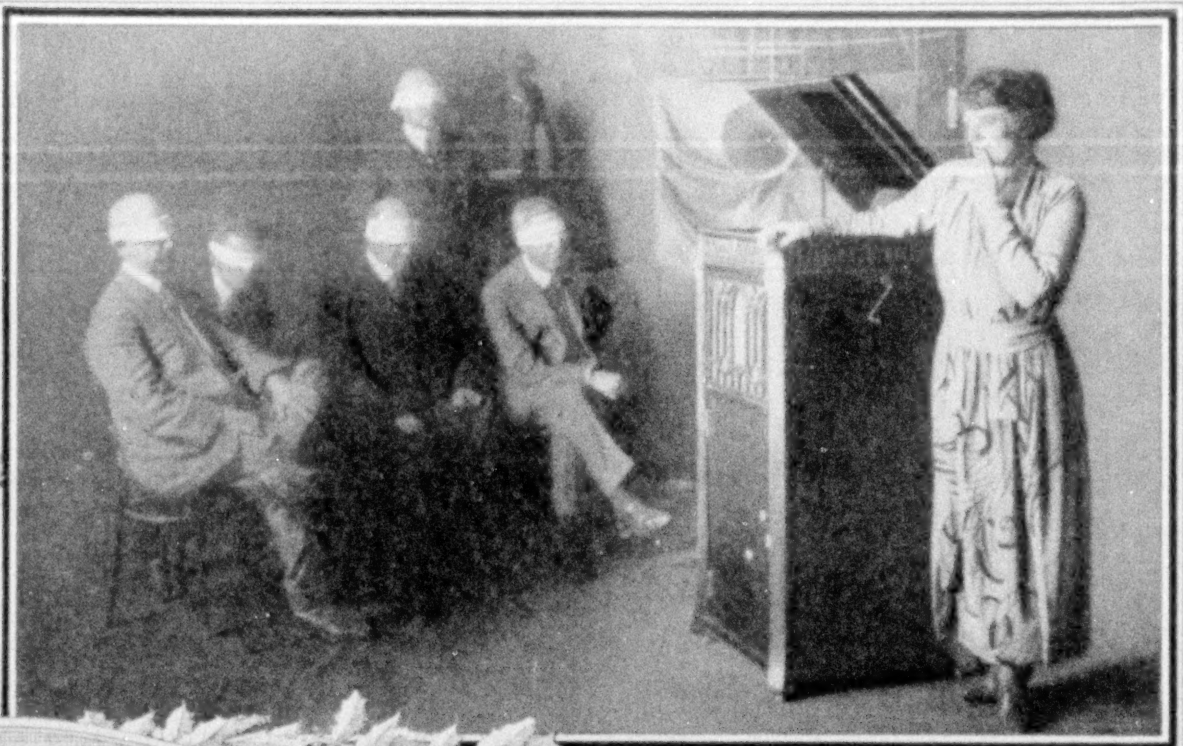
THE BLINDFOLD TEST is the most severe of all musical tests; shutting off a person's sight greatly increases his acuteness of hearing. Yet even the blindfold test has been successfully met by the New Edison.

Frieda Hempel, prima donna soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, appeared before five of Thomas A. Edison's musical experts to perform the test. She stood beside the New Edison. The blindfolds were adjusted over the eyes of the five men. As shown in the first photograph, Hempel then started to sing. The selection was "Io non sono piu l'Annetta," from the opera "Crispino e la Comare." Suddenly Hempel stopped singing, but the song continued. The New Edison had taken up the song and was singing alone. The five experts, even though their hearing faculties were at highest concentration, were completely unaware that Hempel had ceased and that they were listening only to the New Edison's RE-CREATION of her voice.

Two million people have heard similar tone-tests, publicly given by forty different artists. Five hundred representative newspapers have publicly recorded the fact that no one has been able to distinguish the artist's living art from its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. The proof of this is founded upon scientific fact; it is piled mountain-high. The New Edison brings you all the living artist can bring, excepting his physical presence.

The NEW

"The Phonograph



ference!

Thirty seconds later! Hempel has ceased. The blindfolded jury is not aware that the New Edison is singing "Io non sono piu l'Annetta" alone.

FRIEDA HEMPEL is called "Hempel of the Voice Supreme." You might think this is because of her technique—so flawless, so superb! Or because of her notes, pure as the chiming of silver bells.

But Hempel is infinitely more than a vocalist. Hear her sing some song she loves, and suddenly you understand what it is that makes her great among the greatest in opera and concert. For you fall under the spell of a mysterious, lifting power—a power which transmutes every note into gold and every bar into angel-music. It is Hempel's sublime artist-soul. Soul is that electric something, that transcendent something, that eternal something, which makes music the mind's solace and inspiration. The soul of music is what Edison has caught and perpetuated in his RE-CREATIONS. That is why he considers the New Edison the greatest of his inventions. That is why the heart of the music-lover responds to a RE-CREATION by the New Edison, even as it responds to the art of the living artist.

Go hear the New Edison. Hear it with your eyes closed, for that is the best way to listen to music. You will feel that the artist himself is standing before you, alive!

Write to Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J., for the most interesting phonograph story of the year, "Edison and Music."

EDISON
with a Soul"

Magnificent Tone and Design

THE beauty of Sonora tone—rich, pure, expressive—is matched by the beautiful design lines. Observe the "bulge" curves of the cabinet. These, found only in the finest furniture, are produced by patented processes and are obtainable only in the famous

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CLEAR AS A BELL

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

The Sonora is just what you need for entertainment. It plays ALL MAKES of disc records *perfectly* without extra attachments.

You will choose the Sonora for its wonderful tone which won highest score at the Panama Pacific Exposition and for its important features of construction, which include the extra-long-running, powerful, silent motor, convenient envelope filing system, all-wooden tone passage, effective automatic stop, motor-meter, tone modifier, etc. A matchless line of upright and period styles is available at prices from $50 to $1000.

Today write for general catalog 37, or period catalog 37X, which will be sent free on request.

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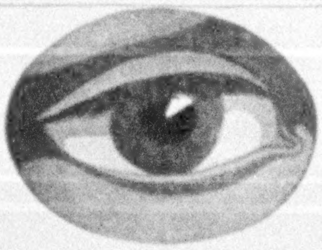
DEALERS EVERYWHERE



EMERALITE

The Daylight Lamp

Ordinary artificial light has an excess of red rays which irritate the eyes. Daylight is the best working light because these harmful rays are subdued.

THE EMERALITE DAYLIGHT ATTACHMENT

changes harsh electric light into soft daylight that increases visibility and eliminates all glare and eyestrain.

Emeralite, always best, is now perfect for every reading need. Buying an Emeralite means doing your best for your eyes—they are worth it.

Sold by electrical and office supply dealers.
Write for interesting booklet.

H. G. McFADDIN & CO., 31 Warren Street, New York

Makers of lighting specialties since 1874

KIND TO THE EYES

SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

The War has created a great demand and unlimited opportunities for those who know **French, Spanish or Italian**. Another language doubles your commercial value.

Prepare now to better your position or increase your business. Brush up on the language you studied at school or college and make it of practical use. Equip yourself to read foreign books and papers.

You can learn quickly and easily, at home, during spare moments, by the

LANGUAGE PHONE METHOD

And Rosenthal's Method of Practical Linguistry

This is the natural way to learn. You hear the living voice of a native professor pronounce each word and phrase. He speaks as you desire—slowly or quickly, for minutes or hours at a time. It is a pleasant, fascinating study; no tedious rules or memorizing. It is not expensive—family and friends can use it. You simply practice during spare moments, and in a surprisingly short time you speak, read, write, and understand a new language. **Makes an Ideal Xmas Gift.**

Our records fit all talking machines. Write for free "Language Treatise," particulars of Trial Offer. Easy Payments.

The Language Phone Method, 980 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., N. Y.

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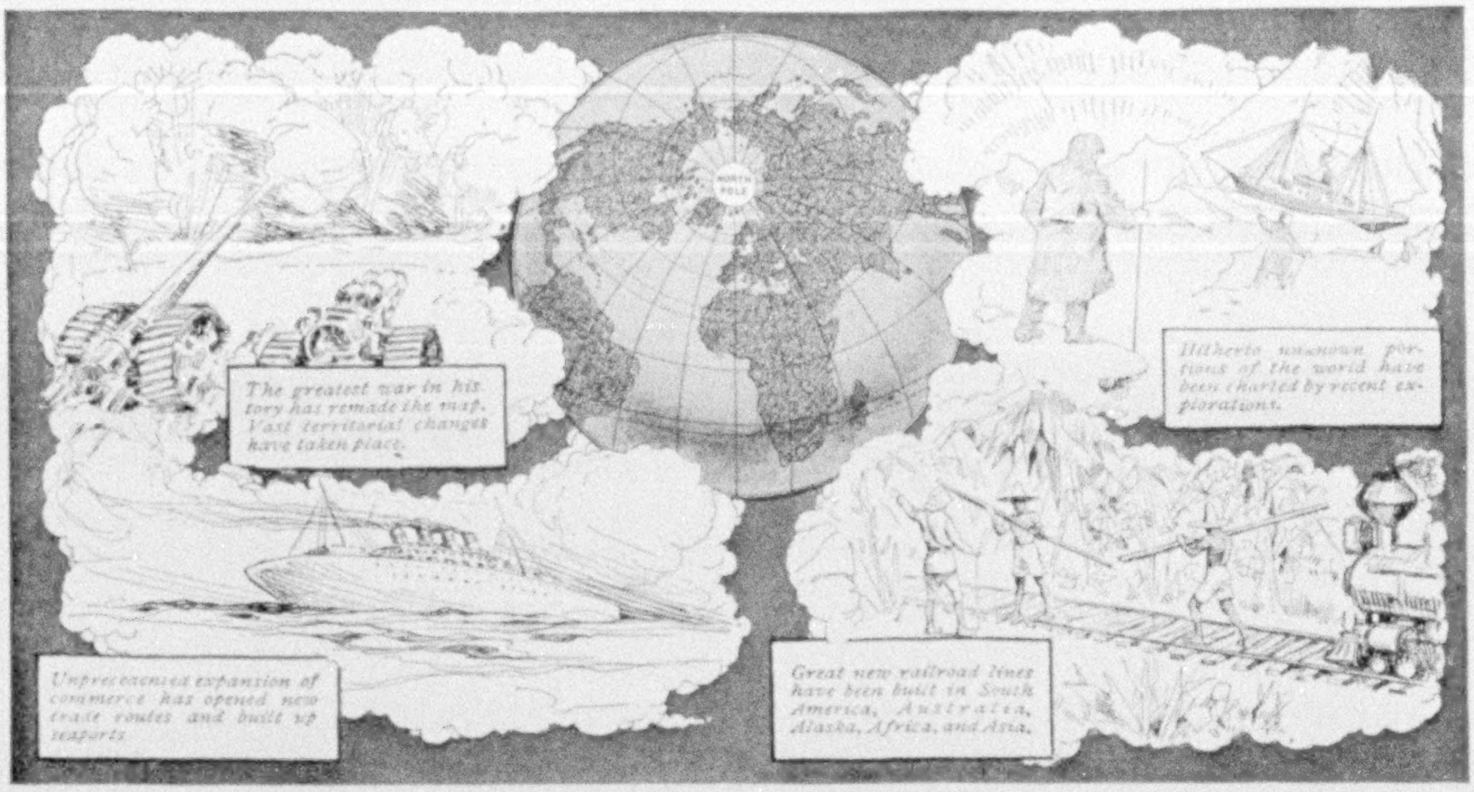
STEINWAY

A PIANO that appeals to you like some fine old master-piece of painting or pottery—a piano of recognized artistic and mechanical excellence—a piano with responsive touch to express the subtlest nuances of tone—a piano that speaks to you like a sympathetic friend and endears itself the more as years glide by—this is the STEINWAY.

STEINWAY & SONS, Steinway Hall, 107-109 E. 14th Street, New York

Subway Express Stations at the Door



A NEW World
You Have Never Seen!

HAVE you seen the world as it looks today? The old world no longer exists—it has been completely made over—vast changes have taken place in every quarter of the globe. Today we are living in a NEW world!

The greatest war in history has turned the whole world upside down. It has wiped out our former maps—it has altered the face of continents, changed the status of territories everywhere—it has upset the entire world situation.

Important New Changes Everywhere

Besides the war, there have been other epoch-making forces at work revising the map of the world. Recent explorations, unprecedented expansion in commerce and industry, political upheavals—all have left their marks in every part of the globe.

How much do you know of this New World you are living in? Probably you have seen fragmentary maps in newspapers and magazines showing some one portion of the map that has been affected, but have you ever had the whole new world of today laid before your eyes so that you get a clear, comprehensive conception of just what changes have taken place?

Do you know what has been added to our geographical knowledge of the world by the recent explorations of Stefansson, Stuck, and McMillan in the Arctic, of Smuts in Africa, of Roosevelt and Rondo in Brazil?

Do you know how commerce has opened new routes of communication, built great new railroads in Alaska, Australia, Africa, Asia, South America?

Do you know how many new industrial cities have sprung up as a result of shipbuilding in the United States?

Do you know where the new kingdom of Hejaz and the new empire of Mongolia are located?

Do you know the new Europe that has come out of the war—with all the changes in boundaries, the new nations that have been born, the internationalized cities, the territories that are under plebiscites?

Do you know how the Peace Treaties have affected Africa, Asia, the islands of the Pacific?

Do you know what is included in the territory of over a million square miles which was taken from Germany and how it was disposed of by the Allies?

The New Strap on Italy's Boot

THERE is a new strap on Italy's boot as a result of the war. The northern boundary has been extended to strengthen the natural frontier—important readjustments have been made on the Dalmatian coast. Yet your present atlas does not show these vital changes. And this is only one example of the many vast alterations that have completely changed the map of every part of the world. You might better have no atlas at all than one that is full of misinformation. But this is the last time you need ever discard an out-of-date atlas, for now a *new kind* of atlas is ready for you—The NEW WORLD Loose-Leaf ATLAS—up-to-date *now* and *always*.

XUM

The Whole World Re-Mapped

Abreast of this great new world order comes a new kind of atlas—an atlas that keeps pace with the world! The NEW WORLD Loose-Leaf ATLAS is now ready—a superb new collection of maps that lays before you, in great detail, the whole new world of today.

But this is more than a *new* atlas—more than an *up-to-date* atlas—it is an atlas that can be *kept* up-to-date—that shows changes in the map whenever and wherever they occur, for with this atlas is furnished up-to-date *Map Service* that keeps abreast of current events.

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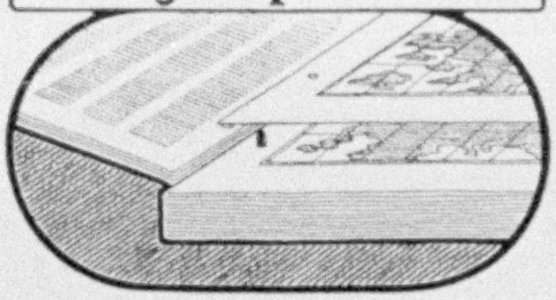

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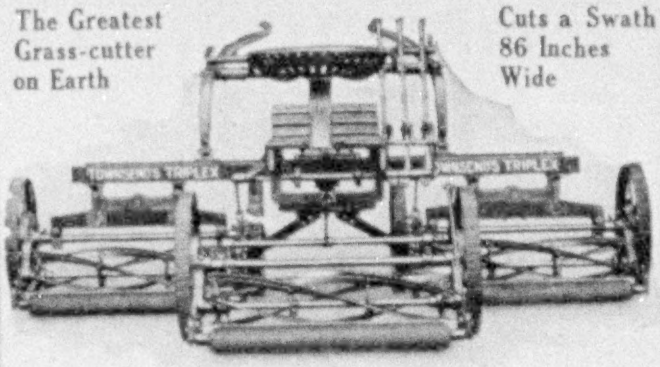

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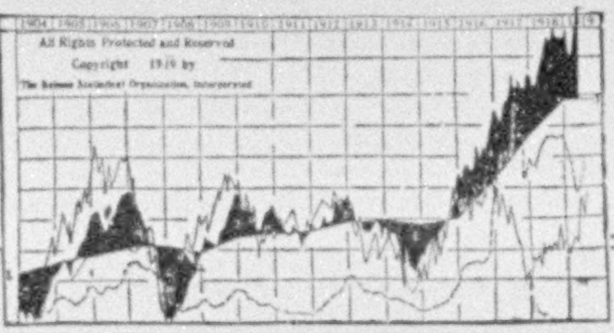

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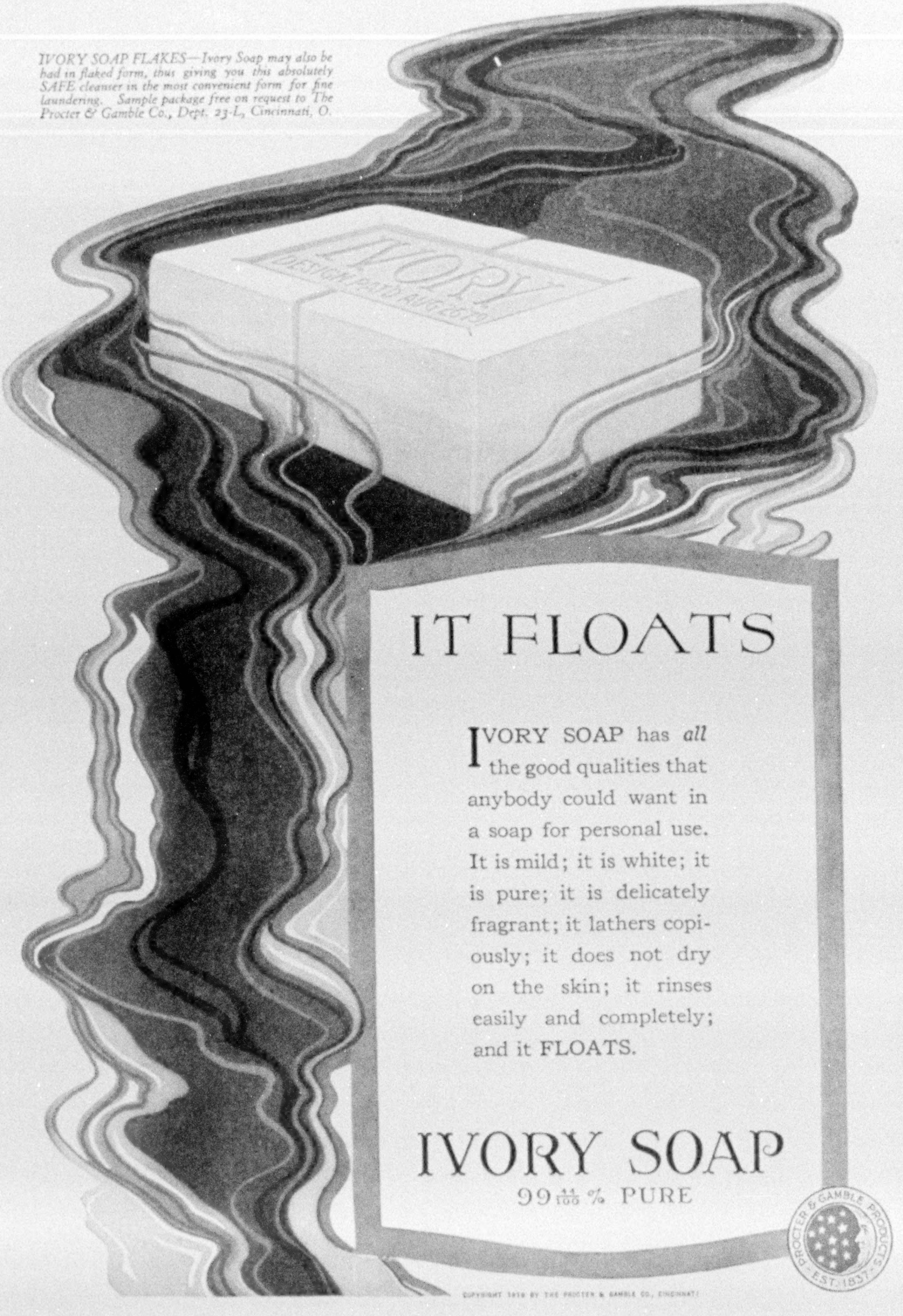
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Vol. XXXVI, No. 5 WASHINGTON November, 1919

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

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THE RISE OF THE NEW ARAB NATION

By Frederick Simpich

Author of "Where Adam and Eve Lived," "Mystic Nedjef, the Shia Mecca," "A Mexican Land of Canaan," etc.

AMONG all the small, new States to emerge from the melting pot of war, none is more interesting nor a more significant factor in world politics than the new nation of Arabia.

Twelve per cent of all the people in the world take their rules of conduct and laws of life from Mecca, and take a keen, personal interest in all that happens in Arabia, and *to* Arabia. One man in every eight, throughout the whole world, hopes some day to visit Mecca, to paint his beard red, and to bear the honored Islam title of Haji the rest of his life.

So, empty and obscure though Arabia may be, and scant as our first-hand knowledge of Mecca has been, the rise of this new nation brings Christian and Moslem into new, close contact, affecting the religious and political destinies of 223,000,000 people. And remote, little-known Arabia, ancient and mysterious, is the stage on which this great political drama of the Middle East is being played.

The first act was the break-up of the Ottoman Empire; this is now a *fait accompli*. France, we hear, will watch over Syria, Britain over Mesopotamia and Arabia, etc., leaving only Anatolia to Turkey.

MOHAMMEDANS AID ALLENBY'S CRUSADE IN PALESTINE

Act II in the drama was the famous manifesto from the Agha Khan, the great Moslem leader, declaring that Turkey had lost her high position, religiously speaking, when she lent herself as the tool of Germany. Proof, amazing proof of this was revealed when Arab troops joined Allenby's column in the march on Jerusalem and Moslem fighters of India "threw in" with the British against German and Turk alike. Shades of Peter the Hermit and Lion-Hearted Richard! Here is a crusade they never dreamt of!

Act III: Scene, the palace of the Grand Shereef, in the forbidden city of Mecca, "The Soul of Islam," where men are killed who say that Christ was the Son of God. The Grand Shereef, surrounded by slaves and eunuchs, pens a telegram to leaders of Christian powers; he asks that Arabia be admitted to the family of nations! In one fell blow, apparently, Christian warfare indirectly brought about the fall of the citadels of bigotry and fanatic isolation, against which Christian missionaries had vainly hammered for generations!

Even previous to 1914, however, a restless group of Arab students sojourning in Paris were agitating for Arabian independence. One of them, Najob Azoura, wrote a book called "Le Reveil de la Nation Arabe," pleading for "a united Arabia, independent and progressive, a force in civilization, a cradle of the renaissance of Arabian art, literature, and science." This idea was warmly supported by the more advanced Arabs living in Egypt and Syria, and the world

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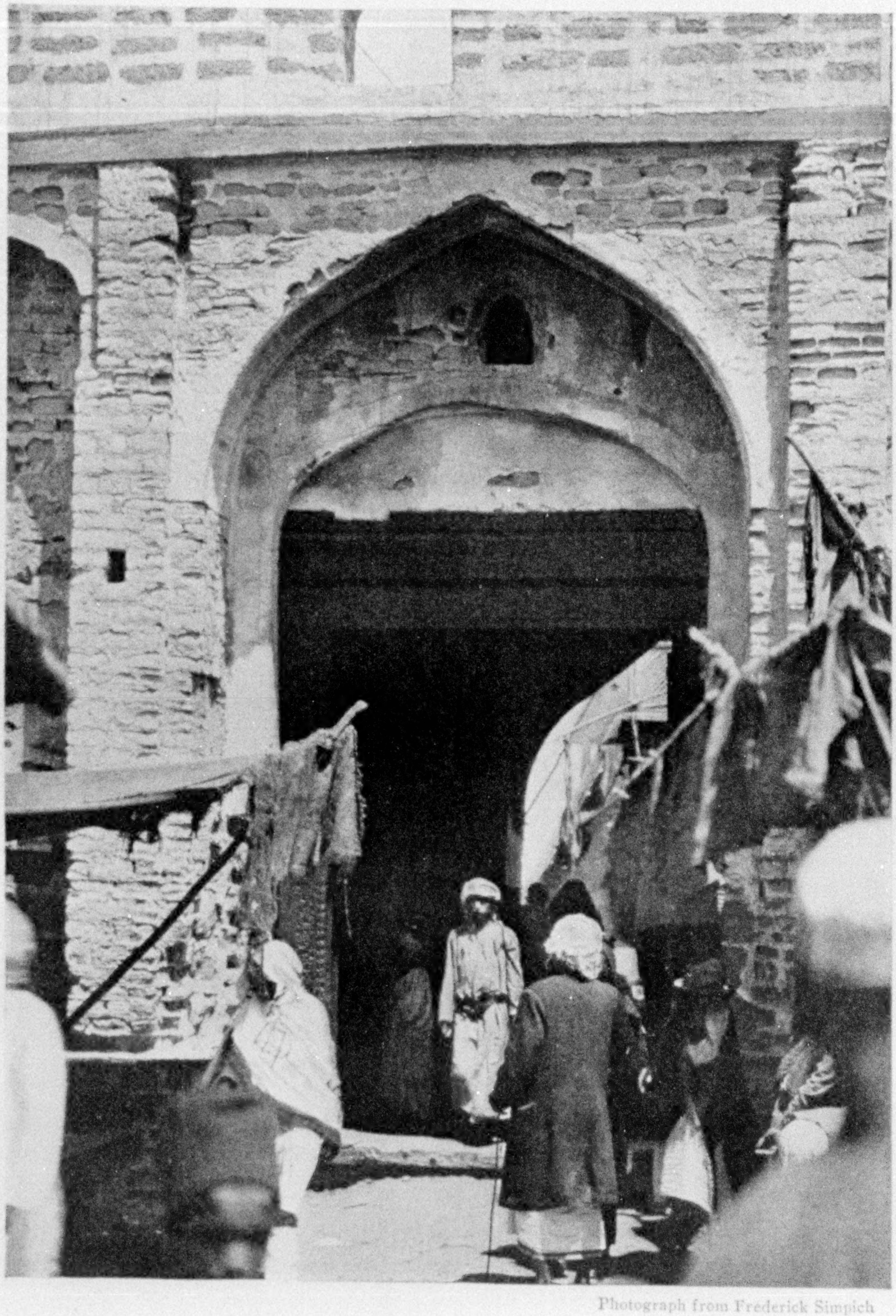


Photograph from Frederick Simpich

THE NARROW BAZAAR STREETS OF MASKAT ARE MORE LIKE TUNNELS THAN THOROUGHFARES

Candy and dates are the main articles of sale, although various foreign goods of a cheap character and flashy appearance are becoming more common. The Oriental bazaar would be popular with the average Occidental more for the coolness of its shade than for its shopping possibilities.

war opened their path to success. It also cost the lives of many Arab leaders in Syria, who were apprehended by the Turks and shot.

HIDE-AND-SEEK GOVERNMENT IN ARABIA

The Sultan's long control over Arabia was never more than nominal, especially in the interior. Barring parts of Hejaz, Turkish authority was never actually and fully recognized and respected by Arabs anywhere. In many parts of Arabia official Turkish feet never trod; outside nations, by international courtesy, regarded these regions as Turkish territory merely because the map so showed them; but the local Arabs ruled themselves—and laughed at Turkish claims.

Even as late as 1910, when the Sultan sent word to the Sheik of the Beni Lam tribes in Mesopotamia (not even a part of Arabia proper), inviting him to come to Stamboul for a conference, the Sheik replied, in substance, "If you want to see me, you know where I live!"

While residing in Bagdad, I used to see Turkish light artillery go out to blow up the mud towns of river Arabs, who, spurning Turkish authority, had refused to pay their taxes. Sometimes the Arabs would drive the Turks back; often the Turks would seize many of the tribes' camels for back taxes. Later, perhaps, the Arabs would steal the camels back again.

Thus this hide-and-seek war went on; it went on from the halcyon days of Murad the Fourth, and civilization grew weary of the spectacle. It held back the development of trade in the Middle East; trade caravans could not travel safely, either from Syria to Mesopotamia, down into Arabia, or even from Bagdad to the Persian frontier. Once the German consul at Bagdad, going to Aleppo by carriage, was robbed and stripped, escaping back to Bagdad clad only in his shoes.

Christian nations, long tired of Turkey's experiments, have now officially declared themselves, and the dawn of a new era in the Middle East is breaking. Listen to what Clemenceau told the Sultan's Grand Vizier when he recently headed a committee of Turks who called on the Council of Ten (at the Peace Conference) to plead for the *status quo ante bellum* of the Ottoman Empire:

"The Council is anxious not to enter into unnecessary controversy, and to avoid inflicting needless pain on Your Excellency. . . . It wishes well to the Turkish people, and admires their excellent qualities. But it cannot admit that among those qualities are to be counted capacity to rule over alien races. The experiment has been tried too long and too often for there to be the least doubt as to the result. . . .

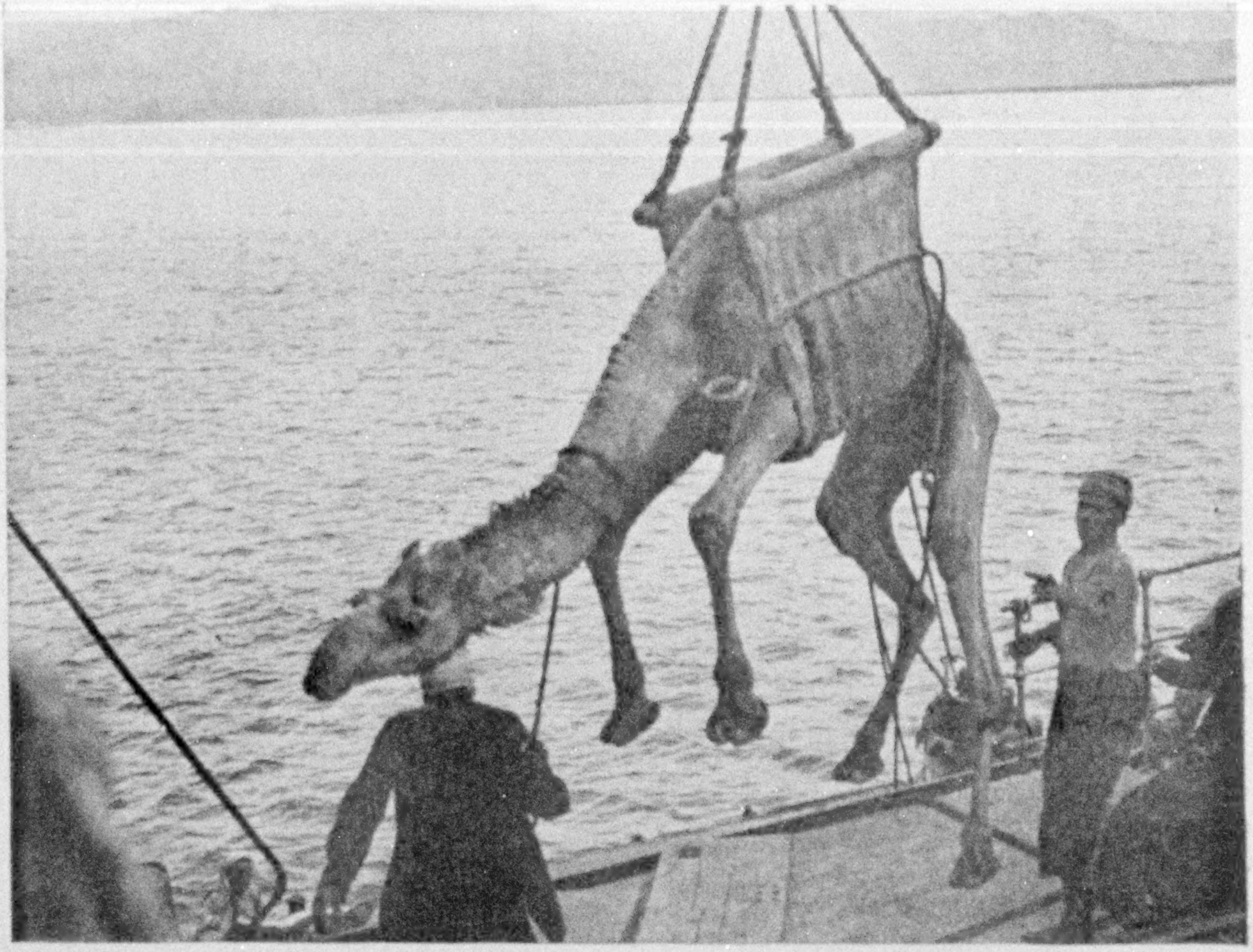
"There is no case to be found . . . where the withdrawal of Turkish rule has not been followed by a growth in material prosperity and a rise in the level of culture. Neither among the Christians of Europe nor among the Moslems of Syria, Arabia, and Africa has the Turk done other than destroy where he has conquered." . . .

ENTER BRITAIN—EXIT TURK

So the passing of the Turk and the rise of the new Arab nation is full of far-reaching possibilities. The Grand Shereef's famous telegram spelt the end of Mecca's isolation, obscurity, and fanaticism. Ministers and consuls, missionaries and merchants may now reside, explore, and trade in this long-forbidden country. Light will fall where darkness lurked, and this vast geographic unit of the old Ottoman Empire will no longer be merely a blank space on the world's map.

Arab tribal wars will end. Bedouin clans, like the Jebbel Shamars and the Anaeza, nomad outlaws since the wild days of Ghengiz Khan and the invading Timur, will now have to be good. British supervision will protect the trading caravans, and pious pilgrims from Turkestan, Persia, India, Egypt, and Syria may go to Mecca in peace and safety.

Whether the new religious head of Islam actually resides in Mecca or in Cairo will not affect the predominance of Mecca and Medina, so famous in Mohammedan history. For the British will be there; and the Moslem faith has always been as much of a political as a religious force in the Middle East. And for decades Britain's influence among the Arab sheiks about Aden, Maskat (Mus-



DISEMBARKING A CAMEL FROM A RED-SEA BARGE AT AN ARABIAN PORT

The ludicrously gawky camel is the most useful beast in the whole of Arabia, and even the prancing stallion has to make way for the long file of patient, plodding desert carriers, each chewing a reflective cud while accomplishing the work of the day.

cat), and Bahrein has been enormous; in fact, so strong is the British impress that a sheik once asked me if America was not a part of London! And whether I came to Arabia from America via the Egyptian railway system!

THE CITY OF EVE'S GIANT TOMB

The port of Jidda, Red Sea gateway to hidden Mecca, sprawls over hot, treeless hills—whitewashed, sinister, and forbidding, as if loath to give up her long guardianship of Arabia's secrets and isolation.

A cable's length offshore our pilgrim ship swung at anchor blistering and silent, for cholera had come among the white-robed, praying pilgrims, and the *Tigris* was quarantined against this dread disease. For days we rolled on the oily swells of the Red Sea, waiting for the hateful yellow flag to be pulled down.

Idling at the foul, sticky rail, I gazed down into the clear, deep waters, seeking in whimsical fancy to make out rusty old chariot wheels or the white bones of men and horses, relics of Pharaoh's hosts engulfed so long ago.

Here in Jidda the Arabs will show you a long stone tomb, shaped like an airship's hangar; here, they claim, Eve is buried. Adam and Eve were big people, the Arabs say; Eve was so tall she could hold a grown lion in her lap, and stroke it as we stroke a kitten. When you note the size of her tomb, you can readily believe she was rather a stalwart dame.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOURIST TOWN

Forty-five miles east of Jidda, poured into the canyons and valleys of a mass of rough hills, lies Mecca itself, the famous holy city of Islam. In spite of its vast political and religious importance, the town is mean and small, with less than 100,000 Mohammedan souls. It has al-

most no trade, and it manufactures nothing. But it has the largest tourist traffic of any city on earth, and, like other tourist towns, it lives on the traveler.

The Meccans peddle food and clothing to the pilgrims, rent them houses, act as their guides, make contracts for transporting pilgrims by land and sea, and in a hundred other ways they craftily exploit (to their own personal benefit) the vast benefactions that flow to the holy city. Even temporary marriages are arranged for the visiting pilgrims.

And the country Arabs, or Bedouins, likewise thrive on the bounty of the pilgrim, either by outright robbery and pillage of the caravans or by imposing taxes, for "protection," on those who pass through their tribal regions.

But even among the Bedouins the Meccans have a bad reputation. They say the worst birth certificate an Arab can have is the *Tashrift*, three parallel gashes, distinguishing the bearer as one born in Mecca.

Ever since Mohammed purged the Kaaba of early Arab idols and made it the chief sanctuary of Islam, adapting this heathen temple to Moslem worship by the fiction that Gabriel threw the black stone down from heaven to Abraham, "the unspeakable vices of Mecca have been a scandal to all Islam and a constant source of wonder to pious pilgrims."

THE AMERICAN IDEA OF ARABS

All we know of Mecca, as yet, has come mostly from Moslem writers and photographers, and from the meager reports of the few Christians like Burton, Heronje, and others, who braved the dangers of discovery and succeeded in visiting the hidden city. But, with the rise of the new nation, Mecca and Medina will go on the revised map as places to which Christians may travel, if they wish, either as merchants or tourists.

It is not likely, judging from its location, climate, and surroundings, that many non-Moslem globe trotters will get the Mecca habit; but its days of complete isolation probably are gone forever.

In America our knowledge of Arabs is mostly limited to a glimpse of drowsy, turbaned persons in worn, shabby *zibboons* and red sandals, leading a few blasé, moth-eaten camels in a circus parade, or to occasional troupes of acrobats doing dizzy pyramids or wild Arab "bat dances" and whirling dervish tricks on the vaudeville stage.

THE ARAB A DESERT ADONIS

The modern Arab has so lost his place in the world that we forget his race once ruled from the Indus to the Atlantic, and that his schools of philosophy, medicine, and other sciences were world famous.

In appearance the Arab is singularly handsome, tall and lithe, with beautifully molded limbs, dark-eyed and dark-haired. Dwarfs, hunchbacks, and misshapen persons are seldom seen in Arabia. Hereditary disease, too, is almost unknown, and the race is generally strong and healthy. His personal habits are simple and clean, the careers of those born in Mecca being apparently an exception.

Few races of humanity excel the Arabs, either physically or morally. And mentally they are perhaps second to none, especially in alertness of perception, deductive powers, and feats of memory. Like some other people of the East, however, they seem to lack the powers of organized effort and combined action, a defect which may have tended to keep them so long a subject race.

The origin of the race is a matter of conjecture, but the Arabs were a unified political body with a king of their own long, long before the Christian era. Just now there are perhaps 10,000,000 Arabs, and for convenience of classification they are usually separated into two divisions—"Al Bedoo," or "The Dwellers in the Open Land" (commonly called Bedouins), and "Al Hadr," or "Dwellers in Fixed Localities."

The Bedouins, roaming with their herds all over Arabia and even up into Mesopotamia and Syria, are better known to American missionaries, officials, and travelers than the Hadr class. They are nomads from necessity and not from choice, and, as the country comes under better rule, roads, trade, and irrigation will undoubtedly reduce the number of Arabs forced to lead this wandering life.

Most of present-day Arabia (that part which is not wholly a desert) is so dry as

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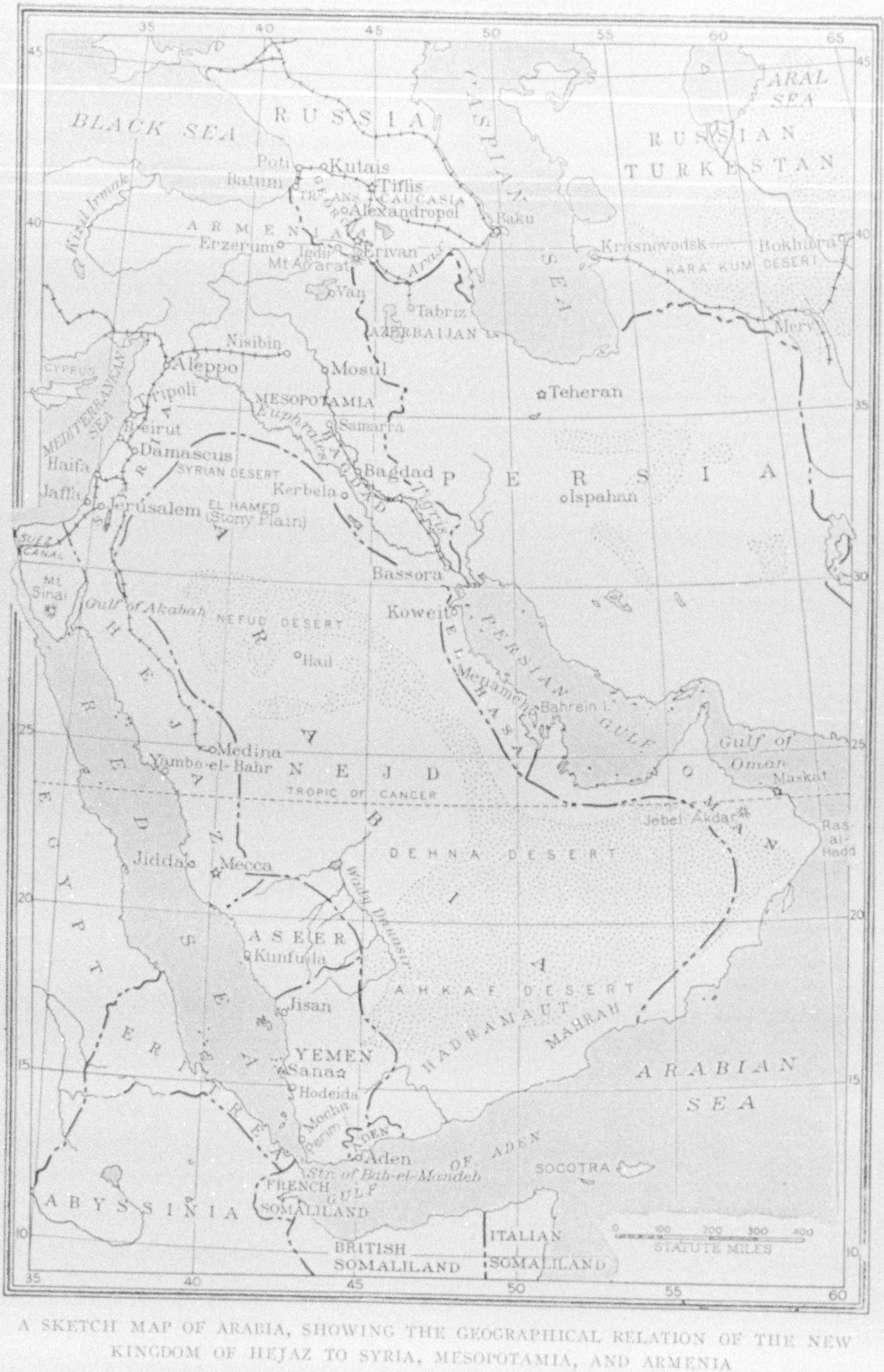


A SKETCH MAP OF ARABIA, SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION OF THE NEW KINGDOM OF HEJAZ TO SYRIA, MESOPOTAMIA, AND ARMENIA

Work of construction on the two most famous railways in the Near East—the Damascus to Mecca Pilgrims' line and the Berlin to Bagdad steel highway—was interrupted by the World War. Since the armistice operations have been resumed on the missing link of the latter, between Nisibin and Samarra, and the Pilgrims' line is now being pushed southward from Medina (see also "The Land of the Stalking Death," page 393, and "Syria, the Land Link of History's Chain," page 437).

to be unsuited for anything except grazing; and moisture is so scant that even many of the grazing areas fail from time to time, and the Arabs have to move their herds from place to place, or all would perish. It is this constant quest for grass and water which so often causes friction and fighting among the roving tribes.

Then, too, living this free, open life, so remote from law courts and police, through so many generations, has made the Arabs a bold, defiant, headstrong people, not easily ruled and impatient of restraint. They are familiar with only one quick way to settle a dispute—to fight.

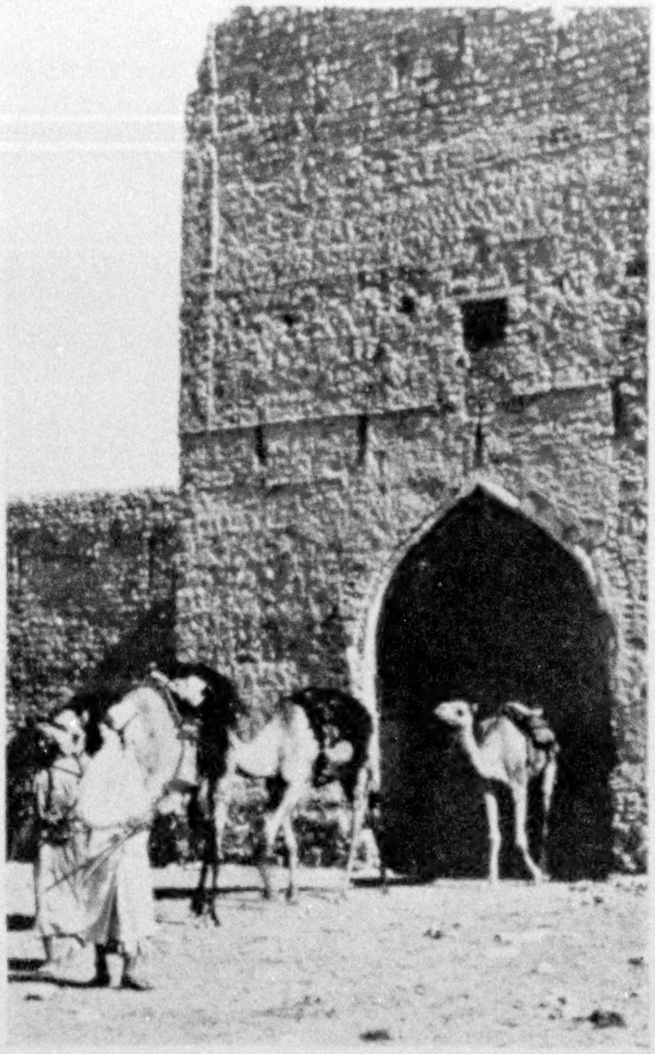
Although Bedouin and bandit are almost synonymous terms in some parts of Arabia, this is hardly fair to the Bedouins when we consider the way they have to live. When they hold up a Mecca caravan, for example, and exact a sum in cash for "protection," they look on this merely as their rightful share of taxes, habitually collected and kept by border officials. A reform of these desert manners and methods will most probably ensue as a result of the British mandate over Arabia.

Although nominally a Mohammedan, the average Bedouin is said to worry but little about the Koran's rules or whether his mode of living would please the Prophet. The wilder tribes even worship the sun, trees, rocks, etc., or else have no religion at all, it is said. Marriage is early and easy and divorce simple and frequent. (For a description of Arab life and habits see the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for December, 1914.)

THE ARISTOCRACY OF ARABIA

About 80 per cent of all Arabs live in towns, villages, or other fixed places of abode and belong to the "Hadr" class. In this group is found the aristocracy of Arabia. Here are old, reputable families, with records of births, deaths and marriages, deeds and honors, running back through generations.

Perhaps the most noted family in modern Arabia is the house of Koreysh, tracing its connections back to the Prophet. The men of this family bear the title of Shereef or Seyd; and it was the Shereef of Mecca who led Arabia's break for statehood.



Photograph from Frederick Simpich

AN ARAB GATEWAY TO OLD MASKAT

In the sixteenth century Albuquerque captured this port and capital of Oman for the Portuguese, who held it for a century and a half. The woven stuffs of the city are famous in the Near East. The pointed arch, common in Arab structures, is an emblem of the Mohammedan faith and is considered stronger than the semicircular arch, whose keystone has a tendency to drop. In India this architectural feature is called "the arch that never sleeps."

Education, however, as we regard it in America, is almost unknown among Arabians. The few with culture are a class to themselves. Most learning is confined to the classics of religious and secular literature; the Koran is learned by rote. In the smaller towns there are no schools at all.

Yet it was Arab learning and skill, in the long ago, which started the civilized world on the way to its present high efficiency. Under the Caliphs, schools of therapeutics were set up at Bagdad, and botany was studied as a branch of medicine. As one writer says, "The principal

Photograph from Frederick Simpich

THE TOWN OF MASKAT FROM THE HARBOR ENTRANCE

The muzzle-loading cannon on the rocky hills were placed there by the Portuguese centuries ago, but they are still used by the Sultan for firing official salutes. The value of Maskat as a naval base lies in the fact that it commands the entrance to the Persian Gulf. Dates, mother-of-pearl, dry fish, and salt are the main items of Oman's trade, most of which passes through this port.

Photograph courtesy E. Ratisbonne

AN OASIS SCENE IN THE NEW ARAB KINGDOM OF HEJAZ

The Arab's vision of paradise inevitably includes limpid streams and splashing fountains, for his earthly home is largely parched lands, where water is always at a premium. A tiny cascade of water in the coffee-house is music in his ears. The oasis is the resting place for man and beast—the democratic club of nomad life.

mercurial and arsenical preparations of the materia medica, the sulphates of several metals, the properties of acids and alkalis, and the distillation of alcohol were, with their practical application, known to Er-Razi and Geber, professors of Bagdad. In fact, the numerous terms borrowed from the Arabic language—alcohol, alkali, alembic, and others—with the signs of drugs and the like still in use among modern apothecaries, show how deeply science is indebted to Arab research."

All of which leads the Christian world to believe that the Arab people, as a nation, can "come back."

SEVEN-YEAR SLAVES AND INTERMARRIAGE

On one occasion, while hunting wild guineas in the licorice brush along the lower Euphrates, our party put up for the night at an Arab village. To make friendly conversation (through our interpreter), I expressed admiration of the splendid physique of the big black who served us. He really was a magnificent man, straight and muscular, and dignified as a Chinese mandarin, as he marched proudly in, carrying on his head a giant copper tray holding a sheep, roasted whole.

Pleased that I should admire his slave, and with characteristic Arab politeness, the old sheik, our host, promptly made me a present of the man! I felt some embarrassment in refusing, but explained that in America slavery had been abolished. The sheik, however, kept repeating, "But you are not in America now!"

Slave traffic along the Arab coast is illegal under the terms of certain conventions, but slavery, nevertheless, is said still to exist to a rather considerable extent. A few years ago members of the American Arabian Mission at Bahrein rescued a whole boatload of black boys who had been smuggled up from Africa in a "blackbird" *dhow* for sale along the Oman coast. In the interior towns slaves are used mostly as personal servants, body guards, and hostlers.

By an old law in Arabia, a slave is freed after seven years of service, provided he has embraced the Moslem religion, and it is said that most of the slaves do so. There is no prejudice against marriage with blacks in Arabia, especially after they are freed. This intermarriage has scattered a black population all over Arabia; in ports like Maskat and Aden mulattoes and mixed breeds are so common that the pure Arab strain is almost a rarity.

AMAZON TONGUES AS WEAPONS OF WAR

There is no better fighting man anywhere than the Arab. The Turks will tell you this! History says that in the seventh century the Arabs raised an army, swooped out, and whipped half the then civilized world.

Today Arabia could readily raise and maintain an army of 400,000. And no doubt the British will recruit and equip many regiments of native troops for use as constabulary along the caravan routes and in the big cities, after the manner of their colonial troops elsewhere.

The women fight, too, in emergency, and Arab myths and legends are full of tales of heroic women. History tells the story of Ayesha, a wife of the Prophet, who led a charge at the "Battle of the Camel," in 656 A. D. To this day it is an Arab custom to have a woman along in battle—usually mounted on a black camel—to sing songs of cheer to the men and to insult the enemy.

And the Arab shares the universal human trait of wanting to be on the winning side. The Beni Lam tribe in Mesopotamia quit their Turkish allies and went over to the British as soon as the Turks began to lose.

THE PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF ARABIA

In physical character, flora, and fauna, Arabia is more like Africa than Asia. In shape, it is almost a triangle, and it runs from northwest to southeast, between 30° and 12° 45′ north latitude and between 32° 30′ and 60° east longitude. It is bounded on the east, south, and west by the Persian Gulf, the Arabian Sea, and the Red Sea respectively; on the north it joins Syria. As Josephus of old wrote, "Arabia is a country that joins on Judea." And Roman geographers drew a map of Arabia that included Mesopotamia and the Syrian desert back of Palestine.

The length of the peninsula from the head of the Gulf of Akabah to the Straits

A NEGRO FAMILY OUTSIDE THE WALLS OF JIDDA

Negroes are treated with full respect by the Arabs and intermarriage is not unusual. The Bisharin of upper Egypt and the Wahabees of the Nejd region are Hamitic peoples, so closely intermarried with African slaves that they are often mistaken for Negroes.

of Bab-el-Mandeb, near Aden, is about 1,300 miles; its greatest breadth, in latitude 23° north, from the Red Sea coast on the west to Ras-al-Hadd on the east, is about 1,500 miles.

As one sails along the Red Sea coast of Arabia, with the low—2,000 feet high—dry and barren mountains lying just back of sandy, empty strips of country, he is reminded of the Pacific side of Lower California above Cape San Lucas. Many small islands, hot and dry and uninhabited except for half-wild bands of tramp fishermen, dot the map along this coast. One of these, called Perim, near the mouth of Bab-el-Mandeb Straits, is occupied by a British garrison.

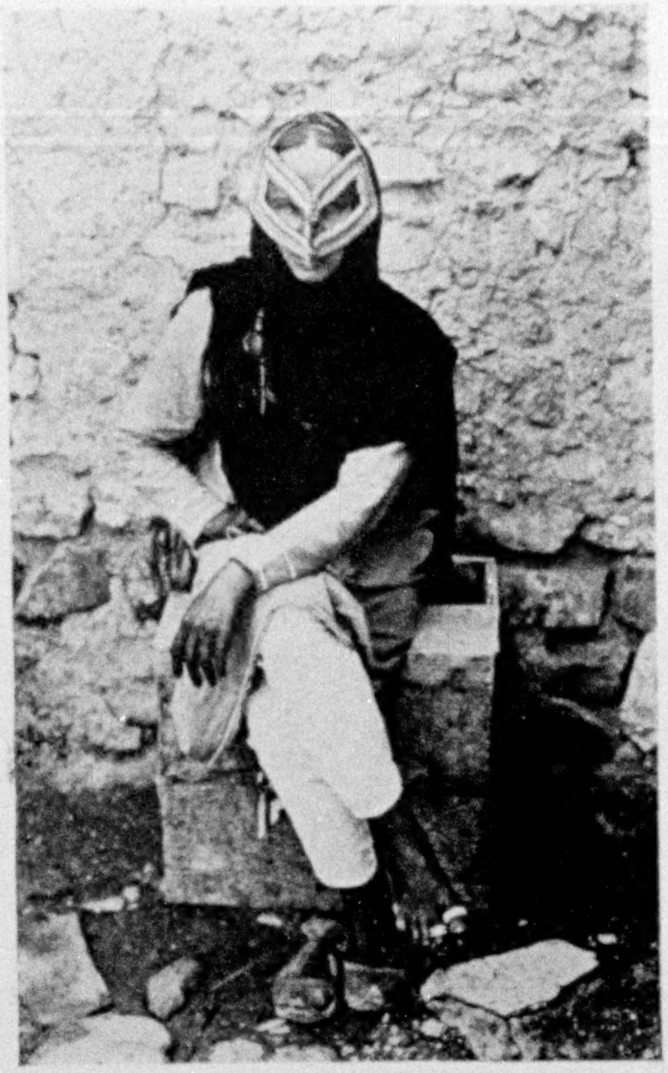
The southeastern coast, similarly empty and marked by sharp, jagged rocks thrust up from glistening sand beds, is broken by several good harbors, like that at Aden. This latter port is a British possession, not unlike Gibraltar. It is heavily fortified and is the entrepôt of commerce between India and Europe.

THE CRUISING GROUND OF SINBAD THE SAILOR

The Persian Gulf coast country is somewhat more cheerful, cultivated here and there, and sloping down to salt water from the high, slightly forested Jebel Akdar or Green Mountains.

Famous old Maskat, once the haunt of Sinbad the Sailor and later the stronghold of the Portuguese buccaneers, clings to the hot rocks inside Maskat harbor, and is the romantic capital of old Oman, an independent principality with a sultan all its own.

Oman has been practically under British protection for many years, and, though an integral part of the Arabian peninsula, can hardly be called a part of Arabia. Whether this region will be in-



Photograph from Frederick Simpich

BEAUTY BEHIND "BLINKERS"

This peculiar head-dress worn by the Arab women of Oman looks like a piece of foot-ball gear.

cluded in the boundaries of the new Arab nation is as yet undetermined.

Along the Red Sea coast lie three provinces, the most important in Arabia. Yemen, the most southerly and most populous, has many arable valleys, producing coffee, figs, spices, hides, and dates. It has two port cities, Mocha and Hodeida. Aseer province lies north of Yemen, and north of Aseer and extending to the Suez Canal stretches the province of Hejaz, wherein lie the famous Moslem cities of Mecca and Medina.

The ancients, for convenience, or from lack of geographic knowledge, divided Arabia into three parts—the Stony, the Desert, and the Happy. Our knowledge of its map shows most of its high interior plateau occupied (except for Nejd province) by four great deserts, the Syrian, the Nefud, the Ahkaf, and the Dehna.

The Mahrah and Hadramaut provinces, stretching for hundreds of miles above Aden, are unmapped and practically unknown.

AN UNKNOWN OASIS

Nejd, the great interior province, is declared by Arabs to be the birthplace of their most cherished institutions and traditions. Nejd is isolated from the outside world by a surrounding desert girdle. To reach this hidden paradise and the unknown city of Hail the traveler must undergo the hardships and perils of a trip across these seas of sand. This same desert belt, touched at its outer rim in the long ago by Greek and Roman explorers, was mistakenly believed by them to be the edge of a wilderness that filled all of inner Arabia.

Niebuhr, the eighteenth century traveler, seems to have known the Arabian peninsula better than any other white explorer. The narratives of Palgrave, Burton, and Lady Ann Blunt, however, are far more entertaining.

Hasa province, at the head of the Persian Gulf, and Koweit, its busy port, from which many cargoes of dates, sponges, and a wealth of pearls are shipped, is no doubt destined to see great commercial development in connection with Great Britain's activities in Mesopotamia.

THE KAISER'S FIRST TERMINUS

The Germans had selected Koweit as the salt-water terminus of their famous Bagdad railway, but the British, by a clever coup a decade ago, made a treaty with the Sheik of Koweit and blocked the Kaiser's plan for a railway port on the Persian Gulf. And now a British light railway, starting at Bassora, on the Shat-el-Arab, runs up the Tigris plain past the tomb of Ezra, past the Arch of Ctesiphon, and into the ancient city of the Caliphs. From Berlin to Bassora by rail will soon be an easy journey via Aleppo, Mosul, and Bagdad.

A confusion of plant life is spread over Arabia's many rich *wadis* (valleys) affording much "unfinished business" for eager botanists. Besides the friendly palm, such trees as the sycamore, almond, chestnut, pomegranate, the "gum Ara-

bic," the acacias, and a long list of bushes and shrubs are scattered up and down the peninsula. Then there is the "samh" or oatmeal plant of the Arabs; from its small grain they make a porridge called samh, the national breakfast food of Arabia.

THE KORAN MADE ARABIA "DRY"

But, with the exception of dates, Arabia produces few crops of any importance. Good coffee, in limited quantities, comes from Yemen. Millet, barley, and wheat are all grown, but owing to drouth the crop is small and restricted to limited areas. Wherever water and soil permit, such products as rice, melons, gourds, cucumbers, cabbage, garlic, and onions are raised.

Grapes are grown throughout the peninsula; but the Koran made Arabia "dry" long ago, and no wine is manufactured. Unorthodox Bedouins and many of the blithe and gay town Arabs, however, find an amazing "kick" in *arrak*, a drink made from date juice.

The best dates come from the interior province of Nejd, the Arabs say, and some of the fruit there attains a length of two inches. Arabs declare that every *wadi* running into the great Nejd plateau is a waving sea of green date palms. Dates are eaten fresh or stewed with butter and are the chief article of diet.

The Indian fig, the banana, the papaya (imported from India), the coconut, and the betel nut are also grown in Nejd.

Agriculture is crude, like that of our old American Indians. A crooked stick scratches the ground, and seed is broadcasted by hand. Such arts as fertilizing, rotating crops, pruning, and cultivating receive scant consideration. Hand sickles are used for reaping; oxen tread out the grain, and it is winnowed by being thrown into the breeze. In brief, Arabia's agriculture is almost nil—barely sufficient to furnish a meager supply of food to the sparse population.

SOLOMON'S LETTERS DISPATCHED TO SHEBA BY AËRIAL MAIL

When King Solomon wrote notes to the Queen of Sheba, they were carried to her by the "hoopoe" bird, a sort of pigeon, says an Arab tale. Many other birds are to be found in Arabia, but the falcon seems most popular with the people, who use it for hunting. I saw one at Bagdad that had more than a hundred gazelles to its credit, according to the boast of its owner, who had an amazingly big pile of horns to substantiate his story.

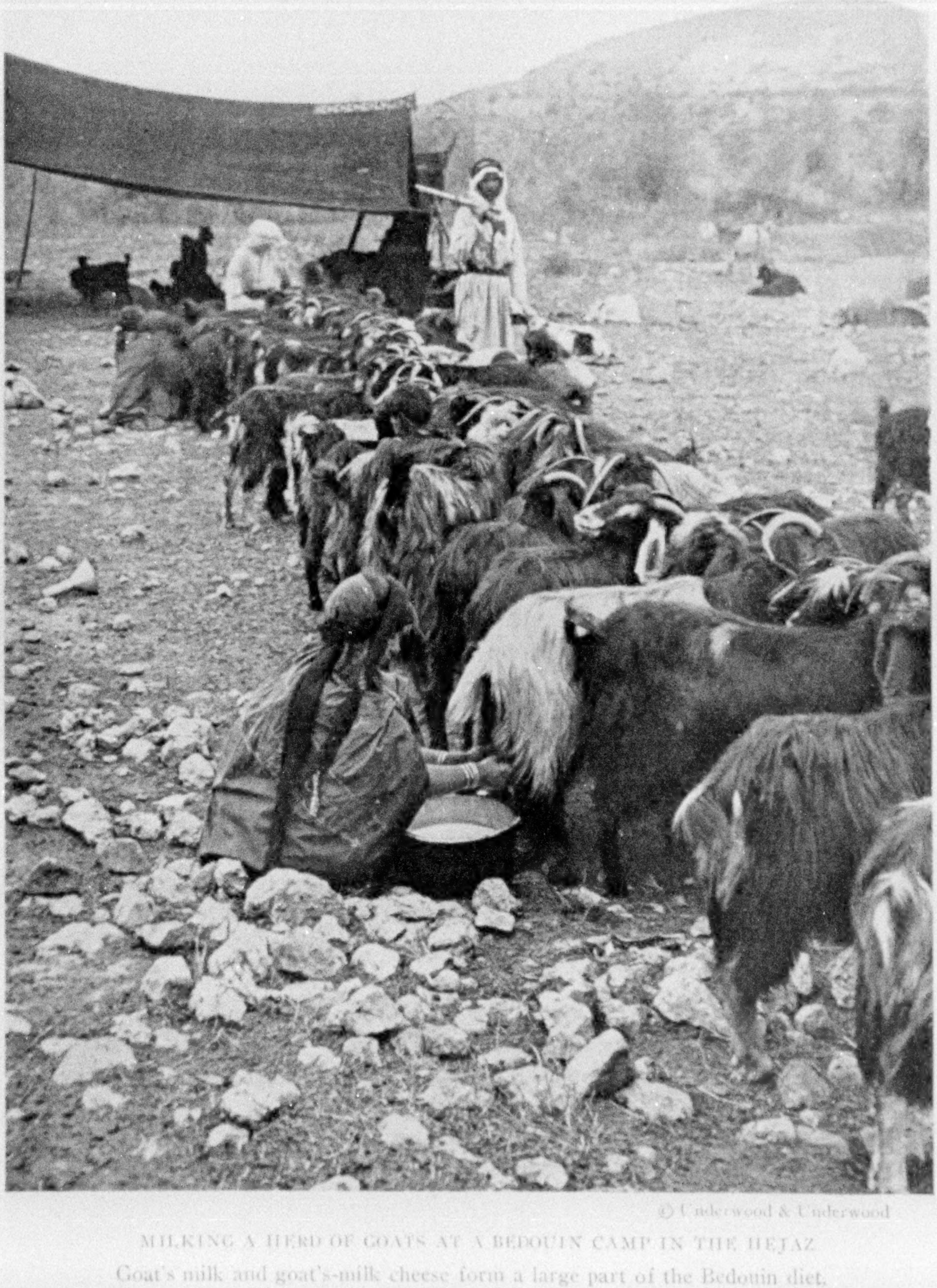
Then there are rock and wood pigeons, and in the cultivated areas many larks, sparrows, cranes, and finches. Around Koweit wild guineas abound. In Yemen peacocks and parrots are plentiful, with quail in the mountain districts.

A peculiarly drab-looking desert grouse called "kata" lives on the edges of desert wastes. I observed a flock one day. After a short flight they alighted on the sand and sprawled out to hide, their color blending with the sand so perfectly as to render them unnoticeable to a man standing a few yards away.

Photograph from Frederick Simpich

HIS HIGHNESS FEYSIL BIN TURKI, FORMER SULTAN OF OMAN AND FATHER OF THE PRESENT SULTAN, SEYYID TAIMUR BIN FEYSIL

Once Oman was a powerful State with possessions in Africa. It reached the zenith of its power in the middle of the last century, but with the death of its most famous ruler, Said ibn Sultan, its decline began. Its present integrity is guaranteed by Great Britain and France. The population is estimated as 500,000, mostly Arab, but with a strong infusion of negro blood.



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MILKING A HERD OF GOATS AT A BEDOUIN CAMP IN THE HEJAZ

Goat's milk and goat's-milk cheese form a large part of the Bedouin diet.

Eagles, vultures, bustards, and various hawks, to say nothing of the awkward old ostrich, are common enough.

Except for the lizard family, reptiles are rare, and no poisonous snakes, save the "afai" and the "rukta," both of the viper family, are found in all Arabia. There are scorpions, however, and centipedes; and in old houses on the west coast a very dangerous spider ("Abu Hanekin") makes life miserable for the Arab tired business man.

HORSE AND CAMEL—LIGHT-FOOT FRIEND AND FLEA-BITTEN SLAVE

The horse is perhaps indigenous to Arabia. Certainly the finest horses on earth live here; not the largest nor necessarily the swiftest, but the handsomest. The best Arab horse is seldom over 15 hands high, and there are probably many favorites in Europe and America that can do a mile faster than the best horse in Nejd—on a modern track under racing conditions. But for docility and endurance, for symmetry of limb and body, for sheer animal beauty and perfection of form, the "Nedjee horse" has no rival.

Here in Neid live the aristocrats among horses; their family histories can be traced back to the fifth century. These animals are seldom or never exported. A few stallions have been given away as presents to monarchs or distinguished foreigners, but the mares are kept at home.

Nothing in Arabia is more fascinating than the story of the horse; and long ago a British consul at Bagdad (Colonel Tweedie) wrote a book, "The Arab Horse," with wonderful plates showing prize animals of the country. Oddly enough, the Arab seldom shoes his horse. Sometimes, however, he oils an animal's hoofs to prevent splitting in the hot, dry sands. Horse "wrangling" or breaking is unknown; colts, raised close to tents or homes of owners, are tame from infancy and are ridden early.

Dates and barley are fed to horses, and grass selected with much care. Once in a while a little dried meat is fed, and, intentionally, scant water is given. In cool weather a Nejd horse will travel 48 hours without drinking.

Training a horse to different gaits is an Arab gift. No bits are used, but instead a fancy rope halter, and at that the animal is guided mostly by pressure of the knees. But Arabs do not kiss their horses, nor cry over them, nor bring them into the tents to sleep on cold nights, as we sometimes read in superheated desert fiction. Frequently they fatten a weak colt on camel's milk, and the colt will whinny and cry when it sees an Arab take the milk bowl and start toward the cow camel at feeding time.

The horse is more popular and sells for more money than the ugly, sullen, and indifferent camel. But this latter drab, flea-bitten brute is pre-eminently the most useful of all animals in the East. The Arabs work it 15 hours a day, shear it in the spring, milk it, then kill it, and eat it when it is old. All over Arabia the camel is the chief commodity of trade, the favorite investment, the unit of exchange, and the common standard of property.

WHERE COWS EAT FISH

Goats and sheep are plentiful, too, and from Aden thousands of skins are shipped to this country. In Yemen the fat-tailed piebald sheep are numerous. The skins of unborn lambs are much prized and are exported to France. Cattle with humps on their backs, like the "Brahminee" bulls of India, are found in Oman and Yemen, and a stouter, humpless variety thrives in the northern provinces. There are comparatively few cattle, however, owing to lack of forage, as cattle will not eat the "camel thorn," on which camels live indefinitely. Around Maskat, in drouth times, dried fish are sometimes fed to cows.

In the Hasa province the rich ride the ass. The best of these animals are pure white, as much as 13 hands high, and often sell for $500 or more. In the rougher regions of Arabia the ass often runs wild—perhaps related to the wild asses of Nebuchadnezzar's time.

Two kinds of dogs only are found in Arabia. One looks like a coyote, being sharp-nosed and having pointed ears and a long bushy tail, his body covered with grayish brown hair. This dog is plainly part wolf, or maybe jackal. The other

BEDOUINS TRAINING FOR WAR AGAINST THE TURKS

The English and French succeeded in making good infantrymen of Bedouins, but the major part of their fighting was by cavalry or camel corps. One requirement for an applicant wishing to join the "crack" camel corps is to be able to vault into the saddle with the aid of one hand while the other holds a rifle.

dog is the slughi, a sort of greyhound, much used in coursing hares and gazelles.

Of wild animals there are but few kinds. In the hills north of Nejran and in Oman there lurks a small, fierce tiger, so bold that it readily attacks men. A particular pest is the *fahd*, or panther, which makes inroads on flocks all over the peninsula. Then there are wolves, foxes, and hyenas, and down in Yemen a few long-tailed, black-faced monkeys.

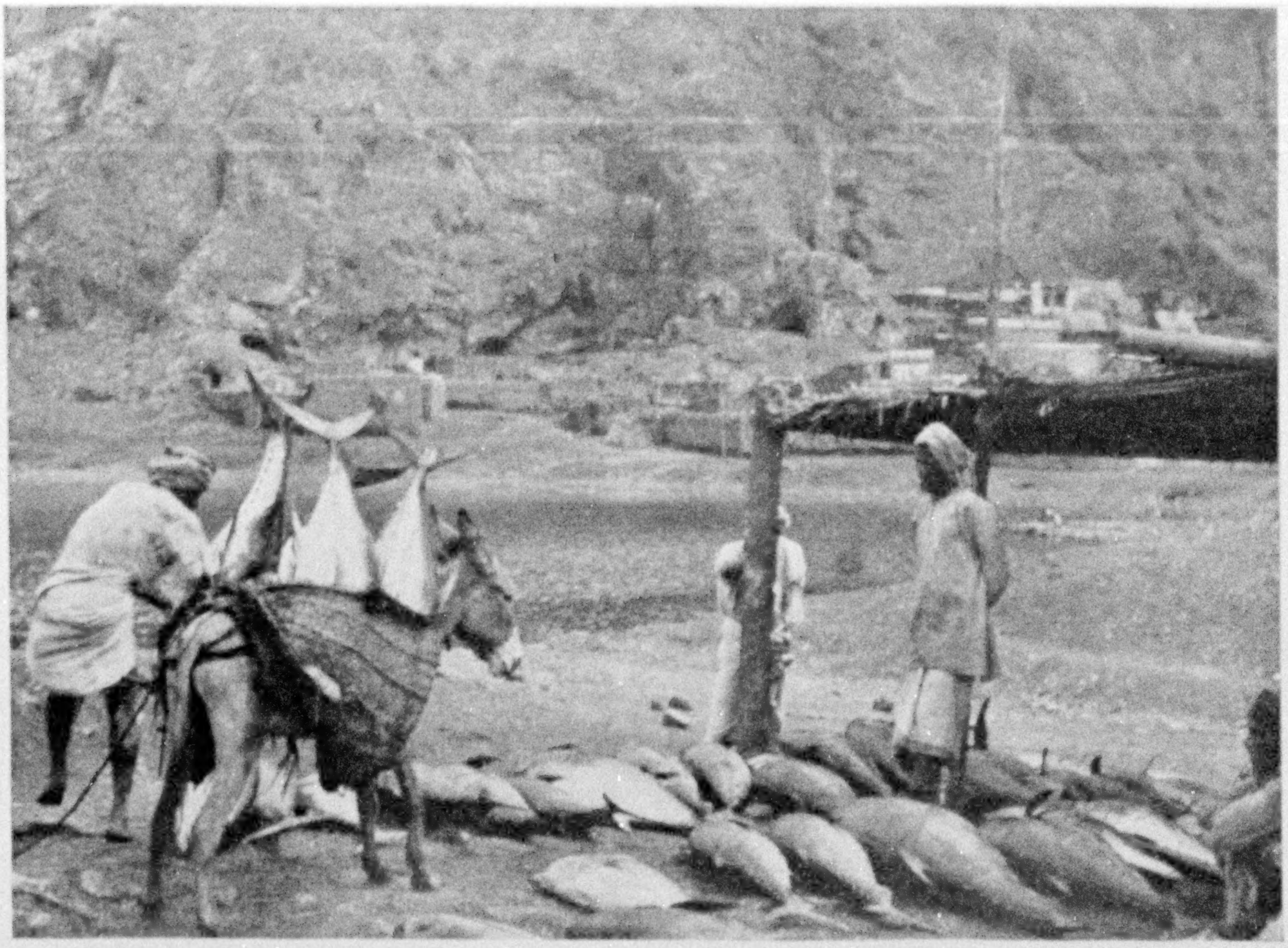
As far north as Bagdad one sees the graceful little jerboa, or kangaroo rat, skipping swiftly over the plain. This tiny creature is white and fawn-colored, with a long tail and powerful hind legs, built for long jumping. The Bedouins eat it, its flavor being similar to that of rabbit.

CRUDE TOOLS AND DELICATE FILIGREE

The nomad tribes, from necessity, have always tanned their own leather, woven coarse cloth for their zibboons, tents, and blankets, and practiced rough blacksmith work, saddlery, and sandal-making.

In towns like Maskat and Jidda some beautifully woven stuffs are produced, including silk and gold-thread embroidery and silver and gold filigree work, bracelets, anklets, spangles, and other jewelry. There are also a few skilled metal-workers at Maskat, as at Bagdad, whose work in steel is highly regarded. Swords, spears, and knives are largely manufactured, all by hand, and the trade in them is brisk and constant.

But all over Arabia production is curtailed by crude, primitive tools, the utter absence of lathes, drills, etc., and often by the scarcity of raw material, much of which is imported. Few skilled workmen, and no factories at all as we know them, with machinery, warehouses, and long pay-rolls, exist anywhere in Arabia. There are not even any good brick-



Photograph from Frederick Simpich

FISH CAUGHT IN MASKAT HARBOR: NOTE THE METHOD OF PACKING HAMPERS ON THE DONKEY

This picture belongs under the head of food-supply rather than fisherman's luck, for it is only in countries where tired business men outnumber hungry stomachs that fishing becomes a recreation rather than a business. So plentiful are fish around Maskat that in times of drought dried fish are fed to cattle.

masons, and there is nothing in the mud-walled architecture and ugly brick houses of Arab towns to show any national standard of architecture.

The Koran also forbids an Arab to paint, hew, or carve anything representative of the human body or of any other living creature; so in all their crude painting and sculpture they limit their designs to figures of flowers, trees, vegetables, the heavenly bodies, or to fantastic patterns and color combinations.

ROMANCE AND WEALTH OF ARABIA'S PEARL FISHERIES

Bahrein, the remote Arab isle in the Persian Gulf, which is the reputed birthplace of the Phœnicians, has played an important part in the eventful history of the Middle East. Tradition says the lustrous pearls that gleamed on the breast of the Queen of Sheba were fished up from the hot, dangerous depths of these waters. And long before the flood, says Babylonian mythology, a great creature, half man and half fish, called "Oannes," came up from the waters of Bahrein, strode ashore, and went north to teach culture to the Chaldeans! Here, too, are strange, mysterious ruins awaiting the pick and spade of exploring antiquarians.

But it is the big, high-priced pearls rather than ruined cities that make modern Bahrein a coveted prize in the break-up of the Turkish Empire. For centuries fortunes have been fished up from these seas each year. On the adjacent Arab coast are certain sheiks in whose tribes pearls of great price have been handed down for generations, and Ishtar, the dissolute Babylonian princess, is said to have worn a necklace of Bahrein pearls which

A STREET SCENE IN JIDDA, THE NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL OF THE NEW KINGDOM OF HEJAZ

The first impression of the visitor to the Near East is that the porous walls must harbor all the insects and diseases in the calendar. Only in the better houses and buildings are the rough exteriors plastered and then painted in vivid tints that only an Oriental sun can harmonize into a charming view.

Photograph from Charles K. Moser

OLD ADEN, SPREAD OUT UPON THE FLOOR OF A CRATER, WITH FIRE-WORN WALLS OF ROCK TOWERING ABOVE IT

This Arabian seaport is the greatest camel market in the world and is the center of trade for the Yemen region. The barren Aden peninsula, about 15 square miles in area, together with 65 square miles of adjacent territory, including the island of Perim, came under the British flag 80 years ago, and has been so strongly fortified that it is appropriately called the Gibraltar of the East.

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was so long that even when she stood upright it brushed on the ground.

This fierce, hazardous pearl quest is pursued now just as in the days of King Solomon. "As long as there are pretty women there will be men buying pearls," a Jew at Bassora told me.

From June to November often as many as 5,000 small boats, each carrying from 6 to 15 men, are busy fishing for pearls off Bahrein and along the Arab coast. It is a precarious trade, calling for courage, skill, and strength. Scores of stalwart divers die each season from shark bites, the stings of poisonous rays, and from other accidents.

HOW THE PEARL DIVER WORKS

The divers work in from 5 to 20 fathoms of water, although 7 fathoms is perhaps the average depth. The best pearls seem to come from the deeper waters.

The method of diving is simple. A big naked man, usually an Abyssinian, puts a forked bone over his nose and presses beeswax into his ears to keep out the salt water. Then he ties a stone to his feet, heavy enough to pull him down. About his waist is slung a net basket in which to carry the oysters he finds at the bottom. As he slides over the boat's rail and sinks into the sea, he carries with him one end of a life-line, the other end being held by comrades in the boat. When the diver is ready to come up with his catch or if danger threatens, he jerks on this life-line as a miner pulls the signal rope in a shaft.

The diver usually remains under water a minute or more. One Arab writer, Ibn Batutah, solemnly asserts that long ago Arab divers could stay under water for two hours! But modern Arab divers are not so long-winded. As it is, many die each season from loss of blood, induced by diving too deep or remaining under water too long. I have seen a man come up from a 10-fathom dive bleeding at the nose as if struck with a club. It was of these dangers that Matthew Arnold wrote in that affecting simile:

"And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife, who waits and weeps on shore,
By sands of Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf;
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the shore."

Under low sheds on the beach the oysters are opened and searched for pearls. A small brass sieve, equipped with three sets of holes, is used for sorting the gems. The pearls that will not go through the largest holes in the sieve are called "ras"; the residue of the second sieving are called "batin," and the smallest ones, the content of the last sieving, are called "dzel."

WILD NIGHTS IN THE PEARL PORTS

Black pearls of sinister luster are often found in the Bahrein waters, and many times the tiny steel-colored "seed pearls" are brought up.

In the busy pearling season often 1,000 boats are anchored at one time off Bahrein, and Menameh, its principal port, is crowded with fishermen, buyers, and gamblers.

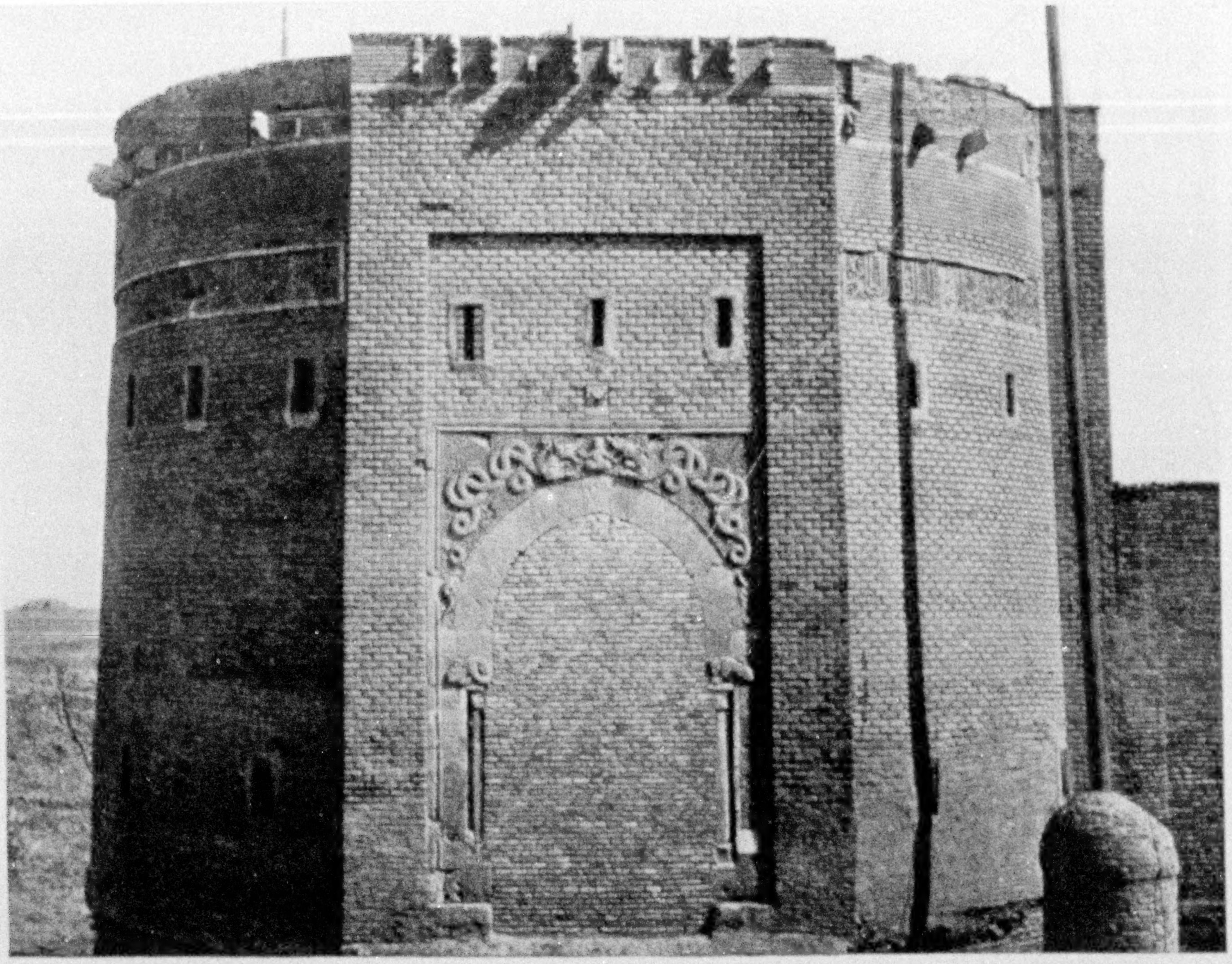
A night on this barbaric, tumultuous beach is not readily forgotten. A long row of mud-walled, straw-covered coffee shops stretches the length of Menameh's water front, and from red sunset till flaring, noisy dawn the revels of the careless boatmen run their brawling course. There are cheap, gaudy native theaters, too, where slovenly Arab girls, all beads, bracelets, anklets, spangles, and tattoo work, wriggle and sway through the sinuous dances of the Oriental "midways."

And all about, cross-legged, reflective of eye, sipping coffee and murmuring quietly among themselves, sits the moneyed crowd of Hindus, Jews, and Parsees who have come to buy pearls. At Bushire, too, and at Bunder Abbas, on the Persian littoral, pearl traffic is brisk, and French buyers come out each season to buy for the great jewelers of Paris.

TRAFFICKING IN MERMAIDS' TEARS

Many of the finest pearls in the "best-matched" sets in America came originally from Bahrein, and as much as five million dollars' worth of pearls have been found off the island in one season.

Frequently imitation pearls, made in



Photograph by Frederick Simpich

A SPECIMEN OF ARAB FORTIFICATIONS: ONE OF THE GATES TO THE CITY OF BAGDAD, WALLED UP AFTER THE FALL OF THE CALIPH WHO BUILT IT

Western civilization owes a large debt to the Arab. It was under the caliphs that schools of therapeutics were established in Bagdad, and such terms as alcohol, alembic, and alkali, as well as apothecary symbols, testify to the Arab's contribution to the science of medicine.

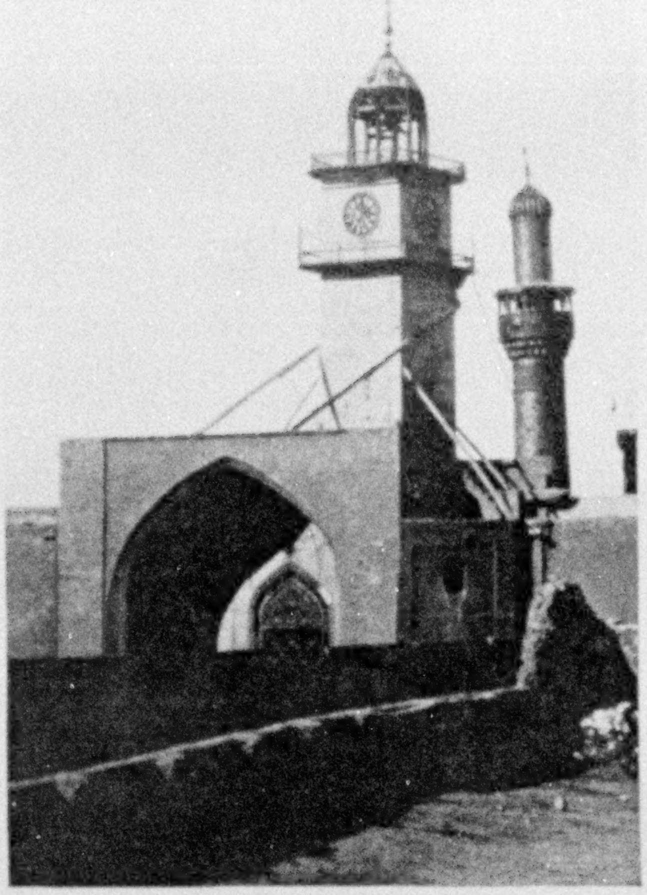
Paris, are sneaked out to Bahrein by Levantine traders and sold even to Arab dealers.

Among the sentimental and romantic Arabs a peculiar legend is current as to the origin of pearls. They say that the gems are formed from mermaids' tears, which fall into the oyster while the shell is open.

Other superstitious beliefs prevail concerning these gems of the ocean deeps. For instance, it is a common practice (only among the rich, needless to say) to powder a pearl and swallow it either as a tonic for failing vigor or to ward off impending disease or ill luck; or a maiden may rub her eyes with a pearl, and thereafter, by merely gazing at a man, she may make him her slave! Black pearls, however, must be avoided, for Arabs see in them some sinister manifestation of the powers of darkness. Wealthy Arabs have chains of pearls, or "prayer beads," such as are carried by pious Moslems.

Just who owns the Bahrein Island group is not plain. An Arab sheik rules over it, and has a treaty with the British allowing the latter to maintain a consular agent there. In return for Britain's aid in protecting him from pirates, the sheik consults the British before granting pearling concessions to outsiders. For a long time Persia claimed Bahrein; later Turkey asserted her ownership, and other powers, barring possibly Great Britain, tacitly recognized the Sublime Porte's claim.

A considerable colony of American missionaries, of the American Arabian



Photograph from Frederick Simpich

THE TOMB OF ALI, "THE LION OF GOD," IN NEJEF

Ali was the fourth caliph, nephew and son-in-law of Mohammed, husband of Fatima and father of Hassan. He was born in Mecca, in the year 600, and killed at the age of sixty-one, at Kufa. The Shiite Moslems regard Ali as the first rightful caliph. Clocks are prominent features in Near Eastern architecture, not only because the Arabs introduced timepieces to Europe and because the people are too poor to carry watches, but also because the time changes daily with the sun, and even the watch-owner must reset his timepiece every twenty-four hours.

Mission, are active and well known among the Arabs in this region.

PEARL GAZING AND THE DESERT LAW

The population of Bahrein is a mixed lot, attracted from all over the Middle East by the adventurous, highly profitable pearling industry. Much inland trade, by caravan, passes through Bahrein, and a brisk commerce is carried on with the Arabian provinces of Hasa and Nejd.

At Koweit, on the mainland, the pearl trade is also lively. A singular story is told there of a magic pearl owned by an old hermit. With this pearl the hermit can locate lost treasures, work love charms, and bring bad luck to one's enemies, all for a consideration. Once, the story goes, he rented the pearl to an Arab whose young wife had run away with another man. The runaways had left Koweit on two swift Oman dromedaries and had a start of two days on the forsaken husband. But with the aid of the magic pearl he found their trail and held it. Each dawn he would hold the magic pearl toward the rising sun, and in it he would see a tiny picture of the fleeing couple, showing exactly their location on the rolling desert ahead of him. As the pursuer gained on the two fugitives, their picture in the magic pearl became plainer and plainer, till at last he came upon them, and the law of the desert was fulfilled. Then, holding up the pearl as before, he beheld nothing!

UNCLE SAM'S TRADE WITH ARABIA

Here at Koweit, too, East brushes West, often in strange, ludicrous ways. The covenant of bread and salt is kept; sheep are slain to seal vows. Life is simple, as in Abraham's time, except that sheiks carry Yankee "dollar watches," and squat, grinning, about talking machines made in New Jersey.

Up through old Eden the British have built a railway! And when the Arab leaders cast in their lot with Allenby and joined in this last crusade on Jerusalem, they deserted their dignified camels and rode in motors.

Although we have long done a rather brisk trade with the Arabs, Yankee salesmen are seldom or never seen in Arabian ports. American goods are handled by native importers at Aden, Hodeida or Maskat, or by the Indian merchants at Bombay, who reship to Arabia.

Since most of the trade routes in Arabia are mere caravan trails (there is only one railway—that from Damascus to Medina), all goods sent to that country are usually packed with a view to being carried to their final inland destination on mules or camels.

Boxes and bales somewhat oblong in

shape and of the required weight so that two of them will make a load for a mule or a camel are usually most suitable. The mule-load is 180 pounds, divided into two packages; the camel's load is 450 pounds, similarly divided. Traders say a good mule, so loaded, will make 15 miles a day and that a laden camel will do 12 miles.

In 1915-16 the United States bought a greater share of Arabia's exports than did any other country, and we sold the Arabs over 40,000,000 yards of sheetings, shirtings, drills, and jeans. Quite a mail-order business!

"Americani" unbleached cotton goods have long been held in high repute in Arabia. A few years ago 75 per cent of all the cotton goods used there came from the United States. The outbreak of war, however, and the consequent interruption of communications and shipping cut down our piece-goods trade with Arabia and let in Japanese and Indian cottons. But in spite of the present scarcity and high price of Yankee sheetings, the Arabs still prefer them because of their superior quality.

SEWING-MACHINES AND PHONOGRAPHS POPULAR IN ARABIA

Nearly all kerosene used for lighting purposes in Arabian towns and tents comes from the United States, and our sewing-machines, phonographs, and "dollar watches" are widely known from Bassora to the bazaars of Jidda. In Aden, Yankee-made motor cars and bicycles, safety razors, clocks, and typewriters are sold by native stores; and thousands of dollars' worth of American starch is imported, from which Arab candy-makers evolve the famous "Turkish Delight" of the confectionary shops.

Uncle Sam, in turn, buys much from the Arab traders; he would buy much more, probably, if we had better shipping facilities with that far-away land. The "Dromedary Date," a familiar package in grocery-store windows from Maine to Texas, comes from Maskat and Bassora, being picked, sorted, and packed by ring-nosed Arab women in black robes and mysterious yashmaks. From Yemen comes our Mocha coffee, and from Hodeida and Aden we get hundreds of thousands of goat and sheep skins. The Arabs are experts at skinning, and these hides seldom show a knife-cut. They are usually brine-cured, and are classified as firsts, seconds, and thirds. It takes an Arab, a Hindu, or a Bagdad Jew to judge these hides and skins accurately, and the American importer of Arab skins is practically obliged to do business through native brokers.

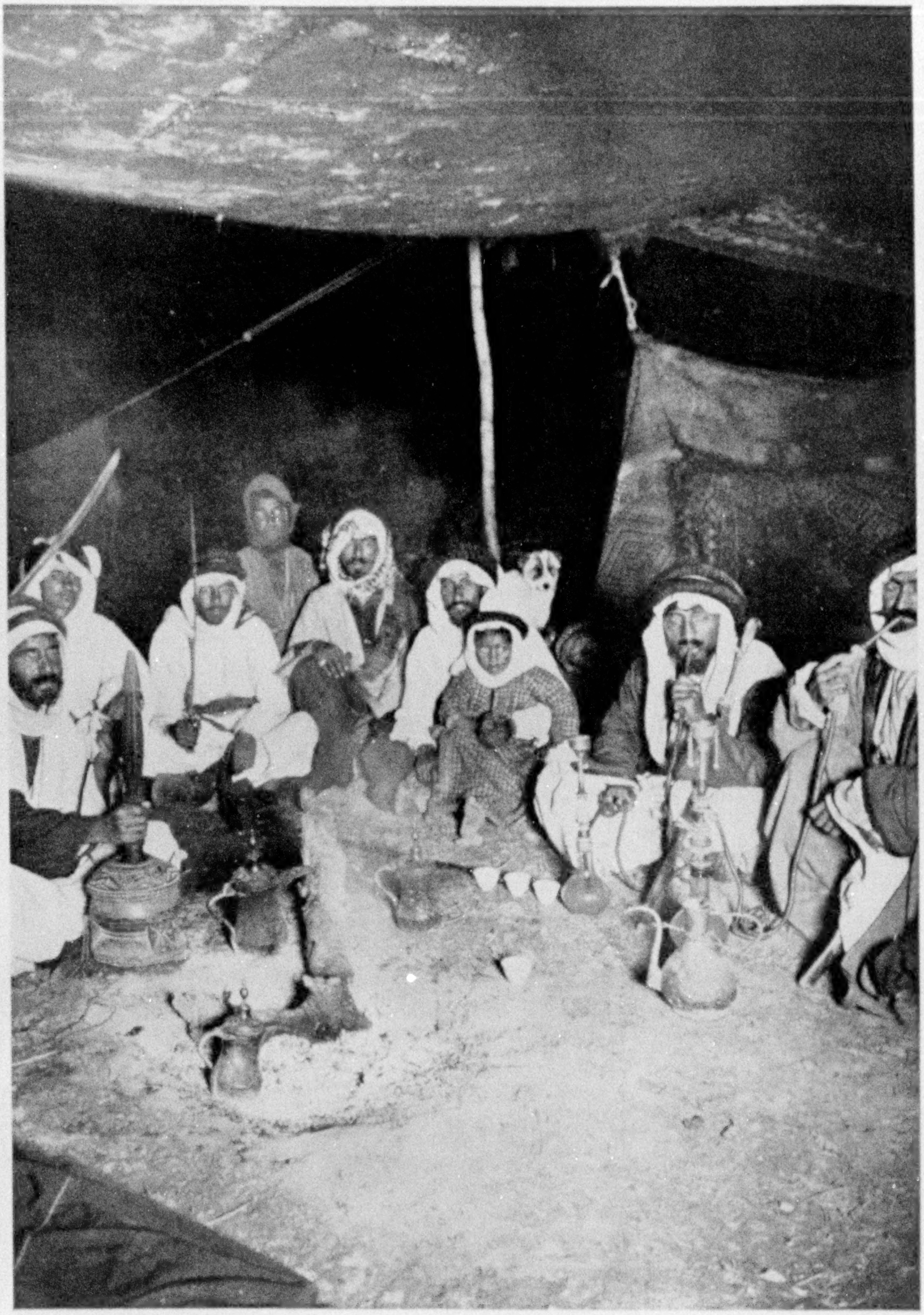
Photograph from Frederick Simpich

THE VEILED FIGURE BESPEAKS THE NEAR EAST

But the parasol indicates that the Hejaz woman has come in touch with the Occident.

Sheep and goat skins are collected mostly at Mocha, Jidda, Hodeida, Kunfuda, and Jisan, and are usually carried to Aden by camel, the latter port being the chief hide market of the Red Sea country.

A new railway has been projected, to run north from the peninsula of Aden. Direct steamer service from India via Arab ports to New York is already being resumed, and, with the admission of the Kingdom of Hejaz to the family of na-



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AN ARAB CAMP AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT SINAI

Given a coffee-pot, a coffee-grinder, a camel-dung fire, a narghile, some Persian tobacco, and a live coal to keep it alight, and you have a men's club in almost any part of the Near East. The hospitality of the Bedouin is proverbial, and the man who has tasted the curdled milk of a desert goat forever after considers that the standard as a thirst-quencher.

tions, trade will no doubt increase considerably, especially our export sales of such necessaries as cloth, oil, glassware, tools, and perhaps firearms.

Moslem political power centered in Mecca, under a British protectorate, signifies the end of Islam's old policy of bigotry and exclusiveness. It may even banish forever the specter of a holy war in the Middle East, notwithstanding the Prophet's warning that "Paradise lies under the shadow of the Sword."

ARABIA'S LIFE A SEE-SAW

It is not easy to believe that the mighty Moslem faith will lose adherents because of the world war. But perchance the break-up of the Ottoman Empire and the passing of its hermit spirit will bring trade and the quickening influence of the Western World to these long somnolent regions.

"When Othman falls, Islam falls" is an old saying in the Levant. Certainly the founding of the new Arab State, under British control, marks the beginning of closer and more confidential relations between Christian and Moslem nations; and it means a tremendous gain to civilization in Britain's increased prestige over Moslem peoples in India, Asiatic Russia, Persia, Egypt, and elsewhere.

Possibly the Moslems of the Russian, French, and British territories can even be gradually assimilated politically, to emerge eventually from this melting pot as citizens and loyal subjects first and good Moslems afterward.

The Koranic faith withstood a terrific blow in the loss of the Sultan's power and standing, and it is a most significant fact that, whether he resides at Cairo or Mecca, the new head of the faith will be under Christian British influence, and Arabia will be open to the trade and travel of all nations.

In the long ago Arabia conquered Egypt, Syria, and Persia, and the Ommiad dynasty spread the conquest from India to Spain. Till the twelfth century, Arab rule in the Orient was supreme, and art, literature, and science flourished.

Freed of the Turkish yoke, Arabia may rise again.

THE LAND OF THE STALKING DEATH *

A Journey Through Starving Armenia on an American Relief Train

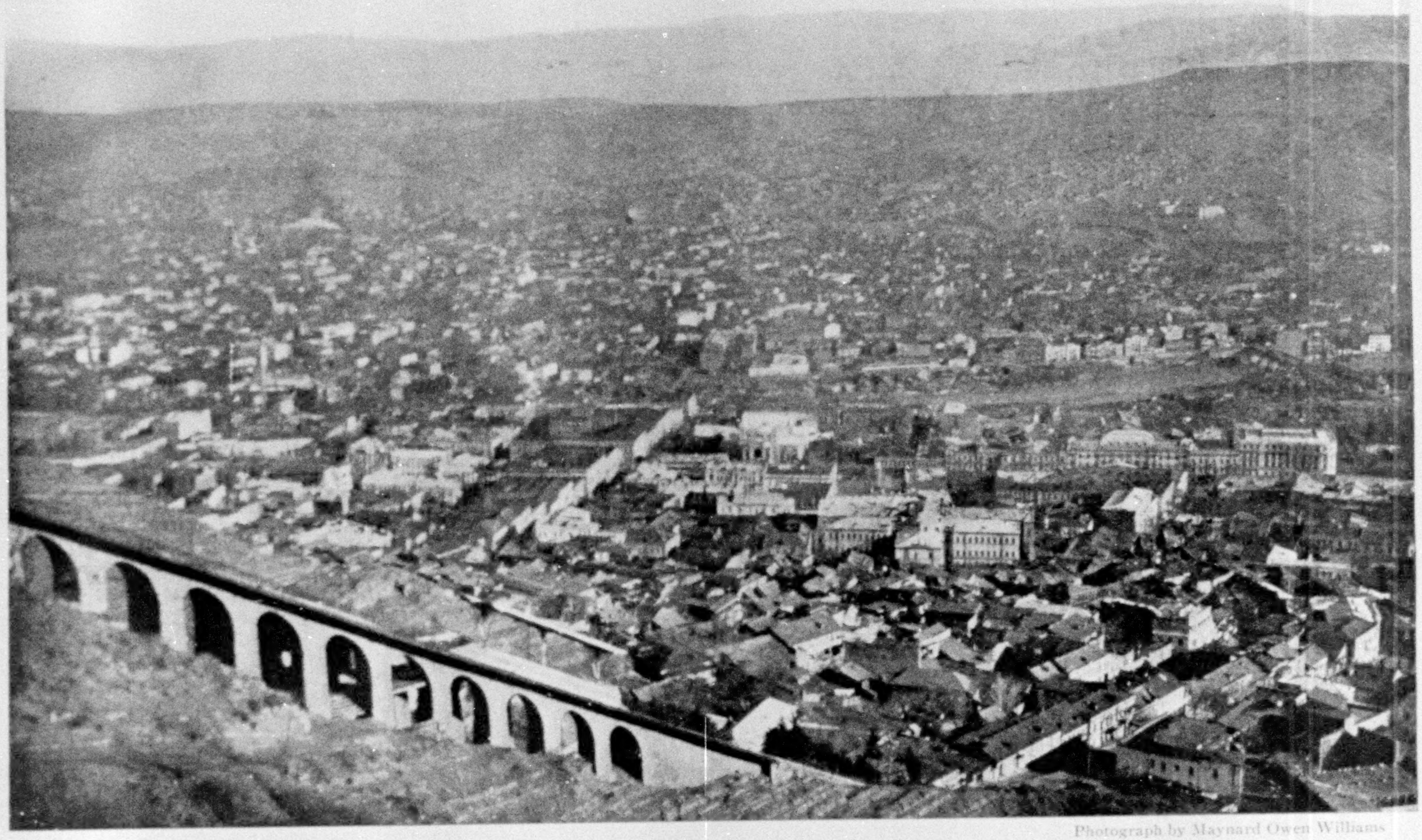
By Melville Chater

ASK the average American what he knows about the Transcaucasus, and he will probably draw from his boyhood memories the fact that it produced those blonde-haired beauties who used to be headline curiosities in dime museums. And if you particularize in Transcaucasian topography by asking "What do you know about Georgia?" it is ten to one that he will answer promptly, "Sherman marched through it."

And so, it was not without curiosity that I, as an average American, caught from a British transport's deck my first glimpse of those mountain-ringed shores which the maps of one's childhood depicted as a pea-green isthmus lying between the Black and Caspian Seas.

Everyone was on deck for the night—British Tommies and their officers, the little Mongol-faced Ghurkas, the tall and dignified Sikhs, the gray-clad nursing sisters—and even the Punjabi cooks in our fore hatchway ceased work on the flour-and-water cakes, which they had been baking incessantly for four days, and shaded their eyes toward the wide, squat port of Batum, with its foreground of British warcraft and its sky-line where the pear-shaped church domes of Russian civilization spired upward.

*For a map of the territory described by Mr. Chater in this article, see page 374.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TIFLIS, THE GAY CAPITAL OF THE NEW GEORGIAN REPUBLIC, FROM THE SLOPES OF MOUNT PLOSKAYA, UPON WHICH THE INHABITANTS PASS THE HOT NIGHTS OF SUMMER

This city of Transcaucasia presents many aspects of a modern metropolis of the West. Along its main business thoroughfare, the Golovinsky Prospekt, are restaurants, cafés, jewelry and art shops, a magnificent opera house, and an impressive viceregent's palace.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

TROOP TRAINS: ONE FILLED WITH GEORGIANS, THE OTHER WITH RUSSIANS, ON THE RAILWAY TO TELAV, 35 MILES FROM TIFLIS

"At the Bolshevist revolution the Russian army of Caucasia flung down its arms and went home" (see text, page 397). As these trains passed, bitter denunciations were exchanged and swords were bared, but there was no bloodshed. Tcherkesoff, a gentle Georgian anarchist, took this occasion to deliver a philippic against the retreating Russians, and, strangely enough, the latter listened to his condemnation with much interest and agreed among themselves, "The little old gentleman is right; we ought to go on fighting."

Photograph by Melville Chater

ARMENIAN REFUGEES CARDING WOOL, IN TIFLIS

It is not necessary to carry work to the refugees. They flock to the place where some honest task can win them food. The demoralization of Russian industry and transportation has made homespun the only available cloth in the Caucasus, and American charity serves the well-to-do while it saves the starving.

Out went the Black Sea's raw wind, like an extinguished candle, and over us crept a soft, warm land-breath, heavy with springtide, from the base of snow-capped mountains. And hardly were we trudging off over Batum's waterside ways—cobbled in high relief like Spotless Town, in the Country of Advertismentia—when the dingy scene burst into brilliant patches of blue and yellow, where February's violets were hawked for sale and mimosa trees drooped, heavy with bloom and scent—a sight to stun sea-wearied eyes, and to make one believe again in long-lost miracles.

I visited the British base-commander and mentioned Tiflis and a first-class carriage.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the B. C. "Wish I could wave a wand and produce such a thing! Try the American flour-train that's moving out tonight. And here's an order for three days' rations. One never knows, you know."

And so I climbed aboard a stumpy little living-car, hitched midway on a long freight train, to be welcomed by a genial-faced American doctor, who was *en route* to gather data for one of the various relief commissions at home.

The B. C.'s warning that "one never knows" was well founded. As we lounged lethargically over the distance that required but sixteen hours from Batum to Tiflis in peace time, days passed uncounted, and the engineer held us up while he dropped off at various towns to spend the night with friends; and dogs snoozed and cats kittened under our car between the rails during lengthy waits on sidings.

Though we had American flour aboard, a British guard, Russian-built cars, an Armenian cook, and a Georgian engineer, we were not sufficiently polyglot to read the station signs, all of which had been changed from Russian lettering to that of Georgia's own peculiar alphabet. Yet the red flags which presently sprouted all along the line apprised us that we were

Photograph by Melville Chater

GOLOVINSKY PROSPEKT, TIFLIS, SHOWING THE GARRISON CATHEDRAL

This famous street is the Fifth Avenue of the Georgian capital. The building on the right is the First High School, and beyond the Cathedral, with its massive dome, is the building which was formerly the palace of the Viceroy of the Caucasus. After the revolution this building became the capitol of the Transcaucasian Republic.

traveling on the anniversary of the Russian revolution, and hence of Georgia's second birthday as a republic.

"EVERYBODY'S PLAYING DOLLS'-HOUSE"

As to what had been happening of late in the Transcaucasus, we were both quite ignorant until a friendly British boarding officer dropped in for the distance of a few stations and chatted with us over bully beef and tea.

"Everybody's playing dolls'-house in the Transcaucasus," he said. "There are five post-revolutionary republics up to the present, the three main ones being Georgia to the west, Erivan of the Armenians, which is centrally situated, and Azerbaijan, the Tatar State, on the east. This arrangement gives Georgia the Black Sea littoral, Azerbaijan the Caspian littoral, and the Armenians no seacoast at all.

"The republic-forming business was made possible, of course, by Russia's smash-up. Though the three States have formed what they call the Transcaucasian Commission, it hasn't been very successful on account of jealousies, boundary disputes, and that sort of thing. The Georgians backed the wrong horse; that is to say, they expressed their willingness to continue statehood under German protection, when the Boche troops entered at Batum. The Tatars, being Moslem, not only welcomed Turkey's 40,000 soldiers when they marched up from Asia Minor into Azerbaijan, but actually supplied troops to their army.

"At the Bolshevist revolution the Russian army of the Transcaucasus had flung down its arms and gone home, so there wasn't any one left to stop the Boche and Turk from having their way.

"The Erivan Republic—the Armenians, you know—refused to join hands with the Central Powers and held out pluckily with a small force until the Turks had driven them to within six miles of their capital. Just about that time Bulgaria sued for peace, and within the next few

THE HANDSOME THOROUGHFARE IN TIFLIS WHICH BEARS THE NAME OF RUSSIA'S GREAT POET, PUSHKIN

Just beyond the caravansary to the left is a large bust of the famous author of "The Prisoner in the Caucasus" and of many other works which are greatly loved by the Georgians and Armenians as well as the Russian residents in the Caucasus.

Photographs by Melville Chater

THE CARAVANSARY OF TIFLIS, HUB OF THE CAUCASUS

This fine building no longer serves the purpose of a resting place for the slow-paced caravan. In front of the huge building most of the electric trolleys of Tiflis now stop. The ornate equipage in the foreground is a Georgian hearse.

weeks the British entered the Transcaucasus at Baku, the Germans cleared out, and Turkey threw up the sponge.

MORE THAN A HUNDRED DIFFERENT PEOPLES IN THIS REGION

"Since then we've been doing a kind of police job here, while the Peace Table—heaven help it!—decides. What with a hundred and twenty different peoples, or tribes, in the Transcaucasus, it's even worse than the Balkans.

"Meanwhile the country's flooded with a billion and a half of paper rubles, issued jointly by the States. The Georgians kept most of it. They're great spenders, and just go on turning out more paper money as it's needed. Their Treasury Department is officially known as the Bureau of Public Printing, and when recently they ran out of printing ink, they applied to us for a loan of two thousand British pounds, so as to go off somewhere and buy more. Cool, eh?

"All three States are doing a lively customs business, there being a baggage inspection at each of the frontiers, which keeps a civilian passenger pretty busy turning out his traps every hundred miles or so.

"Through railroad traffic is almost impossible because of squabbles over the rolling stock. When freight cars arrive from Erivan, the Georgians paint out the Armenian lettering and stencil on their own. And, of course, the Armenians are busy at the same game with Georgian freight cars at their end of the line. Yes, I'd say that the life-blood of the Transcaucasian republics consists of printing ink and paint.

HOW TWELVE BRITISH SOLDIERS BROUGHT PEACE

"Then there was their little postscript war last December. The Georgians and Armenians fell at loggerheads over some boundary dispute, and the latter were getting the best of it. Well, one day an officer of ours, with a dozen or so Tommies, comes along to where the two armies lay on either side of the railroad, about to go at it again. The officer chap jumps in between the opposing forces and makes a bit of a speech from the railroad ties.

"'Commanders of the Georgian and Armenian Armies in being,' he says, 'since you can't carry on without killing some of His Majesty's forces, I propose an armistice.'

"So the British army of twelve sat down to its tea, in between the firing lines, while terms were concluded. And now we are occupying the disputed region, in trust, as it were, and the two republics have called off the dogs of war. Peace reigns in Georgia."

Hardly had our friend uttered these words when the brakes began grinding, the train came to a stop, and a fusillade of musketry rang out in the near-by town.

"*Comparative* peace—I beg your pardon," added the boarding officer with a smile. "Firearms are as necessary to a Georgian's happiness as dolls are to little girls. They must be always shooting, if it's only among themselves. Today's their Red Anniversary, you know, and I suppose that what we hear is the result of a vodka party."

Five minutes later there climbed aboard a rather scared looking Georgian official. He sought out the British colonel commanding our train and appealed to him for assistance against the crowd of Georgian convivialists who were shooting up the countryside.

"LEND US A BRITAIN THOMAS!"

"Is it war, or mere joy?" coldly inquired the colonel, who knew the Georgian temperament."

"It is—revolutionary enthusiasm," responded the official, speaking in broken English. "If you have a Thomas—a Great Britain Thomas or so to lend us"——

"'Fraid not," said the colonel. "I have just four men with me."

"It is enough!" exclaimed the official joyfully. "The Great Britain Thomas is much respected by my countrymen."

"So sorry!" And the colonel brought the interview to a close. To us he remarked after the official's withdrawal, "They obstruct us, shoot our sentries in the back, actually rob 'em of their uniforms when they catch them alone; and yet at the first signs of disturbance they call upon the Great Britain Thomas to restore order."

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A DISTANT VIEW OF MOUNT KASBEK, ONE OF THE HIGHEST SUMMITS OF THE CAUCASUS

The village in the middle distance is Gergeti. On the hill to the left may be seen the ruins of the church of Tzminda-Sameba, which is the favorite lookout for a marvelous sunrise view.

The Pontic Mountains' snow peaks dwindled away behind us; we crossed the fertile plains where lay Kutais, the ancient Colchis, reminiscent of Greek colonization and of the fabled Argonauts; we passed sandy and sterile tracts, where rock-hewn caverns in the overhanging heights represented the long-emptied cells of medieval monasticism; and at last one evening we slid down into an encircling cup of hills wherein glimmered the outstretched lights of Tiflis.

TIFLIS A CITY OF SURPRISES

Though one has penetrated fairly far into the East at Tiflis, if one expects vistas of caravans, camels, and Rebekahs-at-the-well, he will suffer disillusionment in his first impressions. The Golovinsky Prospekt, which runs through the heart of the Georgian capital, is as handsome a bit of modern metropolitanism as can be found anywhere. With its restaurants and cafés, its jewelers, art shops and opera, its vice-regal palace—now ousted of the Romanoff dynasty's last grand ducal viceregent, and flying the Georgian republic's black and cerise flag—the Prospekt, especially when seen in the lounging hour, is undeniably *chic*.

Here stroll Russians, Georgians, Armenians, and the representatives of a score of mountain tribes who have business in the new capital. There is a splendor of uniforms and of side-arms, the Caucasian national costume dominating the picture. A very long, swagger overgarment of brown or gray, padded square at the shoulders, with wasp-like waist, and descending as a smartly flared skirt—this, together with high, heel-less boots, a square astrakhan cap, a clanking sword, two magnificently chased daggers, a brace of pistols, and sixteen fountain-pens strung across his chest represents what I would term the picturesque scenery worn by your typical Georgian in war, in peace, and in the bosom of his countrymen.

What I have called fountain-pens turned out to be more weapons—hollow tubes, anciently designed to contain powder and shot.

One looks at these magnificently accoutered swaggerers, with their stiff mustaches and close-shaven skulls, and thinks of comic opera and of the dear old Kingdom of Zenda; also one trembles for the League of Nations, fearing that the Georgian will never consent to a reduction of his armament.

WHERE EVERY ONE WEARS A UNIFORM

Mere militarism has no mortgage on uniforms at Tiflis. Everybody wears one, including school children and their teachers, according to Russian custom; and hundreds upon hundreds of civilians are thus attired because, clothes being scarce and expensive, they prefer buying some officer's cast-off outfit.

I had almost overlooked the presence of the British uniform along the Prospekt; and perhaps that is because the British, being in occupation, comport themselves so quietly. Compared to the arsenal-carrying Georgian, the British officer, with his little swagger stick, is an exemplification of that "invisible force" principle which makes one believe in the League of Nations.

The Tommy, too, is seen everywhere, having adapted himself to the ways and speech of the Georgian, after his own peculiar method.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION IN GEORGIA

The Doctor and I were puzzled by one Tommy who stood on the street corner with a Georgian soldier, carrying on what seemed to be fluent conversation. We afterward questioned him about it.

"You don't speak Georgian?" asked the Doctor.

"No, sir," answered Tommy.

"And that Georgian doesn't understand English?"

"No, sir."

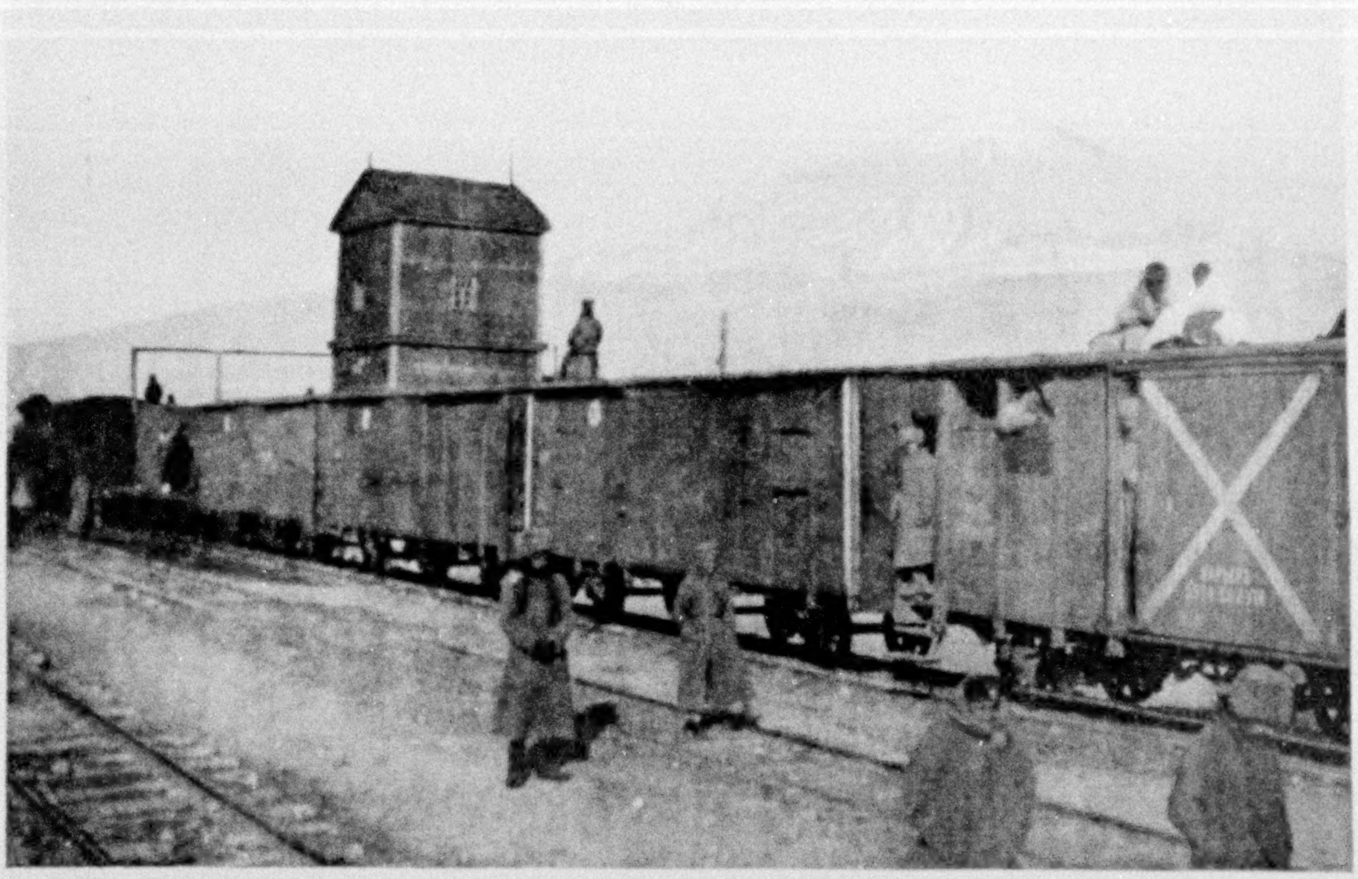
We stared at each other.

"How on earth, then, do you manage it?" asked the Doctor.

"Well, you see it's this way, sir," replied Thomas with the utmost solemnity. "One of these 'ere foreign chaps 'll come up and say to me, 'Nitchyvilla, nitchyvilla?' And I'll say to 'im, 'Don't mind if I *do* 'ave one.' And then maybe 'ee 'll say to me 'Bittsky-ittsky, boo!' And then I biffs 'im one on the jaw."

"But why?" I asked. "Why knock him down?"

"Because, sir," answered Thomas with



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MOUNT ARARAT IS THE HOARY SUMMIT LOOKING DOWN UPON THIS STRATEGIC RAILWAY

This picture was taken when the Russians were retreating from the Caucasus front, thus giving over the Armenians, who had formed their conquering vanguard, to the cruelty of the Turks.

simplicity, "for all I know, sir, 'ee may be making insulting remarks about me."

HOW THE GEORGIAN ENTERTAINS

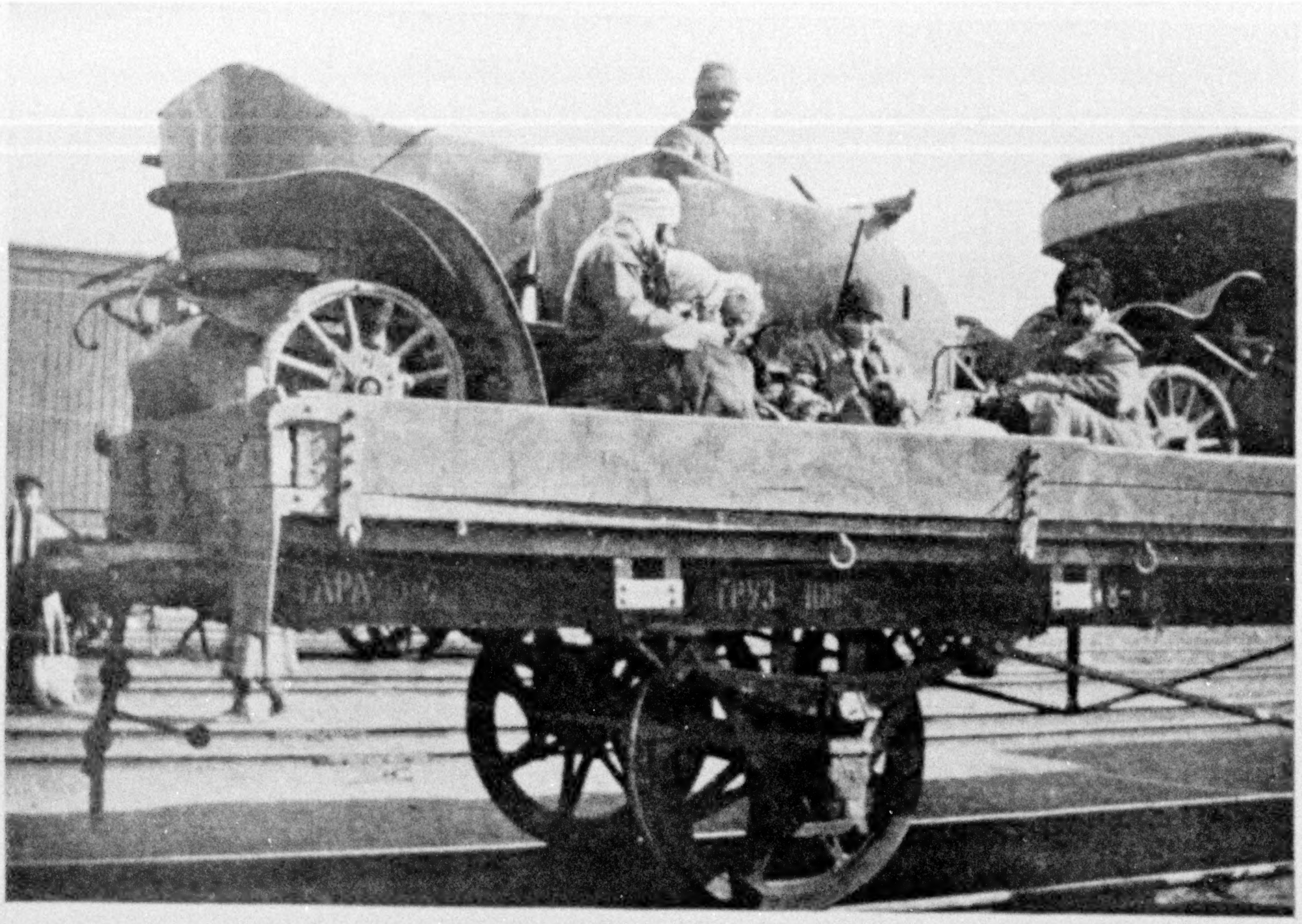
I have mentioned the "lounging hour." In fact, there are some sixteen of these to the Georgian's day, and perhaps it would be simpler to speak of *the* working hour. Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the afternoon, down go the steel lattices which guard the shop windows—windows which present to your amazed glance a fifth-year war stock of champagne, liqueurs, and articles de luxe of every kind; then Tiflis resumes its national pastime of *joie de vivre* until 6 o'clock of the following morning; for that is the hour when the Georgians' all-night parties break up—break up, I mean, with a crash of china and with shots exchanged across the table.

The Georgian is renowned for his hospitality. His customary greeting is, "While in Tiflis you will consider my home yours"—an offer which was tendered us so regularly that we suffered, I may almost say, from an embarrassment of homes.

The Georgian dinner-party, a mighty matter of courses and wines, begins at 2.30 in the afternoon and lasts until 5. Then there will be a dance in the evening, refreshments commencing at 9 o'clock and continuing between dance-numbers until the company reels homeward in the dawn.

Occasionally the floor is cleared for a dagger-dance, a picturesque and barbaric business performed to a rhythmic accompaniment of hand-clapping by some tall, beskirted native, who prances murderously about with from five to seven daggers held between his teeth.

The Georgian public function is a superb affair of uniforms, healths drunk, huzzahs, celebrities carried shoulder-



Photograph by Melville Chater

A FAMILY OF YEZIDI REFUGEES STEALING A RIDE ON AN AMERICAN RELIEF TRAIN

Rumor and hunger conspire to keep the refugees of the Transcaucasus in motion. Many of the people have nothing to leave behind, and the report that food can be had at some remote place starts a melancholy migration for bread. Neither the Moslems nor the Christians have harmed the Yezidis, but famine is no respecter of persons or religions.

high about the room, and a chorus of liveried trumpeters who sound fanfares at the close of every toast. Once again one realizes that, though the Georgians have gone red republican, Zenda's dear old comic-opera kingdom still lies deep in their hearts.

THE GEORGIAN IS ENJOYING A BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST

In short, the Georgian has absorbed all that was worst in the luxurious Russian civilization, under which he lived from the conquest of the Transcaucasus in 1801 to the downfall of Tsardom. Of earlier influences, the Persian is betrayed in his national costumes and in his arts, which have been completely obliterated by the Turks. He and his language alike are unclassifiable. They originated too far back of that respectably remote past when Tiflis was already a caravan center, linking East and West.

Whencever he came, the Georgian is of an ancient race, and embodies all of an ancient race's charm, together with its tendency toward degeneration. The Georgian nobility is a byword, resting upon a feudalism which endured so long as to become an anachronism and a decay.

What with an incredibly fertile soil of pasture land and vineyards, exhaustless manganese mines, and an enriching tithe system, the Georgian noble sank into a sloth from which his present-day descendants have never risen, and which left them an easy prey to Russian upper-class luxury. Just now, drunk with the heady wine of sudden liberty, they are enjoying what looks to the outsider very much like a Belshazzar's feast.

SUCCORING 20,000 ARMENIANS IN TIFLIS

Mix solely with the Georgians and you would never realize that, huddled in Tiflis' back streets, there are some 20,000 Armenian refugees who are being cared for by the American Committee. These

Photograph by Melville Chater

"PLEASE, MISTER, LET US RIDE!"

This brother and sister, orphans, were begging for a train-ride to some other town, where there might be bread.

have been receiving about seven ounces of bread a day per head and are given the opportunity of gaining a living wage in the Committee's weaving factory. There one sees them at loom, compress, and vat, working the Georgian wool into an excellent fabric, which is put on sale at moderate prices.

One also sees the Committee's splendid work among the Armenian orphans, of whom there are some 4,000 at Tiflis. These, housed in donated residences and unused school buildings, attend class daily, cultivate vegetable gardens, and even carry on in playtime their people's tradition of industry. It is a droll and pathetic sight to watch little boys and girls, each with a ball of wool and a set of needles, moving in and out amid scenes of leap-frog and dolls'-house, knitting their own socks.

Having remained long enough at Tiflis to watch the unloading and distribution of several cars of flour, the American

physician and I entrained again and were soon passing through magnificent mountain scenery fairly Alpine in character—snow peaks far overhead, and herds agraze in the green lowlands, where the yellow *loriki* shrub blazed along the banks of muddy torrents.

Halting at a mountain village, where tall herdsmen in fleece-lined jackets and disheveled, mop-like headgear turned aside from their shaggy flocks to stare at our American khaki, we discovered that we were in the disputed zone between Georgia and Armenia.

Notwithstanding a posted proclamation which forbade the carrying of firearms, our Georgian engine-driver virtually put a pistol to our heads by refusing to go further until three hundred rubles were paid him. Now, engine-drivers are hardly as common as snowballs in the Bambak Defile, and some American officials in a carriage ahead of ours weakly produced the required sum.

CURBING THE CUPIDITY OF A GEORGIAN BLACKMAILER

I strolled out on the platform and shook hands with a pink-cheeked British youngster, who, assisted by a handful of Sikh troops, was "keeping the line clear," as he expressed it, in those distant and dubious regions.

"How do you do?" said the youngster politely. "Engine running all right, I hope?"

"It ought to," I replied. "We've just greased the driver with three hundred rubles."

"Ye gods!" ejaculated the youngster, and was off like a cracked whip. Before you knew it, he had confronted the wretched blackmailer with accusers, had reimbursed our party from the man's pockets, and was giving certain orders to a couple of his Sikhs. The Americans, apprehending future trouble, were willing to waive the money. Not so the youthful Britisher.

"Sorry!" he said, with polite firmness. "But I can't, you know. No difficulties ahead, I assure you. Armed guard, a couple of bayonets at the fellow's back—really very simple, you know."

And that is how it was done. As we rolled off, answering the salute of that rosy-cheeked youngster—the only European in those troublesome mountain-ringed regions—a certain admiration which possessed us was given voice by some one who remarked thoughtfully, "And of such is the British Empire!"

THE TRAGIC-FACED CHORUS

From time to time an extra box-car was hitched on behind us and filled with the refugees, who wandered aimlessly about the station platforms. They were mere remnants of families—a woman who had lost her children, a husband who had lost his wife, a little boy who had nobody in the world and who wept to be taken along with us—anywhere, away from starvation—for all were emaciated, and showed frightened eyes that seemed to stare flinchingly at Famine's stalking specter.

"Where, sir? They're going nowhere in particular, sir," answered the British soldier whom I questioned. "They just travel up and down the line, day after day, looking for a town where maybe there'll be bread. Ah, *maybe!* They sleep and die on station platforms or else in the trains; and so it goes, week after week. But I'm thinking, sir, that they never find that town where there's bread."

Meanwhile the snowy peaks overhead, aglow in the sunset, lent their serene background and the mountain torrents their music to set off that ragged, tragic-faced chorus which wandered up and down their set scene—the gray, institutional-looking exterior of a Russian railway station.

Next morning we were across the border in Karakillissé, a mountain town which contained with its environs some ten thousand Armenian refugees. Here famine conditions had obtained for six months and, as elsewhere, the Turkish troops had left the place as bare as a picked bone. There was no flour, no seed, not an agricultural tool—nothing but Destitution, whose bony hand had laid blight everywhere.

The straggling streets showed boarded-up shops and masses of burlap-clothed wretches, who pressed about us with tears and prayers and outstretched hands. The local bake-shop contained a heap of flour, about the size of a child's sand pile, while near by stood a man with scales and

STARVING WOMEN IN THE TOWN OF IGDIR

"They will be dead in two days," the American Committee manager told the author. In cold Armenia there is no such ghastly exposure of protruding ribs and shrunken bodies as famine produces in India. Old women like these die of exposure and malnutrition before starvation marks their bodies enough to awaken sympathetic aid.

Photographs by Melville Chater

BEGGING FOR BREAD AS THE AMERICAN RELIEF TRAIN ARRIVES AT AN ARMENIAN STATION

Among the Armenian refugees are women who have a proud past and who are driven to beggary by indescribable conditions.

stone weights, offering withered apples for sale. The American Committee had distributed 85 tons of rice and flour in three weeks—a mere sop to starvation's maw.

The daily deaths totalled thirty, of which one-third were children. Herb-eating had bloated many of the faces that surged about us—faces so distorted as to express their hope of us with a ghastly semblance of ludicrousness.

"Bread, bread, bread!"

That low, moaning monotone, rising and falling like the sound of waves which search the arid shore, only to fall weakly back on themselves, pursued us through the streets and far out into the fields. And we left starvation's host gazing tragically after us, as men regard some passing vessel which skirts the barren island where they are marooned with death.

A CITY OF HARROWING SILENCE

That night we passed the mountains' summit through the blinding smoke of wind-swept snow drifts, and by next morning we had regained springtime's balm and verdure in the valley at Alexandropol.

Before the flour-unloading began—indeed, before we were up—there were children about our car, attracted by the American flag which it flew. They were searching the ground with the spell-bound preoccupation of some one who has lost something infinitely small and precious. I say children, but I really mean wizened and ancient dwarfs, with wrinkled foreheads and those downward cheek creases which deepen when one smiles. Not that they were smiling, however; they had forgotten the way of that, long ago.

Occasionally I saw them stoop, reclaim something, and masticate. Presently the doctor came in, looking decidedly bad-tempered. I asked, "What are those children eating?"

"Candle grease," he answered gruffly. "Where's that extra loaf of bread?"

Alexandropol is a blasted town (the handiwork of the Turk upon retreating), with streets like the Slough of Despond; low, flat houses; long lines of sackclothed people sitting, lying, dozing, and dying, all in the spring sunlight; not a laborer at work, not a wheel turning save those of the wretched droshky which we commandeered.

Utter silence brooded over Alexandropol—a silence profound and sinister, as if the whole town were muffled out of respect for continuous burial. We found no violence, no disorder. The people showed the gentle somnolence of lotus-eaters, as they sat there in the long sun-bathed streets, feeding on hope.

HUMANITY MASSED LIKE BEES IN SWARMING TIME

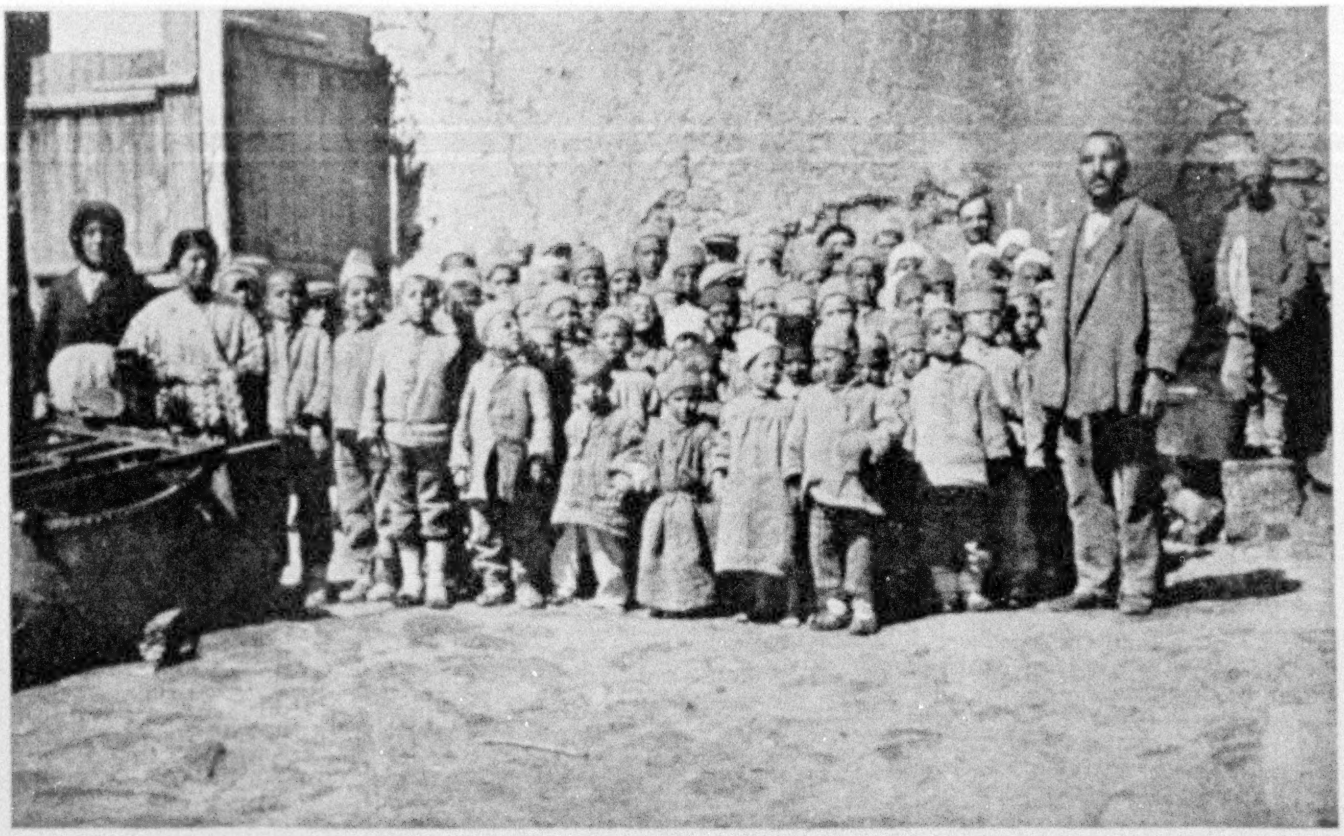
Refugees whose numbers had grown in six weeks from 26,000 to 50,000, and in ten days from 50,000 to 58,000, filled the Russian barracks, where they were massed like bees in swarming time. As we walked through those dark, cell-like rooms of shattered windows and smoked ceilings, not a bed or chair was to be seen, but only groups of wretched humanity, huddled together on their common bed of dank flagstones.

Through the dimness we could see a multitude of hands stretched despairingly forth, and again that low drone of "Bread, bread, bread!" shook us as we passed. Those who were strong enough stumbled up and followed us out into the sunlight—an unforgettable throng of waxen faces and of wasted bodies that streamed with rags. To them we must have seemed as the bright god Baldur seemed to the damned spirits among whom he passed in dun Hela's realm.

"They are dying at a rate of from two hundred to two hundred fifty a day," said the manager of the American Committee, who had accompanied us thither. "Sometimes in merely passing between my house and my office I have counted fifteen bodies lying in the street. Our present stocks do not permit us to distribute more than from three and one-half to seven ounces of flour and less than two ounces of rice a day per person. As you will find everywhere throughout this country, the Turks swept Alexandropol bare when retiring.

A DAUGHTER IN EXCHANGE FOR A SACK OF FLOUR

"Over there runs the Arpa-Tchai, and beyond it lies the territory of the Tatars,



Photograph by Melville Chater

A SINGLE DAY'S RESCUE AT ERIVAN

Every bit of relief-work goes to aid some other bit. The task that provides a starving woman with honest bread provides a covering for these children.

who sided with the Turks and against the Armenians, and who were therefore left in comparative plenty. They even have seed grain, as you can tell by those distant patches of cultivation. The other night I met a young Armenian girl, accompanied by her parents, trudging to the river's edge. Presently the latter came back with a sack of Tatar flour instead of a daughter. The thing is not uncommon and is done by mutual consent. The girl is glad to eat her Tatar lord's food; the parents are glad to have saved her and themselves from starvation." . . .

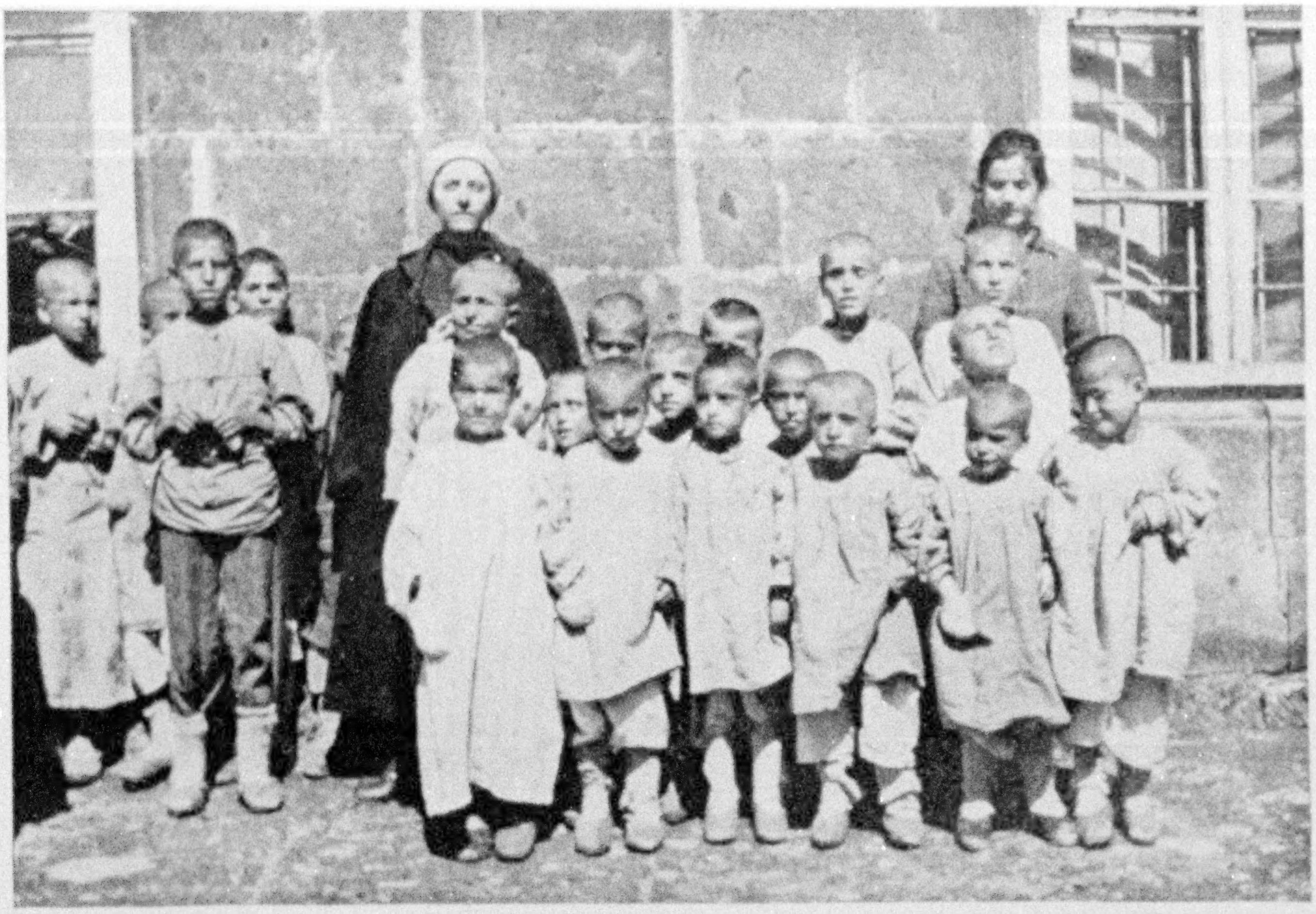
ERIVAN, ARMENIA'S CAPITAL

Another day, and we had reached Erivan, the capital of Armenia's provisional republic and an inconceivable contrast to the Georgian government seat at Tiflis. At Erivan one finds no spacious prospekt nor viceregal palace, no smart shops, Russian opera, nor gay night life. To behold misery in Tiflis, one must search it out. In Erivan one cannot escape it.

This poor, straggling, dingy city of the plains, whose government offices suggest some hastily extemporized election headquarters and whose parliament chamber is rigged up with benches and cheesecloth in the auditorium of the second-class theater, boasts of but one beauty, and that—to speak in paradox—is forty miles away; for, in whatever quarter of Erivan you may be, lift your glance and great Ararat of eternal snows is seen brooding distantly over the mean streets with his aspect of majestic calm. He is the Armenian's Olympus, or rather say, the Sinai of a race which has known bondage and wilderness-wandering, and for centuries a people's imagination has turned toward him.

The little Erivan republic which centers about Ararat contains within its present limits less than 1,500 square miles—only one-half of which area is capable of high productivity—two hundred miles of railroad, and about two million people. It has been the center of refuge for Turkish Armenians ever since the massacre of 1915, and between 200,000 and 300,000 of them are camped within its borders.

As for the city itself, its former population of 40,000 has been doubled by this influx. There starvation and typhus have



Photograph by Melville Chater

ARMENIAN ORPHANS AT ALEXANDROPOL: THEY RECEIVE ONE-HALF POUND OF BREAD AND A LUMP OF SUGAR PER DAY

Alexandropol was once a famous frontier post. It is the junction point for the railway line to Persia and the Kars branch, over which the Armenians fled from Erzerum.

claimed their toll of 9,000, the death rate fluctuating between fifty and eighty a day.

There are eighty food stations scattered throughout the Erivan republic, distributing those tiny doles that represent Armenia's portion of the five thousand tons of American Committee flour which had entered the Transcaucasus up to March 1.

When one learns that this famine-and-plague-swept country has but forty-two physicians, only a scant hundred of women whom we would classify as nurses' assistants, and practically no medical supplies, one is not surprised to hear of outlying villages which have lost half of their population in ten days.

CHILDREN IN THE WEAVING SHOPS

Though the doctor and I were here to observe the worst phases of the situation, each of us waited for the other to suggest a trip to the Igdir region, where we were told starvation was most acute. Meanwhile we spent some few days in frequenting the American Committee's workshops, where men and women weave cloth from Georgian wool or build the looms for this purpose, and where mere children of fourteen are seen at their apprenticeships of clothes-cutting, shoemaking, braziery, and rug-weaving.

They were but refugees, these serious-eyed workers, whose families had been massacred, whose homes had been burned, and who had emerged from such horrors as have come to no other nation in the war; yet here they were, already at the tasks which would rehabilitate the Armenian nation of tomorrow.

The pig-tailed little girls who bent in pairs over the rug-weaving, their people's ancient art, replying shyly to questions which proved them to be survivors of the great massacres of 1915, were indeed a type of Armenia's fortitude which is even now building her up from the blood-soaked dust.

Toward that end of town where the refugees sleep ten on a floor, in mere cel-

Photograph by Melville Chater

AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW LIE PEACE AND PLENTY

Orphan refugees, who are hoping to reach some town where there is bread. These were the children who ate the candle-grease drippings alongside the Relief Committee car, in a land which is naturally fertile (see text, page 407).

lars, through the darkness of which old women are seen, Norn-like, spinning the weavers' thread, there are two market-places, the Bazaar of the Living and the Bazaar of the Dead. Under the high arches of the former may be seen those happy souls who, with a few precious paper rubles in hand (for one no longer thinks in mere kopecks in the Transcaucasus), may buy, per Russian pound of 14½ ounces, black bread for 28 cents, potatoes or unpolished rice for 50 cents, raisins or edible seed for 75 cents, or who may have his shoes soled and heeled for $6.25. But, in fact, the wearing of shoes would be dangerous, since one might well be murdered and robbed for that which brings nigh to one hundred dollars. And, anyway, the refugees do very well by wrapping their feet in bits of rotten carpet.

SELLING THE BELONGINGS OF THEIR DEAD

Behind this market stands the second bazaar, merely a sun-scorched acre of dirt, recognizably Eastern by reason of

Photograph by Melville Chater

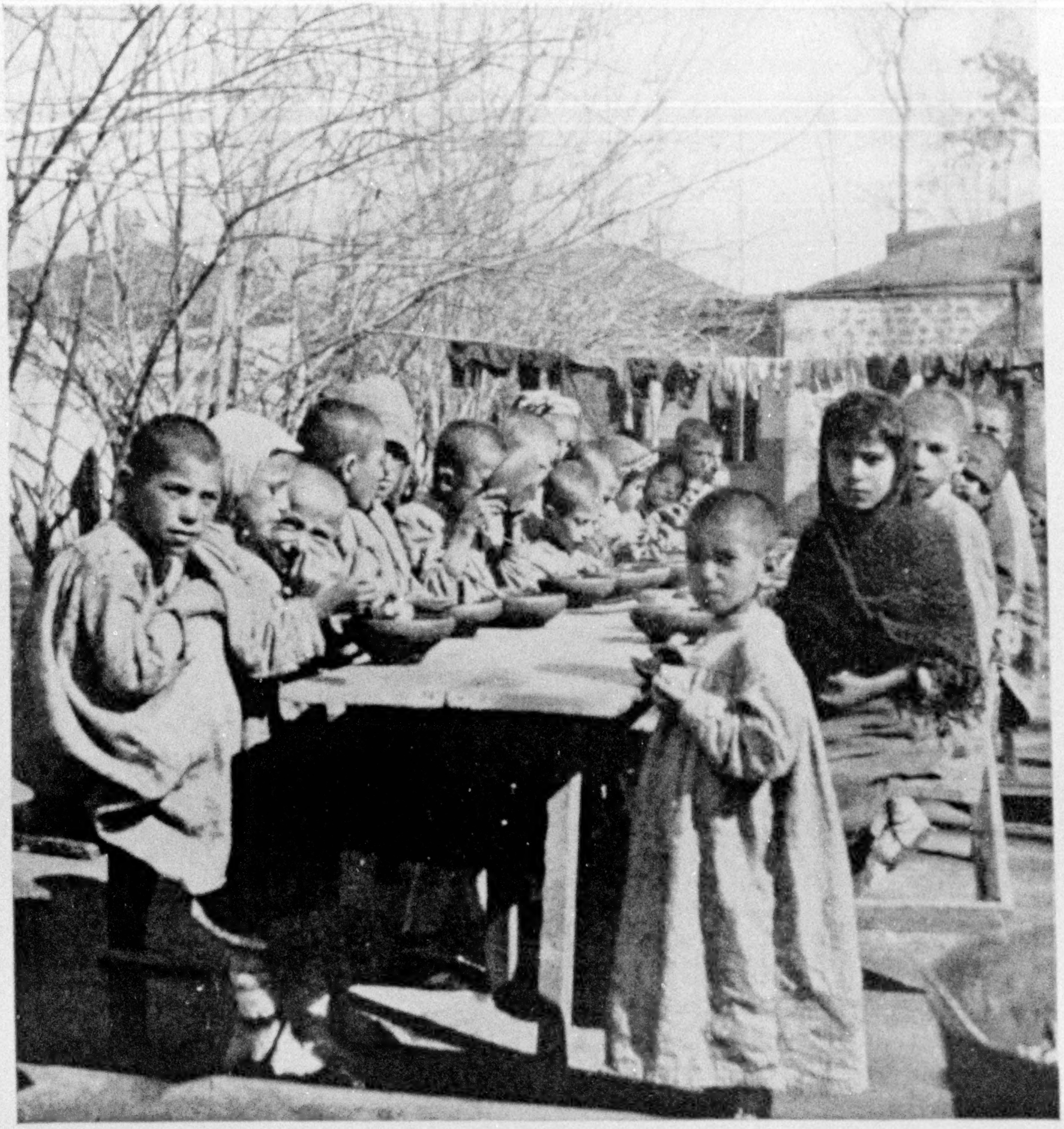
REFUGEE BURIAL GROUND OUTSIDE ETCHMIADZIN

The name of this town means "The only begotten Son is descended," and the Armenian legend has it that here Christ appeared to Gregory the Illuminator in the year 303. Today the whole Erivan plain has become one vast burial ground, whose sanctity is not respected by the hunger-crazed people.

the mud-walled, turf-roofed huts which fringe its verge, and by the laden camels which stalk past, with their haughty and fatuous glance. Here it is that the dying come to sell the goods of their dead.

Penetrate the tattered throng that revolves unceasingly in its quest of purchasers and you recognize the husband selling his wife's head-dress, the wife selling her husband's coat, the son his sister's earring. Here a man displays the cheap lamp that once lit those of his household who are now gone down into darkness. There a woman carries the quilt upon which her baby died. Yonder a tottering graybeard holds in his one hand a woman's woven belt and in the other a man's watch.

Thus, laden with mementoes of broken homes and of dear dead ones, these ema-



Photograph by Melville Chater

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD"

At Igdir, Armenian children eating their dole of boiled rice supplied by the American Committee. When others are forced to cannibalism, even this simple fare comes as a Godsend.

ciated creatures pass by, silent as funeral mutes, profoundly unsolicitous; for though starvation may bring a man to dispose of his wife's burial clothes, he will not cry them for sale.

GAUNT TRAGEDY IN A CELLAR

Half a loaf of black bread will purchase yonder scarf, together with the owner's story, yet he will display no emotion as he parts with this last loved souvenir. One must eat, it seems, even that one may have tears to weep.

Up goes a sudden childish wail, which leads us to one of those dank cellars, the scene of an hourly common tragedy. Here on the stones, with two babies at her one side and a screaming ten-year old at her other, lies a stark, staring-eyed woman, dead amid these remnants of the household which she strove to preserve. Perhaps she will be found and buried—

Photograph by Melville Chater

ARMENIAN CHILDREN WEAVING RUGS IN THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE SHOPS AT ERIVAN

One aim of relief-work is to find some way of saving the self-respect of those who have lost all else, and honest labor does more to engender self-respect than does lavish, but misguided, charity.

in time. In time, too, the girl will pick up one child, lead the other, and go forth into the streets to beg. Their best possible future is that they may be found and passed through starvation's clearing-house to some orphanage.

In that dreadful, sun-baked quadrangle, which is surrounded by sleeping barracks containing not one chair, table, or bed, are herded some five hundred children, boys and girls, of from six to twelve years of age. It is doubly a clearing-house, since each morning an ox-cart carries off half a dozen of them for burial.

Here they sit on the earth, bowed like old men and women, or crawl off to die alone. I counted six dead, lying unnoticed in corners, like so many rats. Another two or three lay with arms and legs wide-stretched, still gasping faintly. Yet none of the central throng showed the least concern, and there was even a group of them squatting over some game with pebbles, a dead child or two lying on the edge of their circle.

Most of them are too weak to eat their little daily doles of bread, yet still their cry for it goes up, and one often sees a dead child lying with both hands sheltering a crust at his breast.

Somehow a memory of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird" and of that exquisite scene, "The Land of the Unborn," came into my mind; and then I no longer saw that hideous ox-cart, whose driver went about, shaking recumbent children to learn if they were dead or not; for I knew that Father Time was somewhere near, with his great golden boat, to ferry these tired little kiddies away for a long sleep in an enchanted land—that of the unborn—where they would awaken to play and romp, while biding their turn to be ferried back earthward to their new mothers' arms.

The doctor and I hardly exchanged a phrase over those unforgettable sights at

Photograph by Melville Chater

SEEKING WHAT WARMTH THE SUN CAN GIVE

Alexandropol, whose people are dying at a rate of 200 to 250 a day, is almost a mile above sea-level. Refugees are forced to sleep in the open, and their weakened bodies eventually give up the fight for life. Note the snow on the hillsides, indicative of the bitter nights, for the variation between the warmth of noonday and the marrow-chilling cold of the darkness is unusually great at such a high altitude.

Erivan. From a free discussion of topics our relations had somehow changed to a rigid silence; and whenever we did speak, it only augmented a certain undercurrent of mutual irritation.

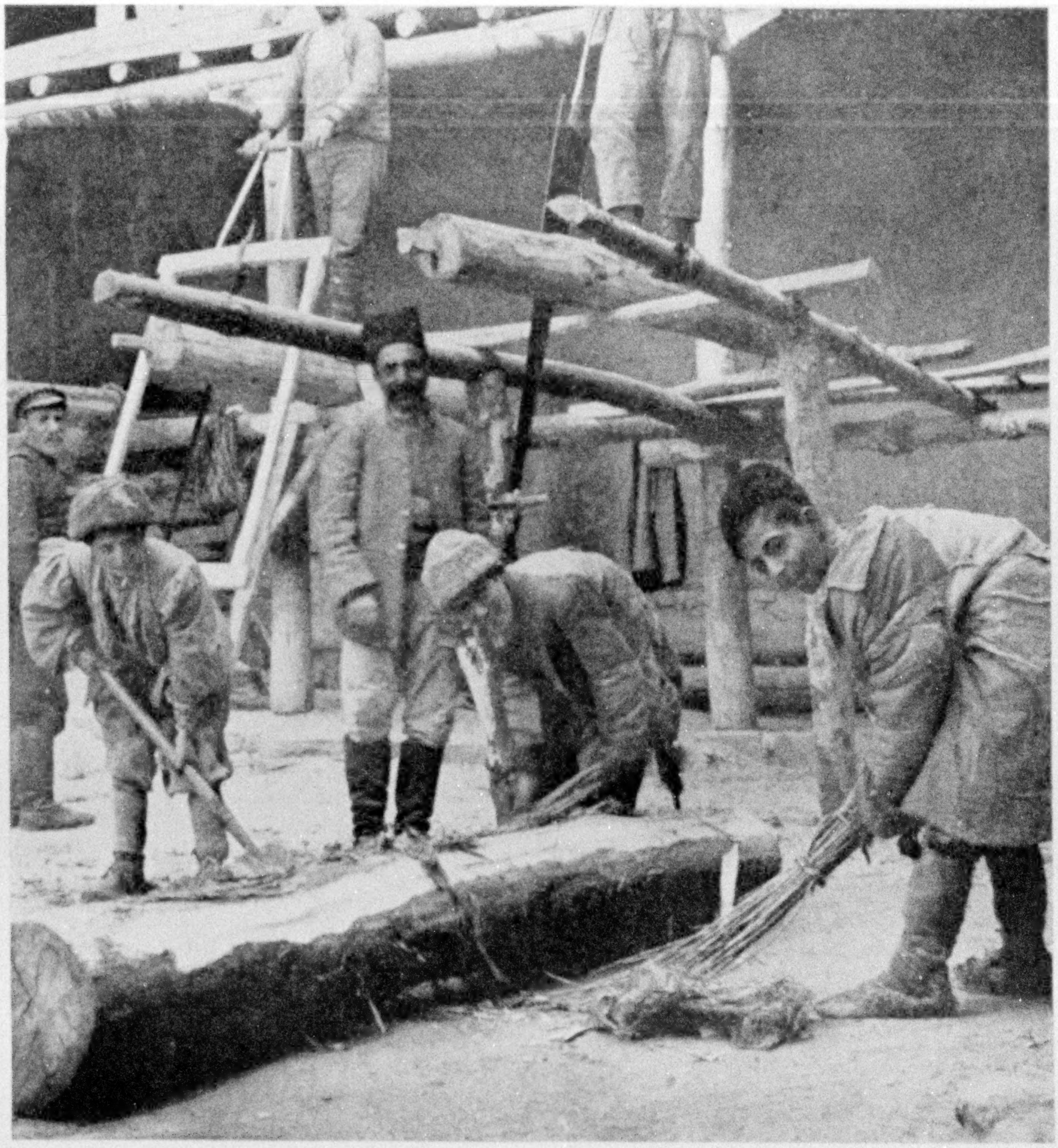
TO IGDIR THROUGH 40 MILES OF DESOLATION

A war-battered motor of American body, Russian tires, and second-hand parts from every country in the world jounced us to Igdir, across forty miles of flat country, throughout which mud-hut villages clustered and old trenches scored the plain, while Ararat loomed ever ahead, more dazzlingly white and sky-filling, as morning turned to noontide. Cutting his right shoulder, a faint line betrayed the cleft through which the great hordes of refugees had filed in their flight from Turkish Armenia during the massacres of 1915.

Three times in as many years have masses of these 300,000 people crossed and recrossed the mountains, advancing and retreating, as Russia threw the Turkish armies back or withdrew before them. In 1916 the refugees were even repatriated long enough to sow the soil, but not to reap the crops, which were abandoned to the enemy. Finally, at Bolshevism's outbreak, the disorganized Russian troops went home, leaving the Transcaucasus undefended. Of its main peoples, the Georgians welcomed the Germans, while the Tatars were coreligionists with the Turks; wherefore the latter's despoliations were directed solely against the Armenians.

The country through which we were passing revealed neither sowed acres nor cattle, nor sheep at graze; for seed, agricultural implements, and all else had been swept away by the enemy.

Once the Arax River was passed, however, one could recognize the Tatar villages by the presence of field animals and husbandry. Still farther on, the popula-



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THREE ARMENIAN ORPHANS WORKING UNDER THE DIRECTION OF AN AMERICAN RELIEF COMMITTEE

This view shows the Armenian method of sawing lumber. The production of fifty boards is a good day's work for two men.

tion became preponderatingly Armenian once more. And now, across the wide plains which must lie tragically idle through these, the fleet, precious hours of sowing, everywhere we beheld women astoop, in the attitude of those who fill Millet's canvas, "The Gleaners." Had another Millet been there to study those emaciated figures and downcast, painfully searching faces, he could have touched the world's heart with a second masterpiece, called "The Root Diggers."

"WE ARE DYING, ALL DYING"

Suddenly an Armenian came dashing across the fields, to bar our passage—his face wild, his voice shrill with anguish. But he was not seeking protection from pursuing Tatars, as I had thought. He had seen American uniforms in our car—

Photograph by Melville Chater

A BULLOCK TRAIN LADEN WITH AMERICAN FLOUR GOING TO THE RESCUE

The slow progress of these plodding cattle makes little difference, for with swifter methods the relief stores would be exhausted before more aid could come.

the first promise of hope which had passed through that desolate section in many weeks—and he was telling us of the many refugees who lived over there, among that cluster of war-demolished mud huts, starving in this wilderness.

"We are dying, all dying!" he reiterated in a kind of delirium. And, though we told him we had not bread, it became necessary to remove him from the road, where he had thrown himself face downward under the car's wheels to prevent our departure.

Another, and a happier figure, was that of an old woman who hobbled up with a bright smile on her face to show us that day's bonanza—a miserable apronful of the roots which would keep her three motherless grandchildren alive for twenty-four hours more. Indeed, watch those painfully scrutinizing diggers, and the way they flock from spot to spot whenever some luxurious patch is detected, and you would think that they were searching for yellow metal, not mere roots, in the first feverish hours of a gold rush.

"DYING OR DEADS?"

As we neared Igdir our interpreter, a cheery, affable young Armenian, who had long since grown accustomed to the horrors of this famine-blighted land, turned to us from the front seat and inquired with just a trace of the showman's manner:

"What you like to see, gentlemens?"

"Conditions," snapped the doctor.

"You like best conditions of dyings or deads? Dyings is easy to see everywhere in the streets. But I know where many deads are, too—in what houses—if you like."

"Drive on!" I said hastily. "We'll decide later."

The town of Igdir, with its local and near-by populations of 30,000 Armenians, 20,000 Tatars, and 15,000 Yezidis, revealed some squalid streets with but a few people seated disconsolately here and there, as we drove in. Throughout those

tortuous, sun - beaten byways no children played and no animals roamed. The air was heavy with dreadful silence, such as hangs over plague - smitten communities.

We found the children, such as they were, inhabiting an orphanage wherein one sickened at putridity's horrible odor, and were informed that there were neither medicines nor disinfectants wherewith to allay the condition of the many little sick-beds.

Sick? Say, rather, the bed - ridden — a word which more justly describes those tiny, withered up, crone-like creatures, upon whose faces the skin seemed stretched to a drumhead's tightness; whose peering eyes shot terror and anguish, as if Death's presence were already perceptible to them, and who lay there at Famine's climax of physical exhaustion. In those young, yet grotesquely aged faces, we seemed to see a long lifetime of tragedy packed into eight or ten childish years.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

HIS PARENTS HAVE BEEN SLAIN; HE STARVES

Armenia has thousands of such pitiable half-animals who are subsisting on roots and any bits of refuse they can find in the streets or fields.

"They'll all die," was the brusque observation of the doctor, who had taken one glimpse and gone out. "We can't do them any good. Silly business, anyway, to come out here in a broken-down car."

"We will see now conditions of the deads?" inquired our interpreter, sweetly. "Twenty-five deads was took out of one house here in one day. It is a big house, or khan. There would be plenty more deads in it by now."

The local manager of the American Committee, having heard of our arrival, turned up to greet us. With him we walked through the local bazaar—rows of mean shops that mocked starvation with their handfuls of nuts and withered fruit.

The mud huts which we visited presented an invariable picture—a barren, cave-like interior, lacking one stick of furniture or household utensil, and with a few bleached bones scattered here and there. The occupants, stretched on the clay floor, would half lift themselves to regard us with dazed and questioning

eyes. Those gaunt faces, those attenuated bodies clad in a shagginess of filthy rags, seemed centuries removed from civilization. You felt that you had stumbled into prehistoric man's den during some great famine year.

THE HUMAN LEVELED TO BRUTE BEAST

Suddenly a shriek went up and a woman rushed out of her hut, with agonized face and with hands lifted to heaven. Hers was such abandonment as proclaims that death has struck the first-born; yet it was a tale of mere robbery. What the captured thief delivered back to her proved to be a paltry handful of roots. And upon entering the woman's house we found, in fact, her only daughter lying dead, not yet cold, while the mother crouched dry-eyed before a tiny fire, intently watching the pot wherein bubbled those precious roots, her next stomachful.

It was to have seen the soul dead and the human leveled to the brute beast.

Near by, in the open, fifty wizened children sat about a long board, eating the American Committee's daily dole of boiled rice. This was accomplished at a gulp; then the children scattered, searching the ground as I had seen others do beside our car at Alexandropol. Soon one was chewing a straw, another the paring of a horse's hoof, a third a captured beetle.

One seven-year-old girl crouched by herself, cracking something between two stones and licking her fingers. The doctor bent over, examining the object. He asked with peculiar sharpness, "Where did she get that—that bone?"

The child looked up with a scared, guilty glance; then her answer came through the interpreter, who said in a low voice, "Yonder in the graveyard."

I am not sure that we preserved our composure.

STARVATION OUTRUNS TYPHUS

We passed on, the doctor asking of our guide:

"Is there much typhus?"

"Not so much now," was the rejoinder, "for the reason that starvation is killing them more quickly than typhus could."

"What is the death-rate in the villages hereabout?"

"I will give you a few instances. There are some thirty villages in this district, and a recent census showed 2,277 deaths for a period of fifty days. Etchmiadzin contains 7,000 refugees, of whom 1,000 are dying each month. At Evgilar a population of 1,900 was reduced to 1,519 in ten days. During those same ten days Alletly's 965 people were diminished to 612, and Atgamar's 2,093 people to 1,530.

"In reality, the death-rate is much higher than these figures indicate. We cannot search every house once a day. The best we can do is to send ox-carts through the street each morning, so that the people can bring out their dead; but often they are too weak to rise from their beds for that purpose, and so the living and dead remain lying side by side. Perhaps a week or two will pass before"——

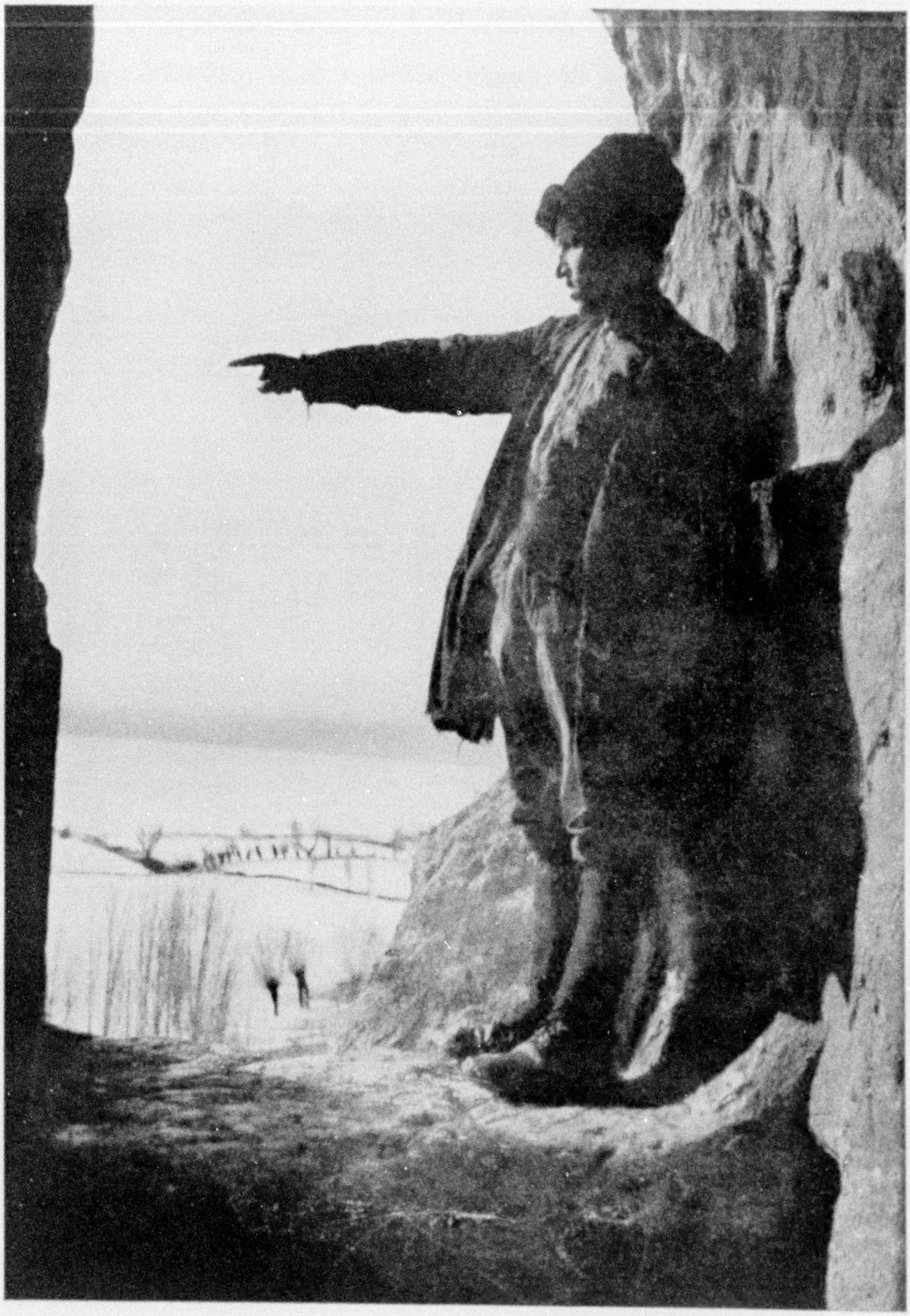
"I understand," said the doctor, briefly. "I also understand that American flour is not yet arriving in sufficient quantities to feed what must amount to half a million starving people. Tell me, then, what they eat beside mere roots?"

"Cats and dogs, for example. These have been sold at thirty to fifty rubles apiece. The other day a famished horse dropped dead in the streets, and in half an hour it was picked clean. And then—yes, I have seen it myself, between dead brother and living sister. She lay there beside him and told me what she was going to do. I urged her against it, but there was no bread to give her that day. And later, when they called to remove her brother's body, his right arm was gone."

GRAVES DUG WITH HUMAN BONES

We had taken a short cut toward where our car waited, and by chance we were skirting the cemetery. Our guide pointed thither and said:

"It is not a pleasant sight. You must understand that the Turks left this country so bare that there are not even spades. Graves must be dug with any available thing, even with human bones. If the dead has a relative—some one who is still strong enough to carry a weight—big stones are placed on the grave; but if not"—— He shrugged significantly.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

OVERLOOKING "THE LAND OF THE STALKING DEATH" FROM ONE OF THE ANCIENT CAVES IN CASTLE ROCK, VAN

This sturdy Armenian youth acted as guide for a correspondent through knee-deep snow, and, although he was greatly in need of money, refused payment because the traveler was an American and because the Armenian's mother more than twenty years before had been cared for by American missionaries.

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I asked, hardly knowing how to frame my question, "Exactly what—exactly *whom* do you mean?"

"I mean," he answered, "the pariah dogs by day, and under cover of night—well, come and see for yourselves."

I will never forget that terrible acre of earth—the low, boulder-heaped mounds, and those others, the unprotected graves, now revealed as empty, scooped-out holes, whose brinks were strewn about with remnants of torn-off garments, among which lay vague, blackened semblances of humanity. As we turned away, the apparition of a great yellow pariah dog, pawing among the graves, drew from us a volley of stones. Then, as he slunk guiltily off, a skeleton-like man sprang up from behind the wall (under cover of which he had been stalking his prey), and, braining the beast with a club, disappeared, carrying its carcass with him.

THEY WAIL, "GOD HAS FORSAKEN US"

Having seen enough, we started to leave Igdir with all the dignified speed possible, being halted by unlooked-for obstacles, such as impede one in an evil dream. Our farewells and thanks to the American Committee's manager seemed an endless proceeding, and upon reaching our car we found it blocked by a host of humanity, who, having learned that Americans were in the town, had hurried in from every village to plead their cause.

The Armenian leader spoke for his perishing people, the Tatar leader for his people, and the Yezidi for his. And, even as they spoke, old grayheads and tender children alike came groveling along the ground toward us on their faces and kissed our feet. One old woman—she sat disconsolately by the roadside holding a pet animal's pelt, which was recognizable by its cat's paws—wailed out with an ineffable broken gesture some words that the crowd re-echoed.

"They say," explained the manager, "that they have lost all hope; that God has forsaken them."

I shall never forget what followed. There arose a cry, coming from thousands of starved lips—a cry which was not a cheer, not a welcome nor Godspeed, but the last prayer of a dying people. It was addressed through us to that far-off land of generous hearts; and under the twilight, with Ararat gleaming overhead, it rang endlessly out through the death-smitten town: *"America! America! America!"*

"For God's sake start the car out of this hell-hole," stormed the doctor at me.

We rolled through the crowd and away. Four times our car broke down; once in the darkness we ran over a man's corpse amid-road, and all the way home the doctor and I were quarreling violently on every conceivable subject.

One sight alone cheered us. It was a long line of ox-carts, heaped high with bags of American flour, moving slowly across the thirty miles of country which lie between the railroad and Igdir. Upon breasting it we halted our car, jumped up, and shouted at the ox-drivers like mad men.

I don't quite know what we shouted, except that it meant "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" And all that night long, on our train bound Tiflisward, I heard the doctor walking up and down his end of the car, even as I was walking up and down my end of it.

THE HOPE FOR A SMITTEN PEOPLE

When we met at breakfast next morning, a little shamefaced and with decidedly effusive goodfellowship, I rediscovered him to be the same genial, courteous soul whom I had known before we had experienced a famine country's horrors. There were apologies for recent rudeness. He mentioned indigestion, I mentioned liver, and neither of us mentioned nerves.

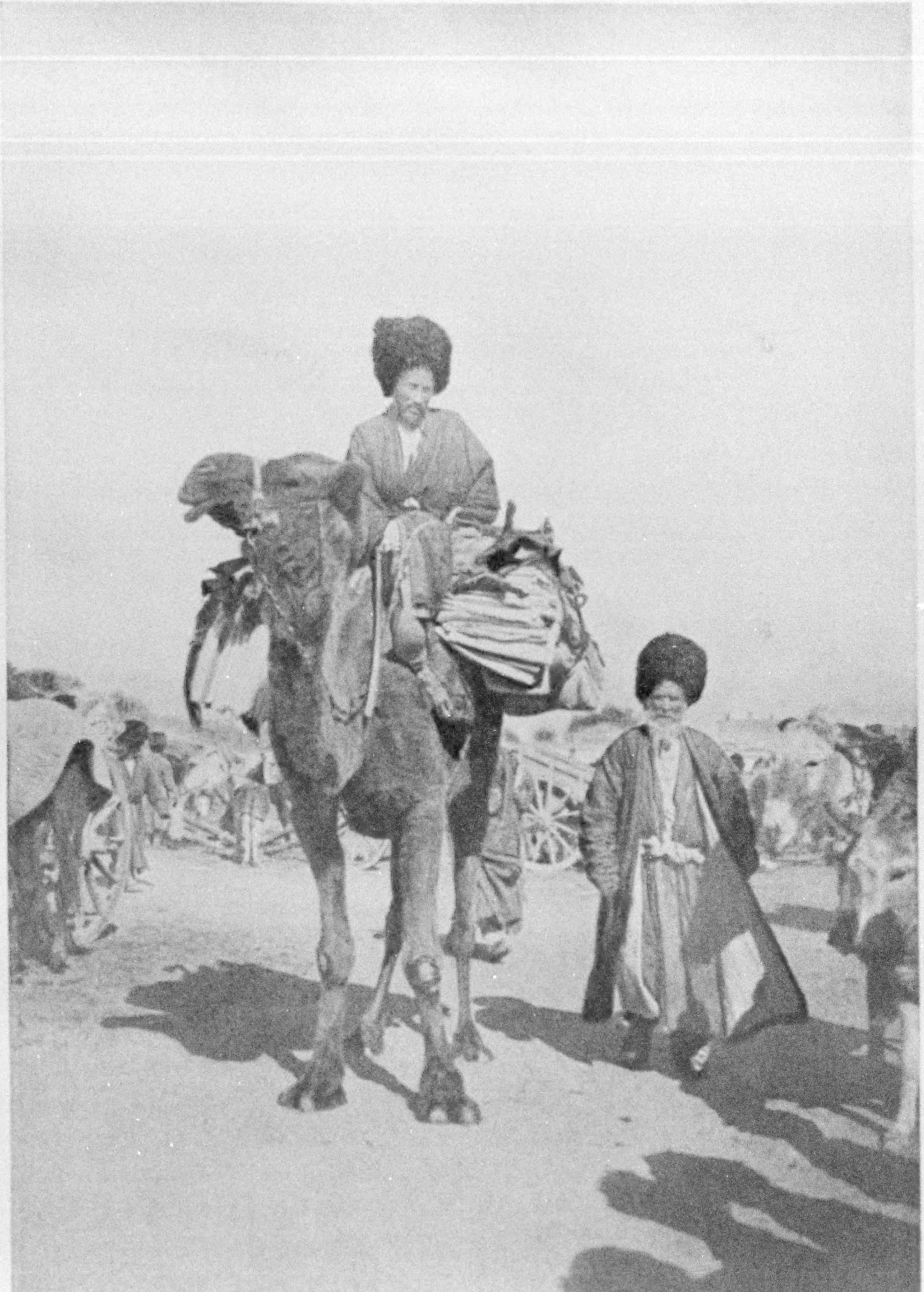
Behind us, spectrally pale, against the heaven's blue, faded the last of Ararat. Silently we shared our last glimpse of it—shared, too, our hope for a smitten people who despaired lest God had forsaken their Sinai and them. Suddenly the doctor uttered my very thought:

"God bless America!" he said; "for America, with God's help, will do it!"

RUBY AND AMETHYST IN FERTILE FERGHANA

Their homeland lies to the north of the Pamir, that elevated region which forms the southeastern border of Bokhara and which native tribes call the "roof of the world." These little ladies in their parti-colored robes are Sarts, a term said to have originated with the nomads as an opprobrious nickname for sedentary peoples. Nowadays it is commonly applied to the city-folk of Central Asia as opposed to the agricultural, or rural, population.

XUM



A TURKOMAN SKIPPER WITH HIS DESERT SHIP MAKES THE PORT OF MERV

His camel cargo consists of two bales of felt. The pedestrian at the right, who resembles a bit of autumn foliage in his flowing robe of green, brown, and gold, is also a prosperous merchant attending the semi-weekly fair in this famous oasis city of Russian Turkestan.

DEVIL DEVOTEES OF THE CAUCASUS

These women belong to a sect of Devil-worshipers. They represent the Author of evil as a peacock and avoid mentioning his name. Calling themselves Dasni, they are found in Armenia, Kurdistan and the Caucasus.

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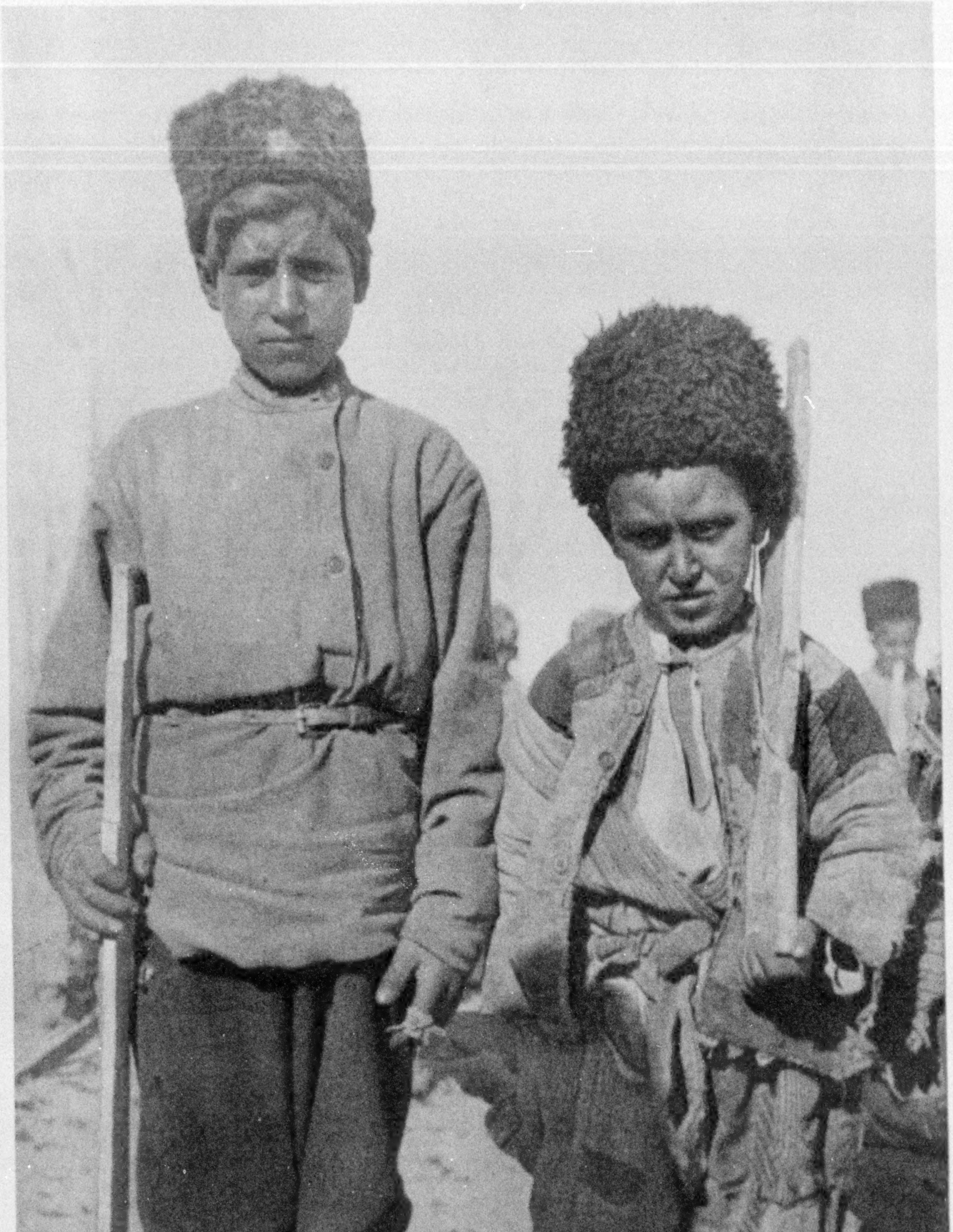


THERE IS NO AGE OF PLAY FOR THE BOY SCOUTS OF ARMENIA

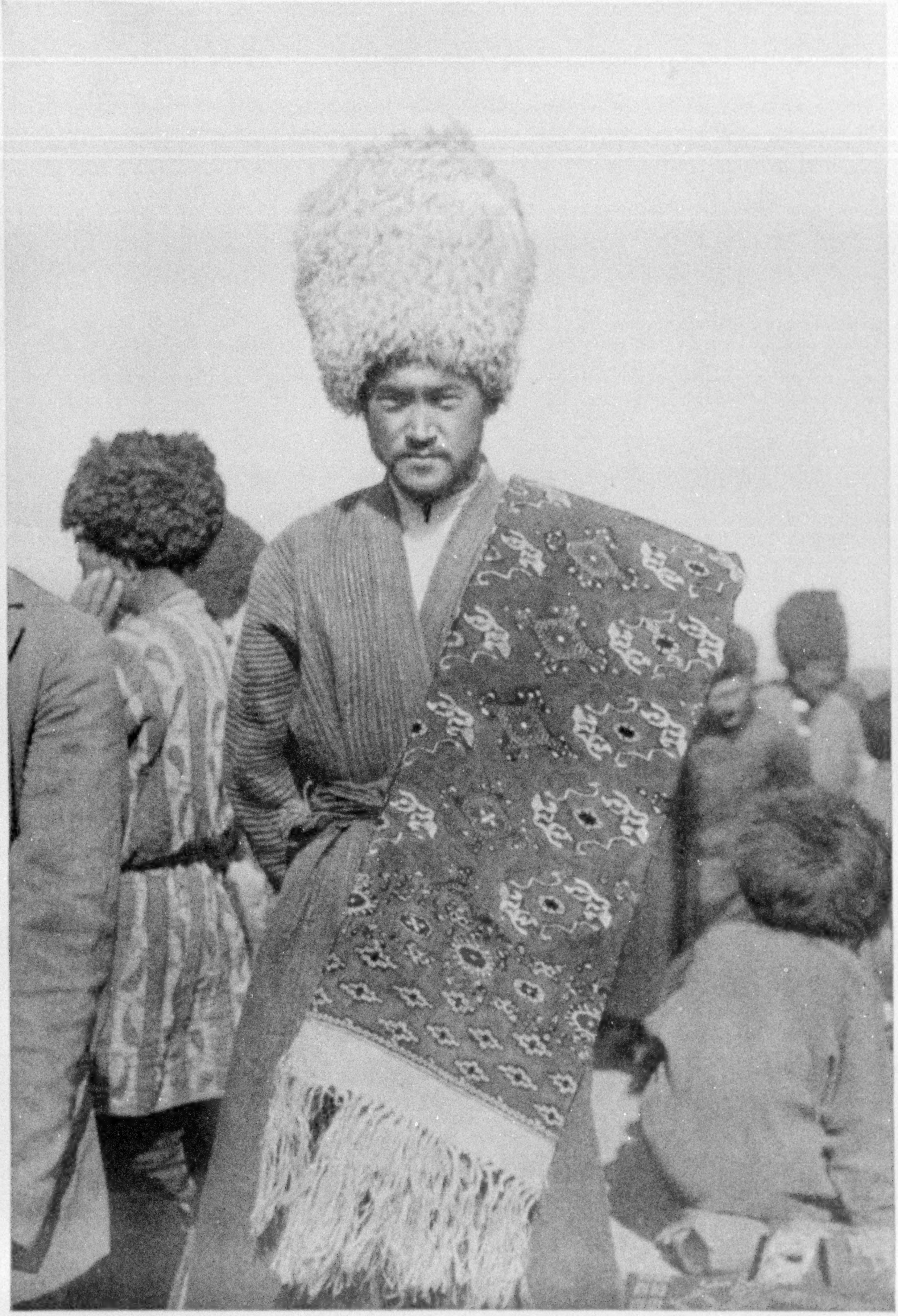
Sired by suffering, these lads are the stalwart hope of a people who are experiencing a rebirth of national life. They endured indescribable privations when their land was the battle-ground of the contending Turkish and Russian armies, but with the advent of peace they can lay aside their pathetic symbols of warfare and join the universal brotherhood of boyhood in alternate study and recreation.

XUM

RAGS MAY BE ROYAL RAIMENT WHEN WORN IN ARMENIA

Peasant and noble-born have suffered alike at the hands of the Turks for hundreds of years. Armenia was the first nation on earth to espouse the cause of Christianity, and today, after centuries of persecution, civilization promises her people surcease of sorrow.

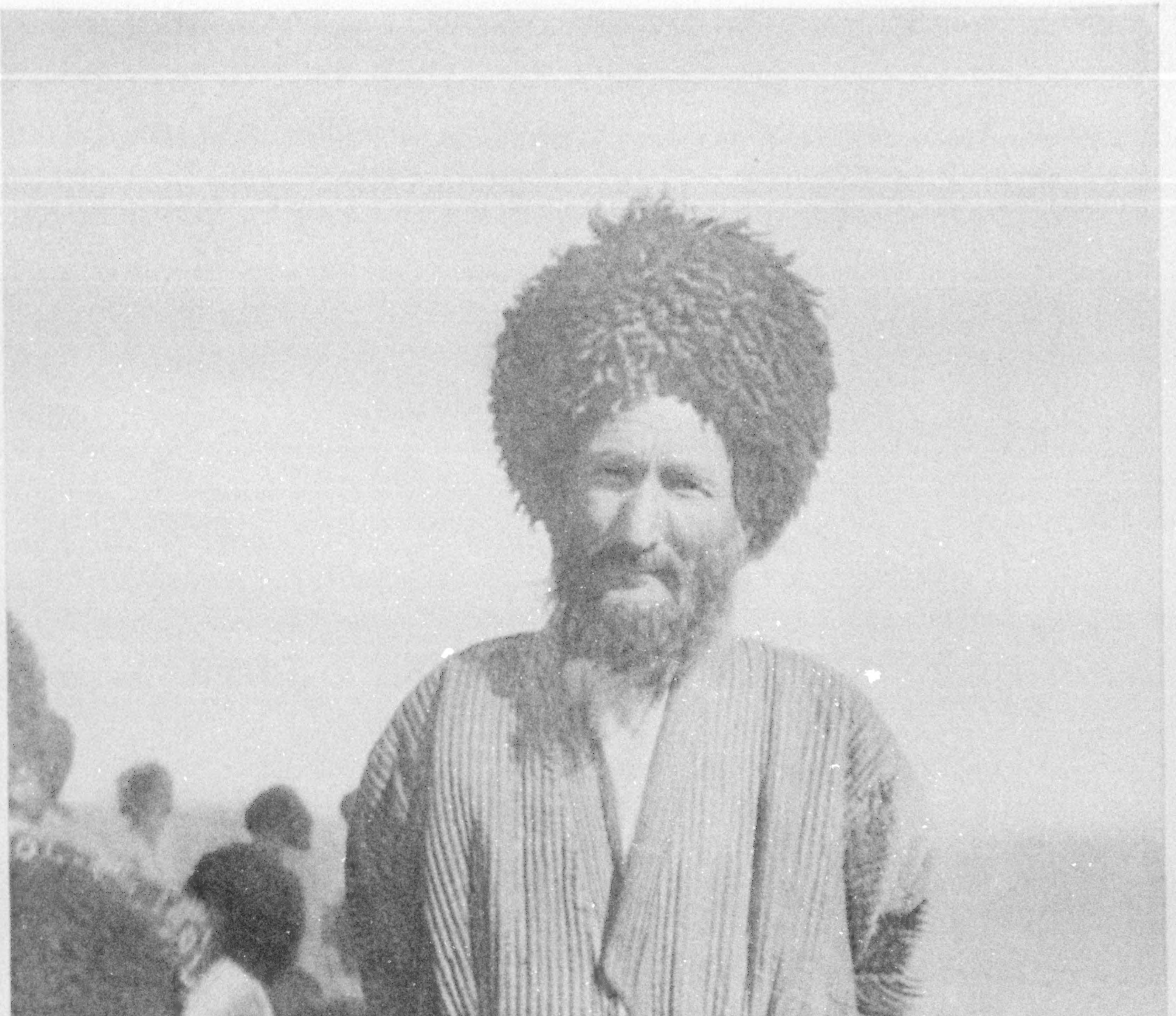
XUM



THE LOVELIEST PRODUCT OF THE DESERT LOOM

The Bokhara rug merchant is fully conscious of the superior quality of his offering with its sheen of soft and sober colors. The long-fibered, spotless wool from which it was woven represents years of careful selection; its soothing reds are from Bokhara itself, its velvety blues from Afghanistan. Its warp and woof chronicle in the language of lasting beauty the desert maiden's labor, whose product is her marriage dower.

XUM



A TURKOMAN OF RUSSIAN TURKESTAN

With his shaggy sheepskin shako and his flowing caftan, he is an ideal artist's model, whether striding about the marketplace of Merv with unconscious grace, mounted on stalking camel and leading his caravan across the desert vastness, or swaying in perfect unison with his galloping steed of the steppes.

XUM

THE DAWN OF A BRIGHTER DAY IN ARMENIA

The stricken city of Van huddles at the base of historic Castle Rock on whose faces are chiseled the records of the kings of long ago. The Turks confiscated all the cattle of the inhabitants, but this Armenian is starting life anew with a herd which he has driven from Persia. The snow which softens the scarred and jagged outline of shattered homes only adds to the accumulated sufferings of the populace.

EVEN POVERTY MAKES A PICTURE IN THE NEAR EAST

This is the bread line at Van, the Armenian city which tradition says was founded by Semiramis, the famous Assyrian princess about whose name legend has woven a wealth of romance and spectacular achievement. During the bitter days of the World War, nine-tenths of a pound of bread a day was allotted to every Armenian who had the money with which to purchase it.

AMONG THE MENDERS IN SAMARKAND

Patience and skill are required in repairing broken crockery with the implement here employed—a bow drill, which bores tiny holes in the broken parts, after which the delicate pieces of china are adroitly bound together by means of copper rivets.

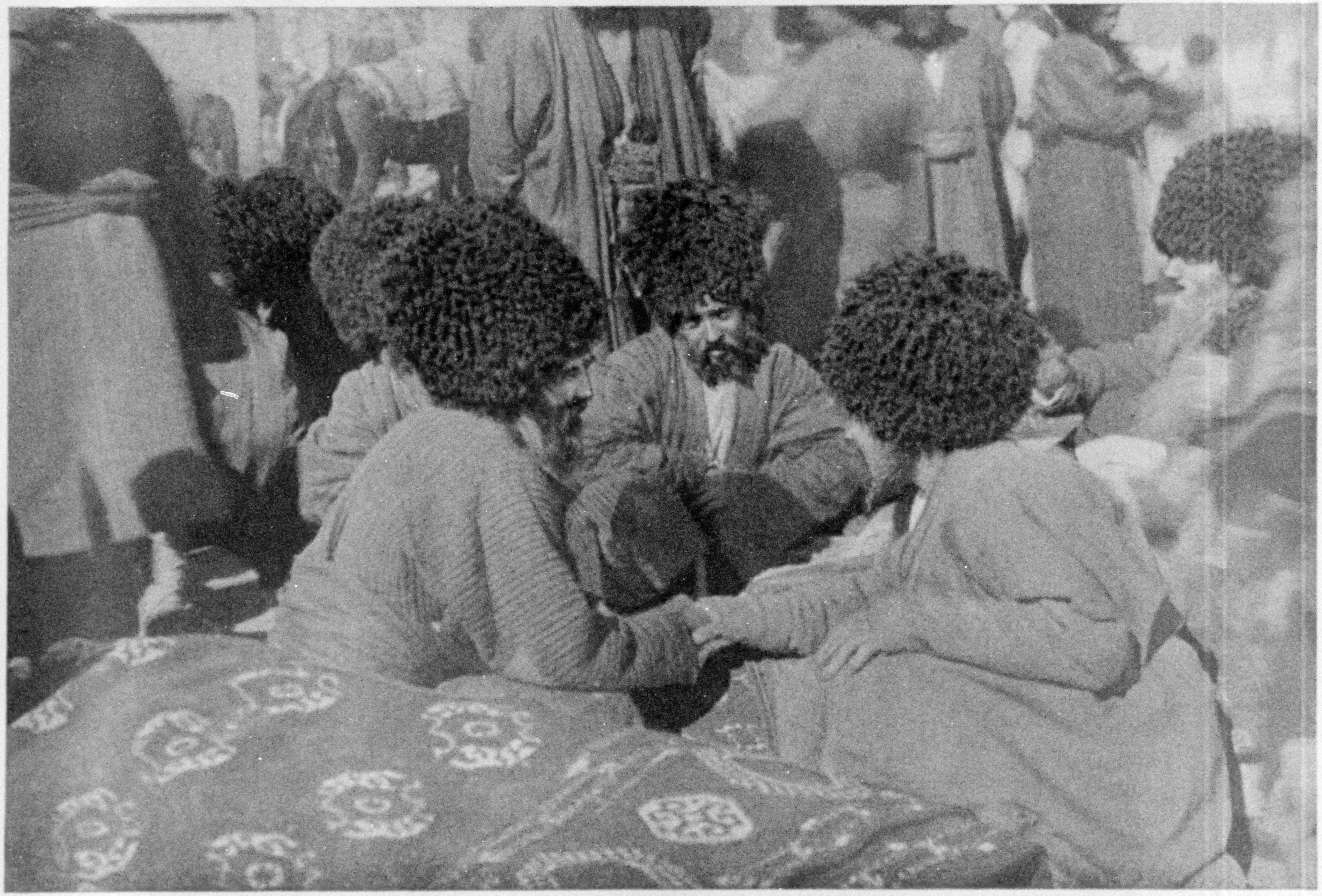
XUM

A RAINBOW WAS SHATTERED AND THE FRAGMENTS FELL IN THE GRAIN MARKET OF SAMARKAND

From the city which now boasts this peaceful, picturesque scene Timur the Lame once governed an empire that stretched from Siberia to the Dardanelles and from the Ganges to the Persian Gulf. The tomb of the Tatar conqueror, whose name is still used to strike terror to the hearts of children, lifts its dome of turquoise blue in a quiet section of the city, and nearby cluster the beautiful mausolea of his loved ones.

MELON MEN OF SAMARKAND, ONCE THE SHOW CITY OF CENTRAL ASIA

In such luscious fruit it would seem that Nature furnished the architects of the Near East the patterns after which they fashioned the domes of those ubiquitous mosques and mausolea whose undulant curves distinguish the sky-line of every Mohammedan city.



A PROFESSION OF ENTENTE CORDIALE BETWEEN SELLER AND BUYER IN BOKHARA

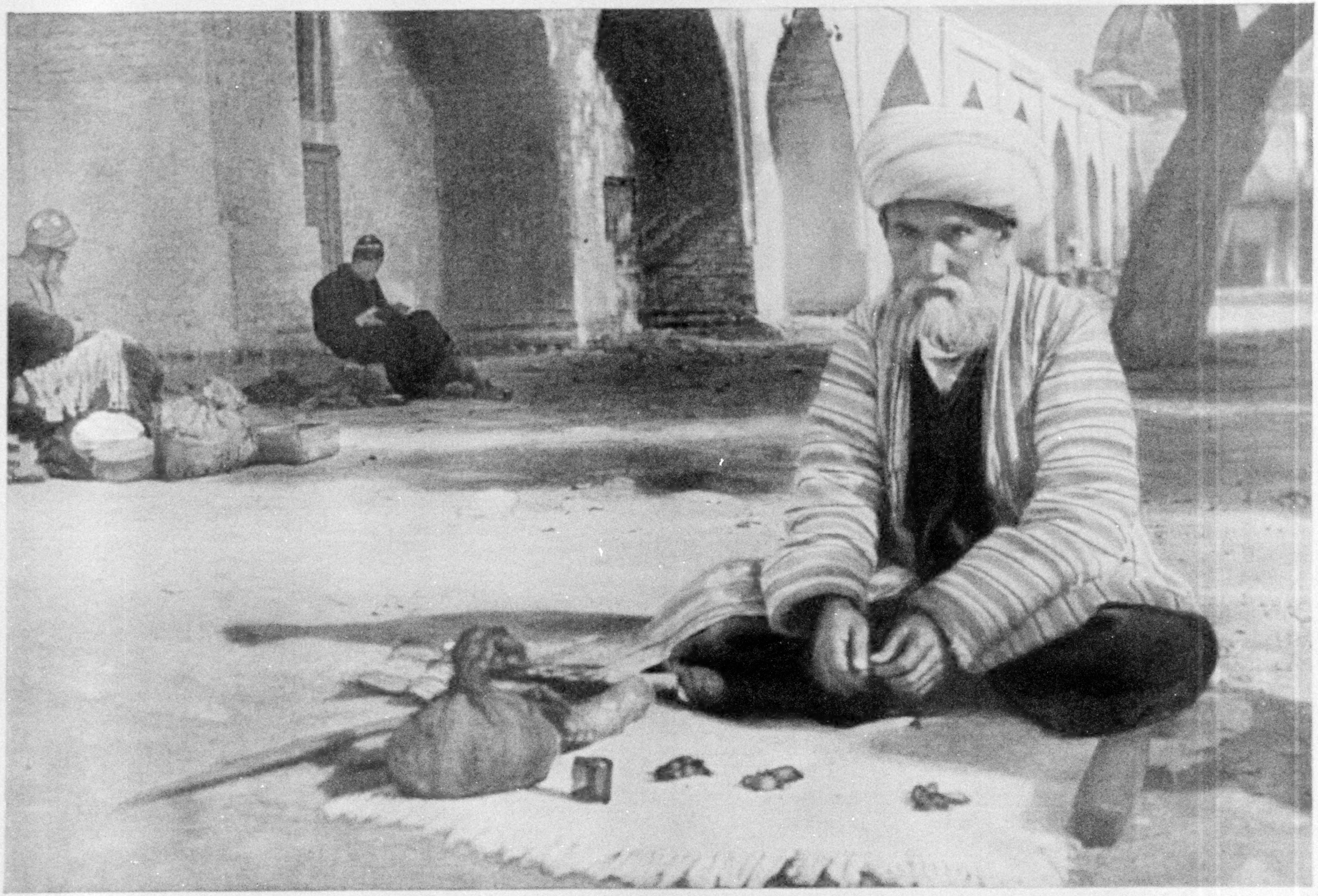
Perhaps it is the gorgeous rug in the foreground which has changed hands; if so, there is occasion for congratulating the purchaser upon his matchless new possession and the former owner upon the handsome sum which is exchanged when the two palms meet.

XIII

XUM

MORNING-GLORIES ADORNING AN OLD WALL IN BOKHARA

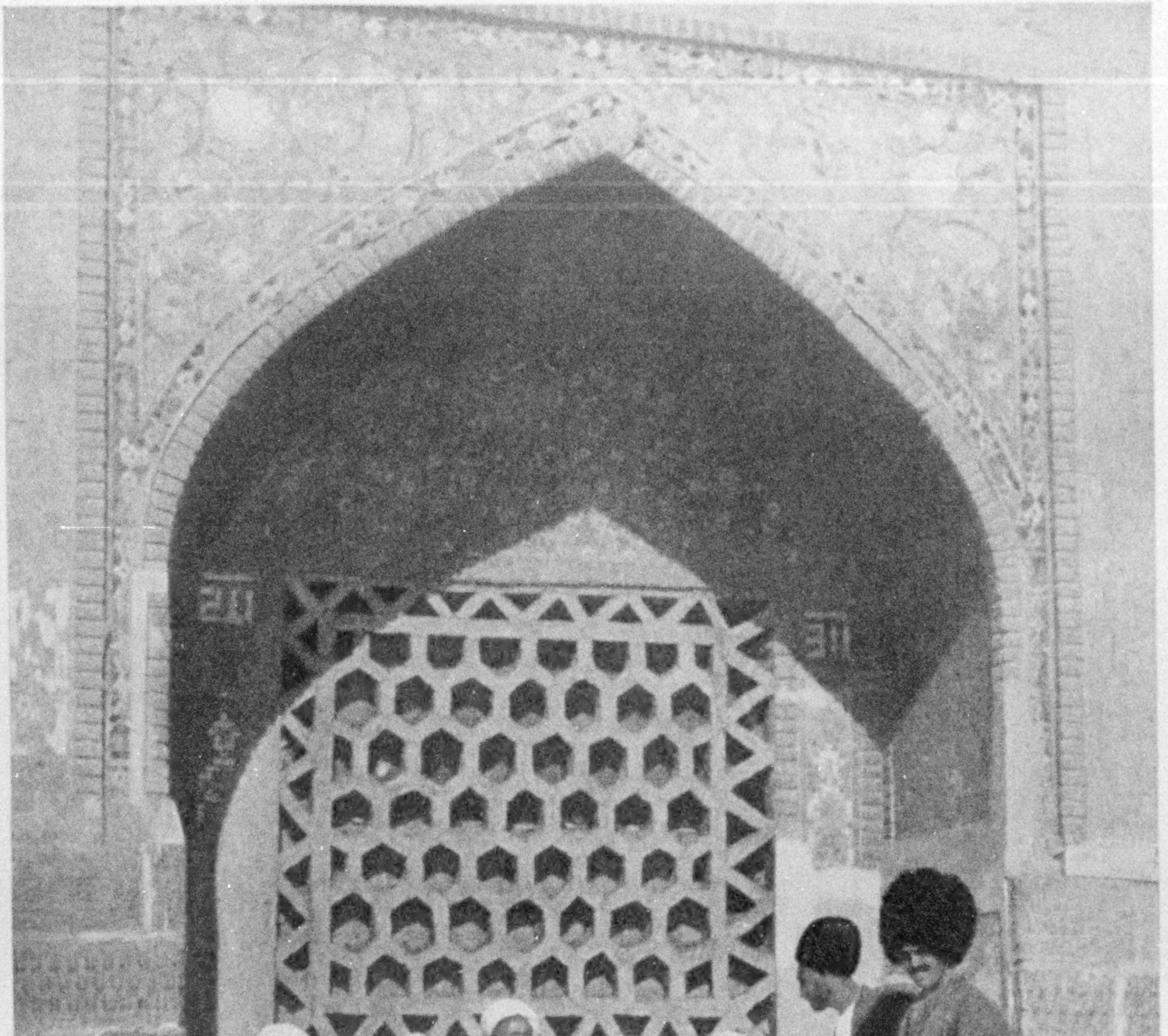
Wherever the male population of Bokhara foregathers there is a commingling of hues and tints rivaling a bed of pansies in full bloom. The sartorial plumage of the Bokhara beau is indeed marvelous to behold. It is as if he had swathed himself in the solar spectrum.



A BLIND FORTUNE-TELLER OF KOKAND

He is a pebble prophet, reading the future by means of bits of stone and gravel instead of tea-leaves, coffee-grounds, or slate-writing. While his affliction is a commercial asset rather than a handicap, the natives believing that he can see the future more clearly by virtue of the fact that he is not distracted by the sight of mundane things, it must be a terrible cross not to be able to see one's self in raiment that rivals the colors of a glass marble. In the left background is a native cobbler at work.

XUM



STUDYING THE MOHAMMEDAN SCRIPTURES

Bokhara is one of the world's great religious centers with its 364 mosques and its more than a hundred theological colleges. There is no quaker rule against color in the robes of its theologues, all of whom are seated. The individual standing at the right and wearing the ponderous sheepskin headgear is a Turkoman; his friend with the close-clipped cap is an Uzbeg.

SYRIA: THE LAND LINK OF HISTORY'S CHAIN

By Maynard Owen Williams

Author of "Russia's Orphan Races," "The Descendants of Confucius—Toilers of Shantung," "Between Massacres in Van," etc.

WHAT the Syria of the future most lacks is a past—some crucible of events that would have served to fuse her many races and religions. Various parts of Syria have had noble moments, but as a whole it has never been more than a subject land, without the unity or nationalism which once burned so brightly in the breasts of Phœnicians and Israelites, Hittites and Amorites.

Syria, unlike Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, now rehabilitated, must test the practicability of a self-determination of peoples, not because of an unwillingness on the part of the world to recognize her rights, but because of an inability on the part of the varying factions in Syria to assert them.

Syria needs good government, now that the power of the hated Turk is curtailed, in order that this oppressed land of latent wealth and mighty promise may realize its twentieth-century destiny.

Outside powers seek direction in Syrian affairs not solely from selfish motives. The growing demands of world commerce are lifting this land into a position of paramount importance and good government, security and favorable conditions for economic development are necessary to the new world.

TWIN GATEWAYS TO SYRIA'S FUTURE

Syria closes the east end of the Mediterranean and is bounded on the north by the Taurus Mountains. The Syrian and Arabian deserts limit further settlement to the east and south. But in connection with world commerce it has always been closely related to the fertile valleys of the Nile and the twin Mesopotamian rivers, and its commercial life of tomorrow cannot be divorced from that of Mesopotamia.

The future of Syria depends upon the development of two ports and upon who controls these strategic centers of politics and commerce. Alexandretta and Haifa will attain new importance as soon as the Dardanelles are internationalized and free passage, open to all nations, cuts across what Germany was forging as a Berlin-to-Bagdad route, all but 300 miles of which, between Nisibin and Tekrit, a few miles above Samarra, is now complete.

This new line of traffic from Alexandretta past Aleppo to the Euphrates River at Jerablus, connecting the oldest routes of international commerce, also separates two important lingual groups, for Turkish is generally spoken to the north of the railway and Arabic to the south.

WHERE ARGOSY MET CARAVAN HUGE LINERS SOON WILL DOCK

Whatever political adjustment is made between England and France, Italy and Greece, Arabia and Syria, conservative Mecca and liberal Beirut, Zionist and Greek Orthodox, Christian and Moslem, Maronite and Druse, the line of division between the Turkish and Arabic tongues will be significant, for language differences as well as those of race exert a profound effect on political life in the Levant.

The Haifa Railway separates northern Syria from the southern part, which has long been called Palestine. Haifa is of importance because it is the southernmost Syrian harbor capable of large development and is the terminus of the railway which is becoming the key to Jerusalem as well as the more important line to Damascus and Mesopotamia. It is the real prize of the Near East, for once more it is to become the greatest port of the eastern Mediterranean littoral, as it was when it served as the chief landing place of the Crusaders and the transship-

XUM

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

WHEN THE TURKS SWOOPED DOWN FROM THE AIR ON BEIRUT

On February 15, 1914, Fathy Bey and Sadek Bey, two Turkish aviators, arrived at Beirut on their way from Constantinople to Cairo. Vedrines, Bonnier, and Dracourt had preceded them by a few weeks. The Ottoman airmen are buried beside the tomb of Saladin, in Damascus; they fell to their death while passing over the Sea of Galilee, whose treacherous air currents dashed them to the ground near the famous field where the knightly Saracen defeated the Franks in the battle of Hattin. Air caravans above Syria will inevitably supplement railway traffic just as the thundering trains are already supplementing the leisurely traffic by camel caravan.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

PILGRIMS RETURNING FROM MECCA BESIEGING A RUSSIAN STEAMER

Before the war, when the infrequent Russian steamer appeared off Beirut, bedding and cooking utensils were gathered with feverish haste, and the crafty Syrian boatmen could charge almost any price if they succeeded in getting their fares on board before the vessel's full quota of passengers was reached. The Tower of Babel was a tower of silence compared with the noise which ensued when two thousand Sarts, Georgians, Turkomans, and Tatars simultaneously called to Allah to discomfort their competitors and win them a place on the home-bound ship. The warship inside the breakwater is the French *Henry IV*, called the "Angry Cat" by the English-speaking community.

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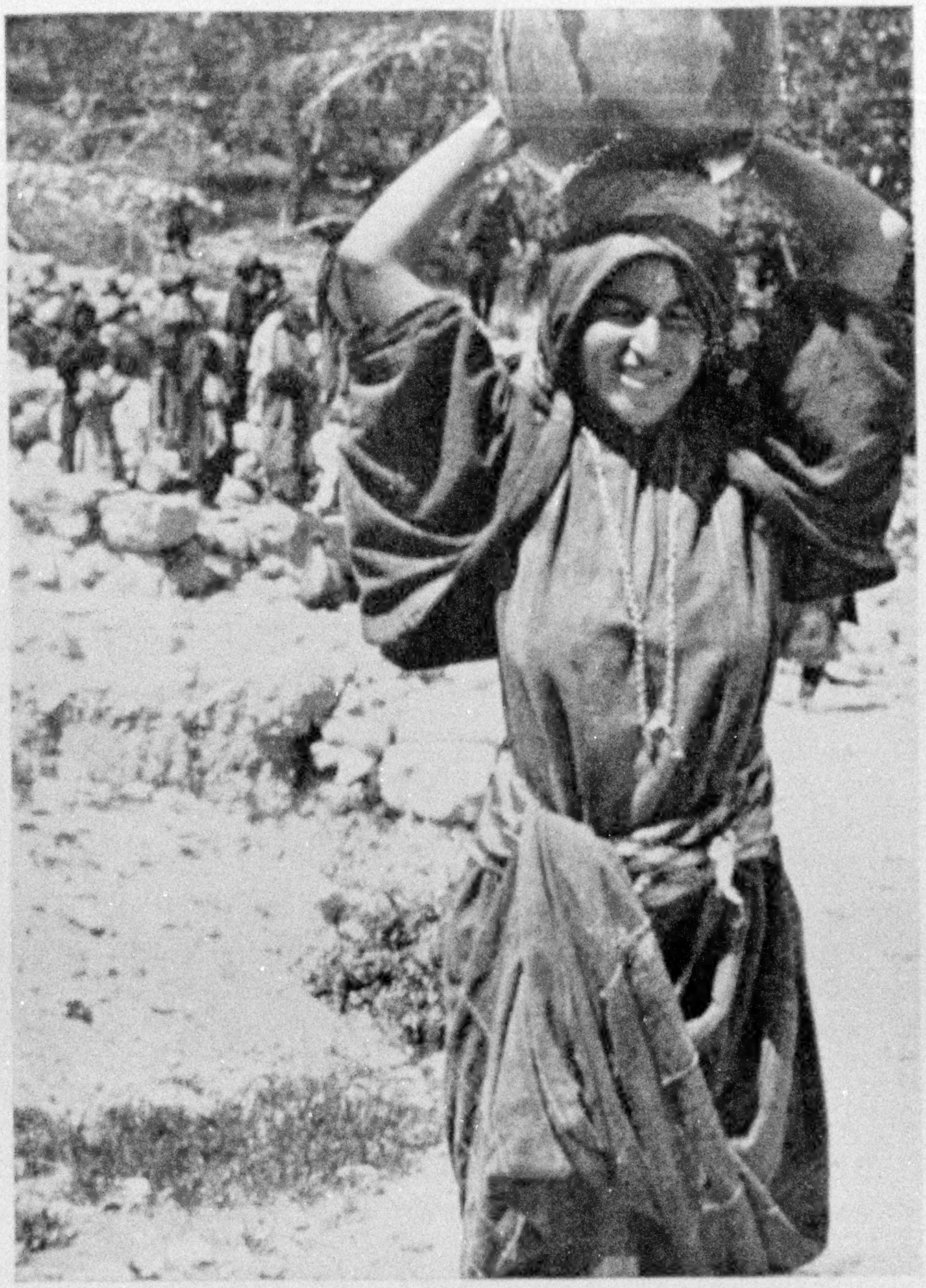


Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE QUEENLY CARRIAGE OF THE SYRIAN WOMEN COMES FROM BEARING HEAVY BURDENS UPON THEIR HEADS

What two women can lift to its seemingly insecure position, one woman can carry for long distances over rough roads and steep paths. Usually the day's laundry is perched on top of the water-jar as the fair maiden returns from the wayside gossiping center to her mud-walled home.

ment point of the Venetian, Pisan, and Genoese trade from argosy to caravan.

WHERE ARABIC IS WORTH TEN CENTS A WORD

Great breakwaters more than four miles in length will run out from Haifa and its sister city, Acre, across the Bay of Acre, to inclose the finest harbor on the Syrian coast. That this harbor needs improvement if it is to become a port of world trade was made plain to me on my first visit there.

We had been delayed in Haifa until late afternoon and the usual evening breeze had begun to pile up the waves in what was to my Syrian companions a most alarming fashion. On leaving the steamer, we had made a bargain with the boatman that the round trip would cost us ten cents. The $1.50 difference between this charge and the two *mejidis* which a tourist must pay was due to the fact that we could all talk more or less Arabic. I could say, "Thy day be happy!" "How much?" and "God grant that all will be well with you!" but that was enough to make the difference.

Ten cents a passenger was quite enough for the half-mile row in calm weather, but one could see that, with the high waves making ten oarsmen necessary for handling the big boat, an additional payment of ten cents would probably be appreciated, if not demanded.

Once we left the protection of the tiny pier, the heavy boat began to dance and a Syrian priest who was our fellow-passenger began to pray. My Syrian friends were unaccustomed to the sea, and by way of strengthening their courage, like a boy whistling in the dark, they began to praise the efforts of the sturdy pirates who were rowing us.

Led by the lusty song of the stroke oar, these men boomed out a picturesque row-

ing song, tuned, like the chant of the Vikings, to the rolling rhythm of the dashing waves. Our bow would sink into a trough of the sea and the leader would sing one line of the song. Then a huge wave would crash against the boat and nine lusty voices would answer the challenge of Neptune. The effect was dramatic, if not exciting.

A NAUTICAL STAGE MANAGER'S SCENIC EFFECTS

When the leader saw the pale faces of his passengers, he proceeded to amass the evidence why he should be accorded a negotiable substitute for a Carnegie medal. He went out of his way to meet waves at their mightiest, so that the thud of the water would inspire a corresponding thud in our hearts, which would in turn result in a heavier thud at the base of his coin pocket. He ignored ten-cent waves and bucked dollar ones.

As we came alongside, but before we could catch the gangplank, a wave lifted and hurled our boat against the side of the ship, leaving us just in time to have the boat rail catch against the plating on the ship's side and almost upset us. That settled it. The boatman received a *mejidie* from each of his eleven passengers in return for his skill as a stage manager, although he had to wait to make his collection from the Syrian monk until that worthy had completed a little private Thanksgiving service.

Out there in Haifa is a boatman who is getting rich on account of the sea breeze that springs up each evening in the broad Bay of Acre. He is a sturdy, good-looking fellow, with his moustaches neatly waxed and his red tarboosh worn at a rakish angle, like the cap of a certain British admiral. His baggy Turkish trousers are held up by a broad sash of the finest silk and his heelless slippers, with their upturned points, are of the softest leather. His stroke oarsman has strangely bent toes where his naked foot braces against the seat for the thrust of the boom-like oar, and with a moving voice he leads a most dramatic rowing chorus, with Neptune's choir for antiphonal effects.

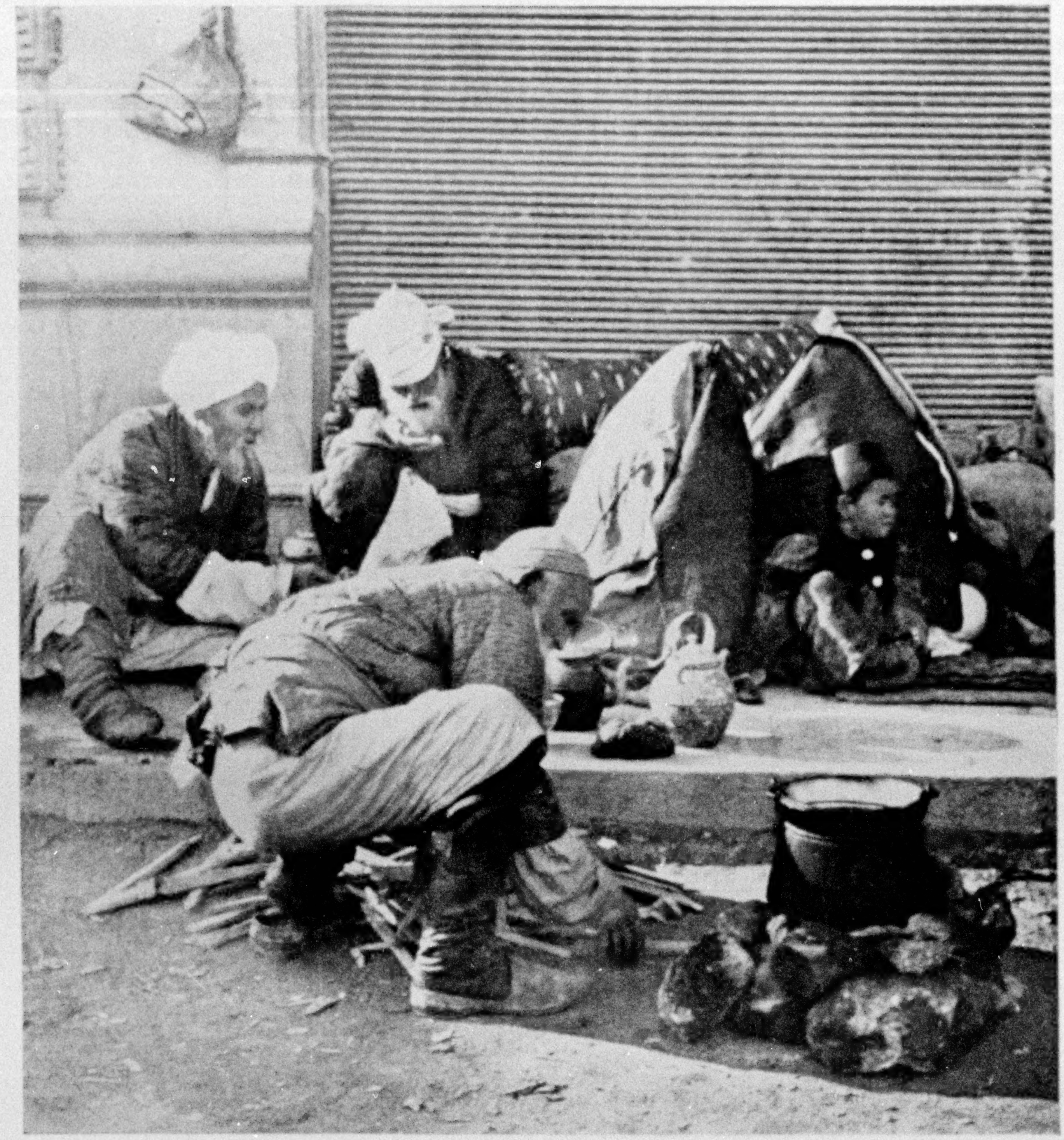
Those lovable pirates are going to resent the building of a sea wall that will transform their surging deep into a peaceful millpond, where huge liners can tie up to the docks and discharge prosaic cargoes for the poetic East.

Drawn by A. H. Bumstead

A SKETCH MAP OF SYRIA

For the geographic relationship between this historic region and contiguous Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Armenia, see the map on page 374.

They will regret, as others will, the dehumanizing processes of modern commerce when applied to the most human of lands. But their days, like those of the camel-driver and the philosophical cabbie, are numbered. The unchanging East is yawning before a great awakening to its commercial value in a workaday world.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

MECCA PILGRIMS FROM CENTRAL ASIA PREPARING TO COOK THEIR EVENING MEAL AT BEIRUT

Beirut was the chief Mohammedan pilgrim port of Syria before the World War, and when the pilgrimage was over and the travelers returned to this city to embark for the Black Sea ports and Central Asia, the wharf and all the vacant lots in the vicinity were filled with strange types. These Sarts from Samarkand, with their inevitable teapot and copper kettle, have camped-out here in a way that comes natural to the semi-nomad. The son and pride of the family seems most affected, for he has substituted the Turkish tarboosh for the Central Asian skull-cap.

Give the Turk credit for something. When he smashed his way to the gates of Vienna he started European greatness. When he spread unrest in Syria he drove Columbus across the Atlantic and Vasco da Gama around the Cape.

The Turk robbed Syria of greatness for three hundred years. Then came de Lesseps. When he opened the Suez Canal the world thought that Syria would henceforth be a wallflower among the nations.

But, while the world ignored her and the Turk plundered her, Syria knew that her day of glory was sure to come. East and West called to each other across the land link of history's chain and the Germans started the railway that was as inevitable as fate, following as it does the greatest trade route the world has ever known. How Germany overreached herself and how her dream of Pan-Germanism, built around this railway, was finally smashed in the Argonne and on the field of Armageddon is now familiar to all.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DILEMMA OF A VALLEY PLATEAU

Various factors delayed the inevitable reopening of the historic trade route across Syria and Mesopotamia. The advance of the Turk threw Europe back upon itself to develop internally, and the discovery of America turned the attention of its peoples away from the spices and wealth of the East to the boundless resources and rich prizes of the West. The discovery of the sea route around Africa made available a safer passage to opulent India.

Mesopotamia is as fertile today as when it was the birthplace of human history and when the civilization that developed there had only the Nile Valley as a competitive field. But, like many parts of the earth once populous and now almost deserted, Mesopotamia is no half-way land. Such regions must either be the uncultivated roaming places of nomadic tribes or the seats of settled government and a centralized state. The inhabitants must either be few enough and mobile enough to seek through migrations the food upon which their flocks depend or stable enough to keep in repair vast irrigation systems which cause heavy crops to follow one another with assuring regularity.

Good government and the nomad are mutual enemies. Each has its day in districts whose poverty or prosperity depends upon whether water, which the abundant crops of the most fertile valleys must have, is utilized or goes to waste.

GEOGRAPHY—COQUETTE AND DICTATOR

The Greeks were *coaxed* to become navigators by the thickly scattered islands—stepping-stones to Empire—which tempted them, as the flowers of the field tempted Proserpina, farther and farther away. The Phœnicians were *forced* to sea by the inhospitable slopes of an unkroken mountain chain, but there stretched along the sea the strikingly fertile plain which to this day constitutes the garden land of Syria.

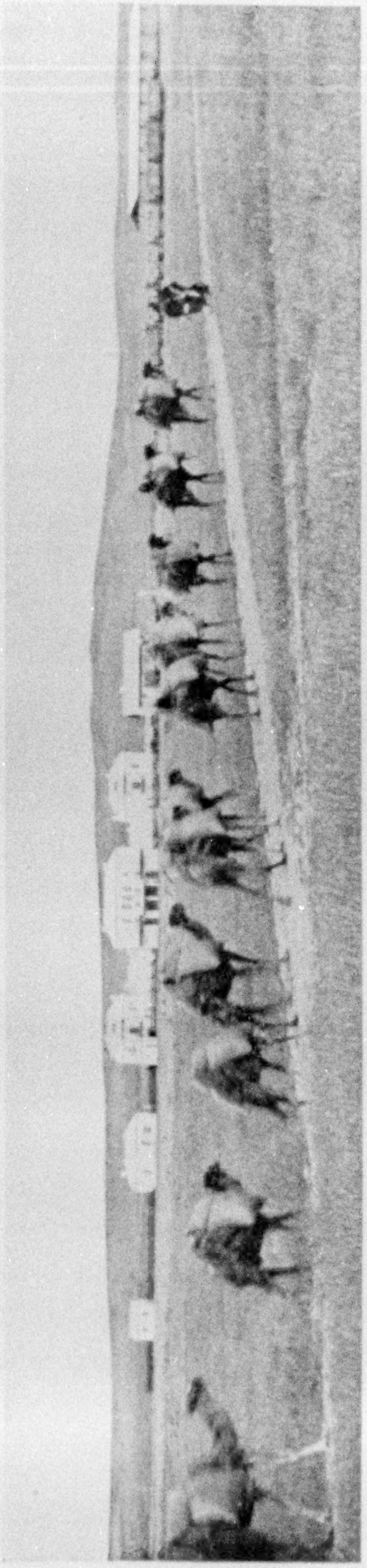
This rich plain made possible great fortunes, and Tyrian purple, obtained from the murex, became the badge of Phœnician aristocracy. As successive fields of this shell-fish became exhausted by the demands of fashion, the murex hunters, like the fur trappers of the frozen north, were driven farther and farther afield in search of the rare color which fashion decreed.

The tradition for travel which began in Phœnicia has come down to the Lebanon throughout the centuries, and when the massacre of 1860 occurred, Syrians from the persecuted land fled to America, where more than 400,000 are now residing.

FORGETTING BYGONES IN A VISION OF FUTURE GREATNESS

For them the future seemed to lie beneath the setting sun. But Syria is in Asia and its life will be wrapped up with the East of which it is a part.

Soon heavy trains, fired with oil from the Persian fields, will thunder along trade routes which plodding camels marked out when the world was young. Already, one may dine in Cairo and have luncheon the following day in Jerusalem. The step to Aleppo, Mosul, and Bagdad is short and all but 300 miles of the line is now open to traffic. However popular the route through central Europe along the famous Berlin-to-Bagdad line becomes, the safety of the British Empire demands that the railroad which follows the old line of communication between the valley of the Nile and the valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris shall be kept in a state of perfection. There will be no Amanus or Taurus tunnels on this trail of the modern caravan, and an absence of heavy grades throughout a large part of the right of way will make it pos-



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A FORECAST OF THE FUTURE AT JERABLUS STATION, WHERE THE BAGDAD RAILWAY CROSSES THE EUPHRATES

A camel caravan from Birejik passing the new station buildings on the Bagdad-to-Berlin line while slowly plodding toward Aleppo. Where the German built he had two ideas in mind: one was to prepare for the future, when the Bagdad Railway would extend the German power; the other was to sink so much money in equipment that the Turk could never free himself from the economic burden.

sible for the Cairo-to-Calcutta express to beat the fastest sea route by several days.

BY DE LUXE EXPRESS FROM TABLE MOUNTAIN TO THE GREAT WALL

Slowly but surely the iron rails are reaching out to bind Cape Town to Cairo and Suez to Shanghai by way of Persia, India, Burma, and the Yangtse Valley. The path of empire in the future will not alone be traced by the wakes of passing steamers, but also by bold bands of shining steel. The supreme strategy of a railway that will connect the valleys of the Nile, the Tigris and the Euphrates, the Indus, the Ganges, the Irriwaddy, and the Yangtse lies in the fact that it will be flanked by the most thickly settled portions of the world's surface and can, from the first, have commercial as well as strategic value.

Syria is the hub of the Afro-Eurasian continents, and with every railway that reaches out to Bremen, Baku, Bokhara, Burma, or Bloemfontein the central region of the world's greatest land-mass achieves new significance.

Aside from its importance as a trade route, Syria will find its greatest future as an agricultural nation, and has extensive regions which can be made to produce large crops. The Hauran, south of Damascus, has long been a granary and the massive ruins of Baalbek dominate a plain whose fertility was once sufficient to make possible lavish local expenditures and at the same time return large taxes to imperial Rome, which used Syria not as a sinking place for public funds, but as a source of revenue for the treasury on the Tiber. When Rome ruled, this remote province had enough and to spare; but not for long did golden eggs from Syria enrich the greedy Turk.

SYRIAN ART THREATENED BY EFFICIENCY AND SPEED

As an industrial land, Syria faces two possibilities. The co-operation between different parts of the country, which good government will make possible and which good communications will foster, will tend toward an expansion of industry and the establishment of factories to take the place of the household production which has hitherto been the rule.

But this very development may rob the larger output of that individuality which has made the rugs, the brasswork, the silk and linen products of Syria much desired by those who appreciate originality of design and perfection of finish. There is today one fairly large brasswork factory in Damascus, where tiny children hammer silver or copper wire into the engraved designs on the pitchers, basins, and trays of Damascene ware, but in almost no other case has industry risen above the stage of family production, which, though slow, insures distinctive products.

THE APPRECIATION OF WATER IN A DRY LAND

Water holds a high place, not only in the view of the abstemious Mohammedan, but of the Syrian Christian as well. The main attraction of the Damascus café is a tiny fountain, whose sight and sound delight the son of the desert vacationing in the urban oasis, or the Sart of Samarkand, wearied by his desert march to Mecca, who stops here and dreams of his distant Zerafshan.

Dan and Beersheba are popularly considered the termini of Palestine, as they formerly were of Hebrew territory. One grew up around a source of the Jordan, the other owed its existence to the age-old wells whose limestone rims have been grooved and polished by a million bucket ropes. No hotel register attests so long and distinguished a line of guests.

From Abraham to Allenby, the rope-worn signatures that rim Beersheba's seven wells bespeak romance and passions broad as human life. Here Abraham arrived with Sarah, his wife, and being unused to town ways and fearing harm, they registered as brother and sister. Later Sarah induced Abraham to drive Hagar and Ishmael out into the desert to die. Evidently cross-roads life did not improve Sarah's character.

A PECULIAR AUTOGRAPH ALBUM FULL OF FAMOUS NAMES

Here Abraham, the father of his race, received a message to kill his only son Isaac, and from this spot he set out with heavy heart to accomplish the task which he was saved from completing. Here Jacob robbed Esau of his birthright by methods that remind one of Launcelot Gobbo, and here he later stopped when as an old man he was on his way to visit his famous son, Joseph, in Egypt.

Here Samuel's sons practiced the profession of their distinguished father and here Elijah took refuge from the original Jezebel. All in all, Beersheba was as melodramatic as any frontier town and nightly gatherings beside those famous wells have discussed the rise and fall of nations since the world began.

A single spring determined the site of Nazareth, and Jacob's well still provides water in an otherwise thirsty land. To the tired traveler from the hills of Moab, the dirty Jordan seems a blessed refreshment after the dry ride; but Naaman, the leper, because he was accustomed to the crystal streams of his native city, scorned the coffee-colored flood which had been recommended to him as a cleansing agent. In Jerusalem, I was seldom able to withstand the tempting clatter of the drinking bowls of the seller of cooling drinks, but in the Lebanon, where cold, clear springs abound, one never seems to thirst.

THE BROOKS AND STILL WATERS OF SYRIA

Water bounds Syria on the west. The lack of it defines the eastern and southern boundaries. Many of the most pleasing pages of the Bible ripple with the songs of running brooks or praise the "still waters" of wells which have long marked the resting places of weary flocks and heavy-laden caravans.

In the Lebanon there are scores of springs or rivers gushing forth direct from the rock. The whole countryside facing the Mediterranean suggests the passage of a miracle-working Moses, practicing in these glorious dells the more difficult feat he was to perform in parched Sinai.

When the early inhabitants of Syria wanted to express gustatory delight, they could not speak of ambrosia and nectar, for their God was free from sensual appetites; but they chose two articles of human diet and expressed deliciousness by saying that a land flowed with milk and honey. That was in the days when bees, rather than beets, furnished the sweetening. In the Lebanon, two springs,

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Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

WHERE THE ORIGINAL ALEXANDER'S BAND PLAYED A VICTORY MARCH AFTER THE BATTLE OF ISSUS

Beilan is the only considerable village on the age-old road that led from the Mediterranean to the rich city of Antioch. The town has scores of cool springs and is a favorite summer resort for the residents of Alexandretta and Aleppo. A remarkable feature of Beilan is that its houses are of wood, which is enough to distinguish any Syrian village. After defeating Darius on the field of Issus, Alexander the Great passed through Beilan on his way to the Syrian Gates, just above the city.

XUM

Photograph by Archibald Forder

BEERSHEBA'S MUNICIPAL GUEST BOOK AND COUNTY RECORD

The close relation between man and water is strikingly marked in many parts of the world. Here, at one of Beersheba's seven ancient wells, five of which are still in use, countless thirsty travelers have with rope and water-jar recorded their visits in the limestone rims. In the Yangtse gorges just such deep grooves have been worn in the rocks by bamboo cables, which the Chinese coolies employ in dragging heavy junks past dangerous rapids to the rich province of Szechuan.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

CONTEMPLATING A CHANGE OF STYLES ALONG THE EUPHRATES

"Made in Germany" is stamped all over the garish dress of this Euphrates Valley maiden. Nowhere did trade follow the railway to a greater extent than along the Bagdad line, and in the spring of 1914 Aleppo was a thriving commercial center of German trade. At the hotels engineers and merchants crowded the dinning-rooms and talked of a mighty future in Mesopotamia. That summer, war came, and the burning question of styles was rapidly succeeded by one of food enough to keep body and soul together.

the Honey Spring and the Milk Spring, are the sources of Dog River, from whose clear, cold waters busy Beirut is now refreshed.

Even on the hot plain between Mount Hermon and the Lake of Huleh the water which bubbles up from subterranean sources is very cold. At Shiba, high up on the sides of Mount Hermon, the water emerges from the rock with a temperature of 38 degrees Fahrenheit, and at Banias, where a temple to Pan once stood, and where Herod the Great erected a temple over the spring in honor of Augustus, the sparkling water has a temperature of 42 degrees. In summer, after a long hot walk across the plain, it is most refreshing to sit in the shade of Honey Valley and eat luscious Lebanon grapes, cooled by dipping them in the living water of the stream.

Judea is not well supplied with springs, and even a tiny trickle is sufficient to gain a name for the place. When the carriages between Jerusalem and Nablus dropped from the barren Judean plateau to the first of the broad Samarian valleys, every one used to get out to drink from the spring at Khan el Lubban.

DEAD-SEA BATHING AN ORDEAL WHICH ALL TOURISTS UNDERGO

The Jericho region is supplied with three kinds of water, and this prodigality, coupled with the historic fame of the Jordan Valley, has furnished a regular formula of bathing for pilgrims to this hot depression, nearly a quarter of a mile below the level of the sea.

Of course, every tourist has to bathe in the Dead Sea; it is the thing to do. Lucky is the man whose skin does not crack in the heat of the valley, for Dead Sea water on a cracked skin or the film of the eye reminds one of boiling oil and the Spanish Inquisition. Having performed the necessary rite and dutifully completed an experience which can be recorded in the diary of the trip, the poor pilgrim, laved with a tenacious fluid that seems to be composed of salt, kerosene, and lye, drives off to the Jordan and seeks relief in the muddy waters of that river. Then, as night rapidly settles in the deepest wrinkle on the face of Mother Earth, the tired traveler rides between the miserable hovels which constitute modern Jericho and dismounts at the Sultan's Spring, once sweetened by Elisha.

Here the water is collected in a large pool, both cold and clear, and few indeed resist the temptation to plunge into it and remove forever any lingering signs of the holy but muddy waters of the Jordan.

The traveler who is wise will not try to sleep in the hot hotel, whose confining walls seem to radiate discomfort, but will

stretch his bed beside the still waters of Sultan's Pool.

Water or the lack of it must always affect the development of Syria, but the supreme value of the land as a link between the production centers of Europe and the population centers of Asia must always make trade routes and cross-roads of traffic the locations for largest growth.

No amount of commercial travel, however, can cloud the importance of the heights where Judaism rose and declined and where Christ lived, taught, healed, and died.

Jerusalem at Easter time will long be a center of intense interest, and amid the many ceremonies that begin with a reenacting of the washing of the feet and conclude with tearful gladness in the procession to the Risen Christ, there is no more wonderful and moving, yet revolting, spectacle than the Holy Fire celebration in the huge Church of the Holy Sepulcher, where ecclesiastical tradition has gathered together almost every spot connected with the life of Christ except Nazareth and the path of the flight into Egypt.

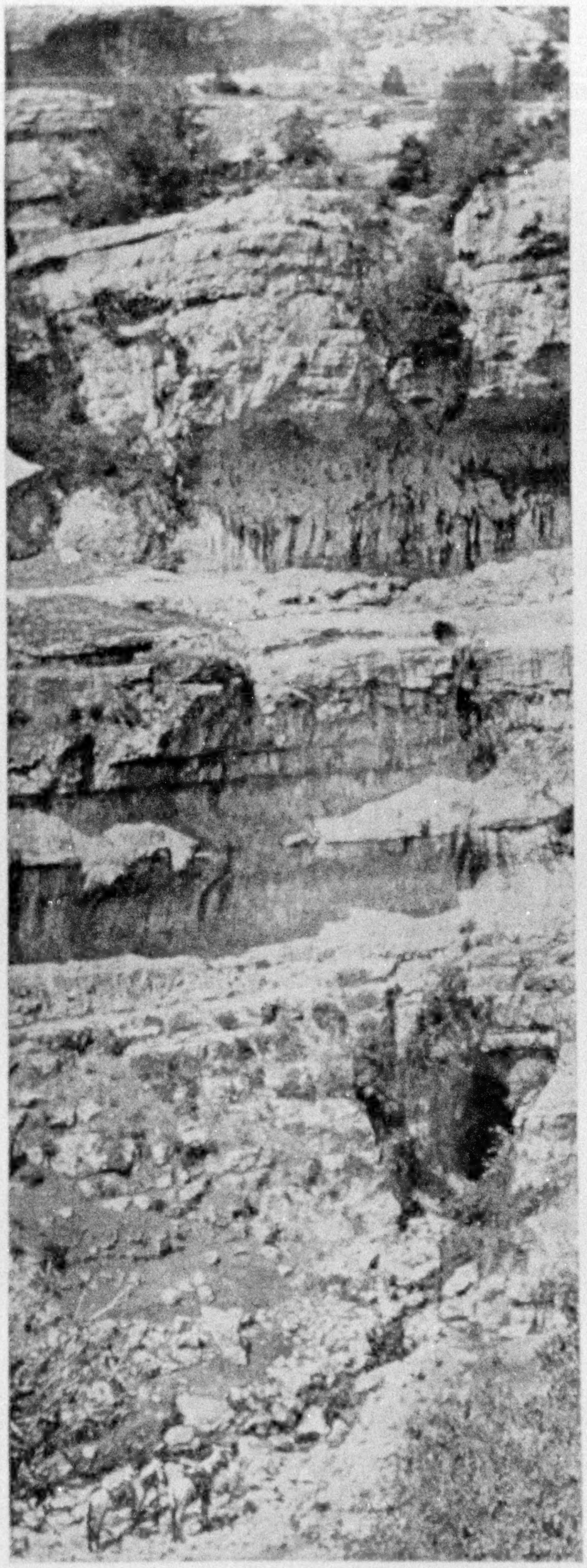
UNHOLY RITES IN THE HOLY CITY AT EASTER TIME

At this ceremony God is supposed by the ignorant pilgrims to send down a flame from heaven which bursts from the walls of the ornate sepulcher itself.

I was one of a party which saw the supposed divine event from the second gallery of the high rotunda, commanding a view of both sides of the sepulcher. Below us, covering the floor of the rotunda and huddled around the traditional tomb, were the pilgrims, thousands of them. Many of them had slept there all night or had at least held their places near the sacred spot. To the left were the Greeks—restless, voluble, inclined to dispute with the Moslem soldiers. To the right were the Armenians—quiet, patient, self-controlled.

Directly beneath us was the little Coptic chapel at the rear of the sepulcher. We were sixty feet above the surging crowd and the marble floor below. It was 11 o'clock—two hours before the holy fire would descend from heaven.

Forming a circle around the sepulcher,



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A "NEBAA" ISSUING FROM A ROCK CLIFF

When a Syrian dragoman tries to convey to a foreigner the distinction between an *ain* and a *nebaa*, he represents the *ain* by touching his thumb and first finger and the *nebaa* by making a circle of his two arms. Here a fountain of icy water bursts from a towering rock wall whose height is suggested by the two horses at its base.

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A RELIC OF THE DAYS BEFORE THE LEBANON WENT DRY

When the abstemious Turk supplanted the convivial Roman in the plateau between the Lebanon and the Anti-Lebanon, the once-famous temple of Bacchus went out of use, but its final indignity was to come when the Kaiser placed a glaring memorial tablet on its time-softened walls. The carvings that frame the doorway consist of conventional designs of flowers and sheaves of wheat, and delicate carvings of bacchantes and dryads, not so conventional.

half way between the supposed place of burial and the outer columns, were companies of Moslem soldiers—privates in ill-fitting costumes; officers in many kinds of shoulder-straps and caps, who seemed to lack authority over their men.

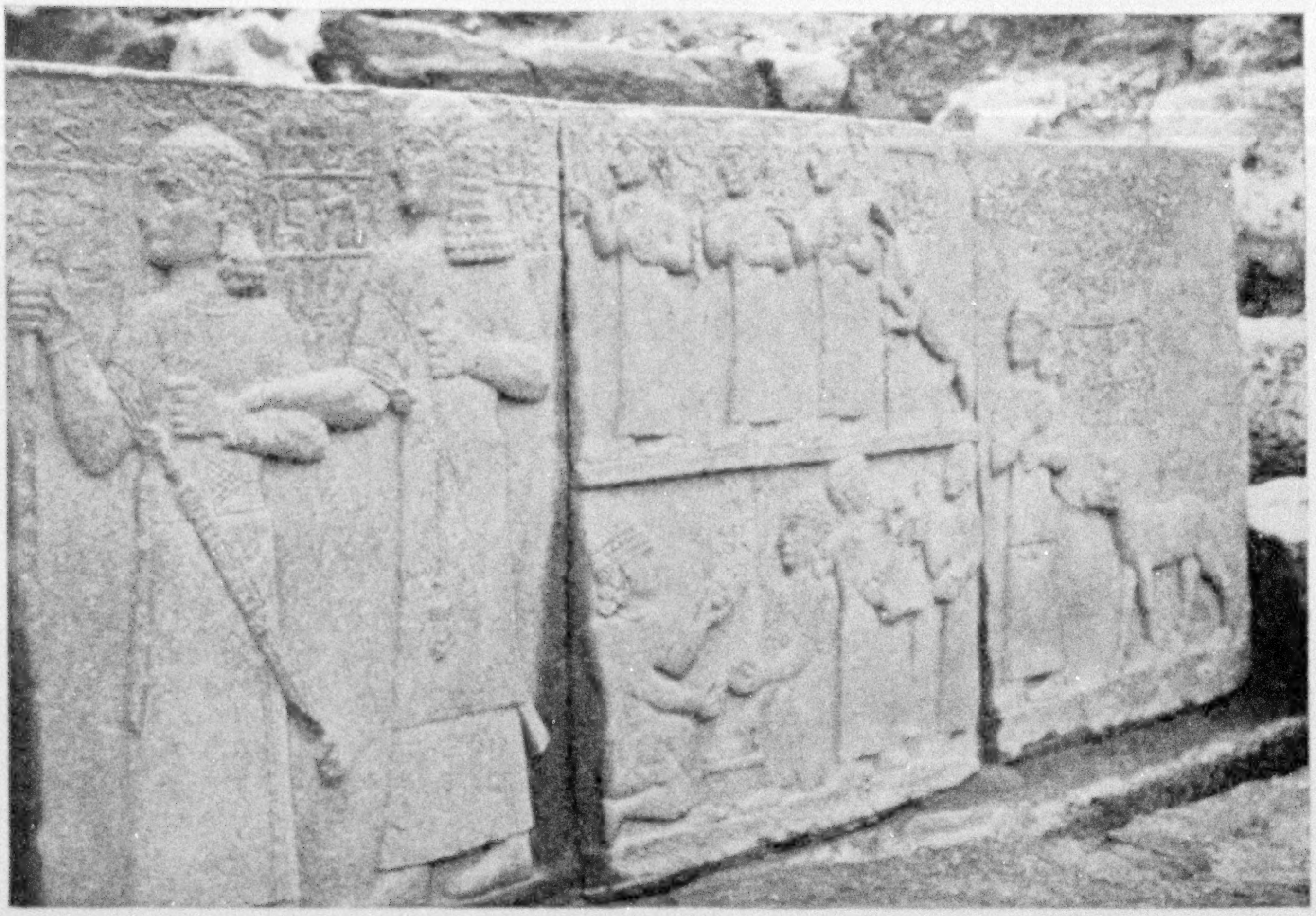
Then followed a pitiful scene. The soldiers found that there were too many pilgrims near the Chapel of the Angels, so they began to drag men and women out of places which they had held all night. White-haired, honest-faced Russians in tight-fitting jackets and black boots were dragged protesting from the crowd. There were babies there. One woman had stepped aside to nurse her little one and she was seized upon and thrust out into the dark recesses, outside the circle of massive columns. Protests, entreaties—all were useless. Gradually the struggling pilgrims were passed out through a fissure in the crowd.

The balconies are filled with visitors and celebrities — curiosity - seekers attracted by the spectacle and paying dearly for a cramped place from which they can see the show.

PATIENT PILGRIMS AND SKEPTICAL SIGHTSEERS

Gradually the temporary platforms in the archways just above the heads of the crowd become filled with visitors from the four corners of the earth. Spectacled American women, almost mannish, can be seen here and there. A young American beauty climbs a ladder to a place on one of the platforms. English women, French women, Moslems in their black veils—all are there. The wide-awake curiosity of the foreign tourists, secure on their platforms, contrasts with the quiet patience of the somber pilgrims huddled below.

Kavasses, resplendent in gold lace,



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF HITTITE SCULPTURE

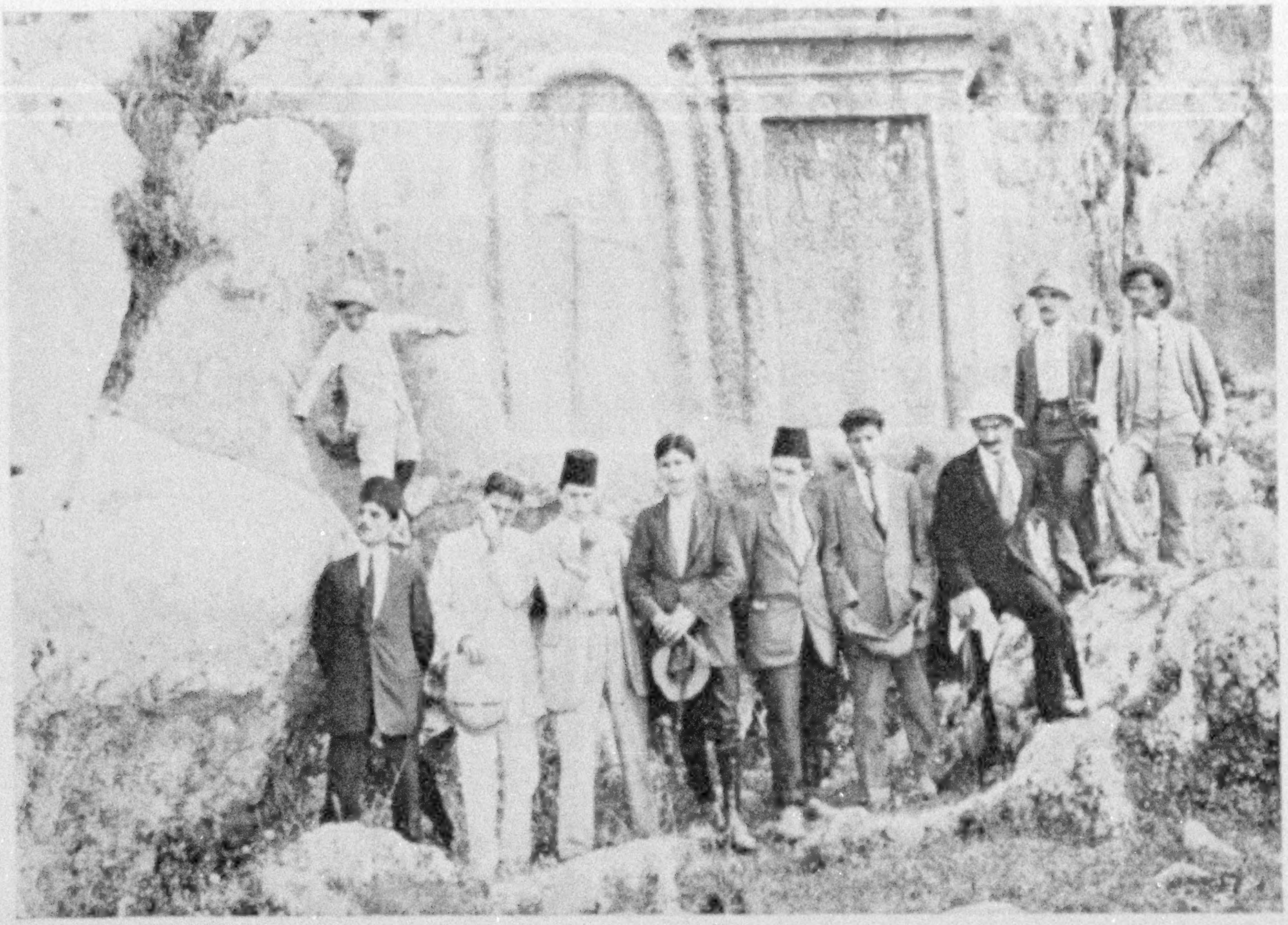
The discovery of this remarkable group at Carchemish, ancient capital of the Hittites, east of Aleppo, was Col. T. E. Lawrence's first famous work. The family life here shown is far different from the stiff and formal representations of the kings of the East that are found elsewhere. Two men, evidently kings, or possibly a king and an ally, are followed by three boys with whip tops and four girls playing with knuckle-bones, still a favorite game in Syria. A small boy, just learning to walk, leans on a staff and a woman, queen or nurse, follows with a baby in her arms. The pickman who unearthed this four-thousand-year-old group wore just such a web belt as is shown in the dolerite sculpture chiseled in stone so hard that modern tools can make little impression on it.

guide parties here and there, rapping with their silver-topped pikes on the marble pavement in order to make a way through the crowds. The Russian dragoman, a bluff figure in white serge and a jaunty cap, who might have stepped over the footlights from a Merry Widow chorus, comes in with a slender girl in a tailored suit, with a white hat and veil and ruby lips. She climbs a ladder above the heads of the crowd and secures a place of vantage on one of the platforms.

Gradually every place becomes filled. Down on the floor each pilgrim is clasping a bunch of 33 wax candles to his throbbing heart. Those candles, one for each year in the life of Christ, will be carried far back to the homeland and distributed as blessed mementoes among the less fortunate people who will never see the walls of Jerusalem. Every minute the situation becomes more tense.

The Armenian runners, strong giants, naked to the waist and wearing white caps, burst through the crowd and take their places near one of the two holes where the fire is to appear. A little later the Greek runners appear near their fire-hole—an ill-assorted lot in kaffiyehs and tarbooshes. When the fire appears, these men will fight their way out through that insane crowd and carry the fire, like Paul Revere's night-call, to the villages around Jerusalem.

Now the Moslem soldiers shove the crowds back on either side, forcing those on the outside into the dark aisles, compressing those near the sepulcher into a solid, but restless, mass of heads and shoulders. The Greek Patriarch, in the



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A COSMOPOLITAN PICTURE FROM SYRIA

Among these students of the Syrian Protestant College on a tramp to the Dog River inscriptions, there are representatives of six races—Syrian, Egyptian, Turk, Armenian, Greek, and Jew. The inscriptions are those of Rameses the Great (1300 B. C.) and Esarhaddon, the Assyrian who carried his conquests to Egypt, in 670 B. C., along this narrow path between the Lebanon and the Mediterranean Sea. Note the pylon effect which frames the Egyptian inscription on the right.

midst of his magnificently gowned priests, parades around the sepulcher. Three times he circles the rotunda. As he passes the south fire-hole, the Armenian prelate joins him and they enter the sepulcher itself.

THE DELIRIUM OF UNQUESTIONING FAITH, HOPE, AND LOVE

The bells begin a noisy jangle. Shouts arise from the crowd: "Oh Jews, your feast is that of the devil; but ours is that of Christ, who has bought us with His blood. Therefore we are happy today and you, O Jews, are sad."

The noise of the bells increases. An air of excitement, more intense than hitherto, pervades the vast dome. From every balcony the people lean forward expectantly. All are gazing at those two black holes, one on each side of the sepulcher. The bells still further increase their noisy ringing and a great flame shoots out on each side of the tomb.

Chaos is let loose in an insane mob!

The runners catch the fire in large wads of cotton and fight their way out through a sea of hands, each clutching a bunch of candles. The soldiers are now submerged in the sea of humanity, all struggling for the first blessing of the holy fire. A Copt, carrying a burning mass of cotton, fights, shoves, burns his way through the crowd. He dashes inside the barred chapel and clangs the door shut. A thousand candles are already alight; flickering flames multiply all over the great floor; smoke and smell begin to rise from countless candles.

The lamps on the sepulcher itself are lighted. The dark recesses of the church have become caverns of flitting ghost flames. A bunch of candles has been lit

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

A DAILY MEETING OF THE SYRIAN WOMEN'S CLUB AT A WAYSIDE WELL ON THE SAMARIA ROAD

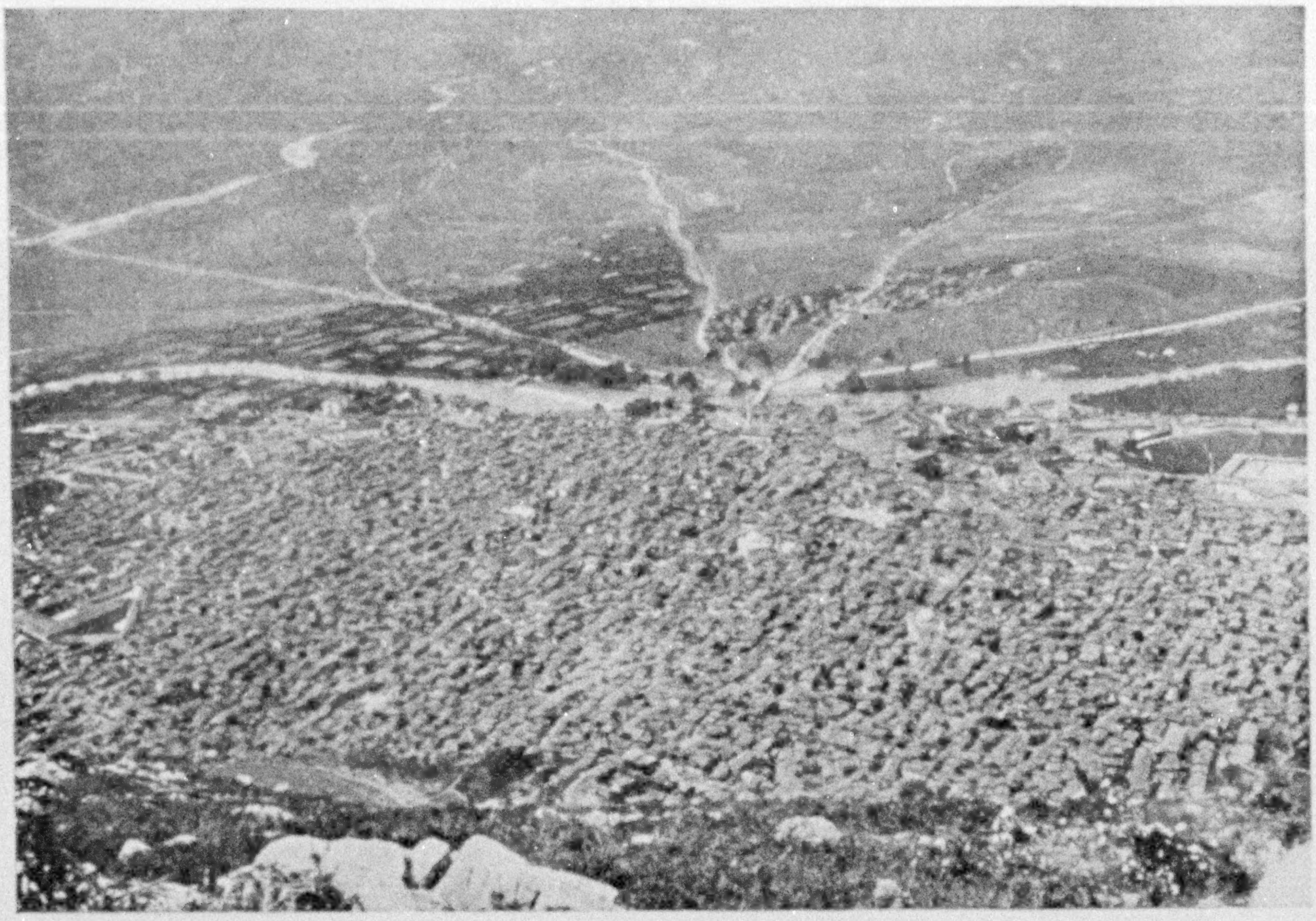
The well not only furnishes drinking water for the near-by villages; it is the woman's forum and laundry. While the men gather at the market-place, their wives meet at the spring and discuss the topics of the day. This segregation of the sexes seems strange to Europeans, but the Syrians like it. Most of these women are Christians, but even Moslem peasant women seldom wear the veil.

down from the upper balcony and is drawn up to the point of the dome already smoky and hot. The Greek chapel has become a sea of fire. Still the bells ring wildly. The whole church is in flames and the very air quivers with the heat.

HUMAN CANDLESTICKS AROUND THE SEPULCHER

The holy fire disappears; the bells cease ringing. The crowds press toward the one entrance, where in former years so many have been crushed to death. The gray old church belches forth madmen, madmen bathing themselves in hot wax, scorching their hair and chests with the flickering candles. The Armenian procession has already cleared a path around the sepulcher and is majestically circling the sacred tomb. The tourists in the galleries light their candles to be carried back to Canterbury or Kokomo, Inverness or Cape Town, as souvenirs of a passion play in which thousands of misguided actors fill an heroic stage. This is the garden of Nero revised; a gigantic spectacle where Christians again become living candlesticks.

There is no comedy in such a display. To the ignorant, this is the fire from God Himself, sent down as a heavenly blessing.



Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

ALL ROADS LEAD TO ANTIOCH

Much of the trade of northern Syria comes to a focus at the four-arched bridge across the Orontes at Antioch. The best of the roads leads to the right and is the metalled highway to Alexandretta. The road to the left leads to Seleucia, the ancient port of Antioch on the Mediterranean, now practically in ruins. This view is taken from Mount Silpius, at the foot of which the city is crowded.

The tired faces of the women as they crush the spluttering wax in their fevered hands, the triumphant look of the solemn pilgrims almost make one cry out in anger at the awful hoax. To these pilgrims, however, it is the El Dorado of countless dreams and years of toil and saving. To them it is real; they live it; they believe.

But climbing down from the platform, and showing incongruous silk hose and dainty slippers as she slowly descends, is our typical tourist. Her hat is awry. A triumphant smile is in her eyes. She is the picture of amused curiosity. In one hand she holds a bent and twisted candle. The painted flowers which once decorated it are now gone and its end is blackened with the holy fire. This is the irreverent side of the spectacle.

The honest-faced pilgrim clutches his candles to his breast and a look of "peace that passeth all understanding" covers his wrinkled face. Beside him is the amused sightseer, who draws aside her narrow skirts in passing. This is Jerusalem at Easter time.

The railway which formerly carried Christian tourists from Jaffa to Jerusalem had other significance than as a pilgrim line, but the unique railway of the Near East is the Hejaz Railway, which was built expressly for religious purposes and was stubbornly opposed by the desert Arabs because they feared it would rob them of a chance of robbing.

BEIRUT, THE HOME OF AN AMERICAN COLLEGE

Beirut is of great interest to Americans for it is in this city that the Syrian Protestant College is situated. This great institution ranks with Robert College, on the Bosporus, and these two American schools have had a tremendous leavening power throughout the Near East.

The complexity of the Near Eastern

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

WHERE CHRIST'S DISCIPLES WERE FIRST CALLED CHRISTIANS

Antioch, although the cradle of Gentile Christianity, was a gay and voluptuous city at the beginning of the Christian Era, as one may judge from reading "Ben Hur." Today it is important chiefly for its export of hundreds of tons of licorice for flavoring tobacco. The capture of pleasure-loving Antioch by the Persians under Sapor was a dramatic page in a theatrical history. According to the traditional account, while the favorite actress was entertaining the purple-clad citizens with all the seductive skill of the Oriental, a look of horror came to her painted face. Her bare white arm pointed to the mountainside behind the amphitheater, and as the spectators turned, the javelins of Sapor's hosts transfixed them in their seats. Like the dwellers in Herculaneum, disaster befell them at an instant when the pleasure of the flesh had banished from their fickle minds all thought of death.

situation was never borne in on me as strongly as when I taught a course in universal history in that cosmopolitan university of 1,100 students, representing a dozen races and a half dozen religions. When the class was studying Egyptian history, there were three or four Egyptian members who had devoted the best years of their early life to memorizing the feats of the Pharaohs. By the time the lesson turned to Greek history the eight or nine Greeks in the class saw this as their grand opportunity to dazzle the others with the splendor of the age of Pericles, and those who were interested in athletics introduced the name of the original Marathon runner in order to impress the non-Greeks and embarrass their teacher.

Mohammedan history divided the class into two factions, Christian and Moslem,

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

GENERAL VIEW OF ALEPPO, SYRIA'S FUTURE METROPOLIS, FROM THE CITADEL

This city, "the Chicago of the Near East," is the hub of the Afro-Eurasian land-mass and is fated to become one of the greatest trading centers of modern times, as it was centuries ago, when it was the western terminus of the famous Aleppo to Basra caravan route. Aleppo derives its name from the fact that Abraham stopped here to milk his goats while *en route* to the Promised Land, and Egyptian inscriptions testify to the fact that the city saw a longer history before the birth of Christ than it has since.

and, although the Christians were a unit when it came to showing how unimportant Mohammed was, when it came to a history of the Inquisition, several weeks later, this not only gave the Moslem students a chance to develop strange coughing fits, but divided the Christians themselves into factions of Greek, Gregorian, Abyssinian, and Protestant, not to mention Copt, Maronite, and infidel.

The striking fact about that heterogeneous class was not that they differed on details, but that they agreed on principles, and no one can say how much democracy a son of a Turkish pasha is getting until the son of a poor Armenian widow discusses with him the fall of Abdul Hamid. Beirut is the center of modern Arabic literature and liberalism, and the American college has had a wide-reaching effect on the thought life of Arabic-speaking lands.

ANOTHER STONE PAGE IN HISTORY'S RECORD BOOK

The cosmopolitan make-up of the student body at the Syrian Protestant College only serves to remind one that this part

of the coast has been traversed for many centuries by the peoples and armies of many nations.

A few miles north of Beirut, at the point where Dog River enters the sea, the foothills of the Lebanon come down to the very shore of the Mediterranean, and since soldiers and armies have always sought to travel on the level, whether they have fought that way or not, the passage of this point where sea and mountain meet was always a difficult feat.

One army after another cut its path along the towering cliffs, and when the passage of this narrow defile was thus insured, the commanders left the record of their passing. Who the first men were no one knows, for the troops of Napoleon III, in passing this point, were too lazy to turn over a new leaf; they simply inscribed their record on a limestone page from which the record of some ancient Egyptian had been erased by the hand of time.

But the first record that still stands was left by the armies of the most famous of the Pharaohs, Rameses the Great, when they were on their way northward to wage war against the Kheta or Hittites.

The great Assyrian, Ashurnasirpal, left his record here and his successors, Shalmaneser and Adadnirari, did the same. Then there was a lapse of more than a century, from 812 to 705 B. C., when Sennacherib and his son Esarhaddon had their names chiseled in this stone book of history.

WHERE AN ALIEN PRINCE OF MECCA LEARNED TO HANDLE MEN

Although the Egyptian records testify to the glory of the Hittites, it was not until a year before the outbreak of the World War that any orderly evidence about this people came to light. One of the two archeologists who found the key to the Hittite mysteries was T. E. Lawrence, now colonel in the English army, major-general of the Arab forces, champion of Arabian rights in Syria and alien Prince of Mecca.

The story of how a tow-headed, anemic youth, once forced by invalidism to leave the halls of Magdalen College, Oxford, and seek health in tramping through Syria, later won over the Arabs to the Allied cause and enabled General Allenby to win a decisive victory in Palestine, is replete with romance.

This brilliant and modest young scholar first won fame as an archeologist at Carchemish, where the Bagdad Railway bridges the Euphrates, and, in view of the success he has since attained in dealing with Orientals, it may be permissible to quote from my article about him and his colleague, Mr. C. Leonard Woolley, which was published in 1913.

"Both Woolley and Lawrence are disappointing archeologists. I expected to find gray-haired old men with spectacles and a scholarly stoop. Lawrence is apparently in his early twenties, a clean-cut blond with peaches-and-cream complexion which the dry heat of the Euphrates Valley seems powerless to spoil.

"He wore a wide-brimmed Panama, a soft white shirt open at the throat, an Oxford blazer bearing the Magdalen College emblem on the pocket, short white flannel 'knickers,' partly obscured by a Scotch decoration hanging from the belt, which did not, however, obscure his bare knees, below which he wore heavy gray hose and red Arab slippers.

"Woolley is also hopeless as an archeologist. He is young and friendly and as companionable as a college chum. Surely not the stuff of which archeologists are made.

"But I fancy these two young men are competent to hold down the Carchemish 'digs' for a while at least; for better than their years of excavating and their skill in using French, German, ancient and modern Greek, Turkish and Arabic, is their remarkable knowledge of men.

"I cannot give a correct estimate of their worth as archeologists, but I do say that they know more about handling Orientals than any man I have met during my two years in Syria."

ANCIENT RUINS AT A CROSS-ROADS OF FUTURE EMPIRE

Yet in the year that passed before I was again their guest, these two youths firmly established their claim to the title of archeologists of the first rank, and Lawrence's power to handle men has since proved the deciding factor in swinging the Arabs from loyalty to Turkey, as

the head of Mohammedanism, to the whole-hearted co-operation with Christian forces in the capture of Jerusalem and Damascus.

Carchemish in those spring days of 1914 was more interesting than we then realized; for there Britisher and German were working side by side, the one to establish another intellectual link with the past, the other to weld a new material link for a future empire.

But for the friendly intervention of the Kaiser, whose later disregard for the decencies of life wrecked his monstrous plans of world power, the Bagdad Railway would have furrowed its path through the incomparable treasures of Carchemish, and priceless examples of ancient art might have been ground to dust beneath the iron chariot of modern commerce.

But for the aid that Woolley and Lawrence gave to the German empire-builders when the rising Euphrates clutched jealously at the piles of the temporary bridge, their second structure would have been carried away by the flood as was their first.

Lawrence, who later aided in Germany's downfall, then succeeded in inducing the Kurds, Arabs, and Syrians, whom the Germans had offended, to return to their tasks and save the bridge, which was a thorn in the side of British pride and an important step in the challenging advance of Germany toward the coveted gates of India.

The excavators had built an unimposing but comfortable hut, the floor of which was of Roman mosaic that had been brought thither from a group of ruins several miles away. Lawrence and Woolley regarded Roman ruins as quite modern and common. They took much more pride in the unglazed Hittite cups, 4,000 years old, from which we sipped our Turkish coffee.

A KURDISH GLEE CLUB WITH COLLEGE TRIMMINGS

Our entertainer one evening was a Kurd singer. In order to reach the hut, I had walked for miles through the darkness of a thunderstorm, in the midst of which a flash of lightning showed me that I was standing on the brink of a test shaft 20 feet deep, and I was glad when I reached the cosy residence of the amiable excavators.

My friends welcomed me most heartily, and soon my football sweater, with its big orange K, took its place with the white blazer trimmed with red, worn by Lawrence, and Woolley's of bright green trimmed with white. It was, if one overlooked the Kurdish musicians huddled at the far end of the room, a most "collegey"-looking group. The air was thick with smoke from Hogarth's pipe and Woolley's cigar, and the wind outside could whistle chilling tunes without detracting from the cosiness of the low room with its dark, rich hangings.

The grizzled Kurd who was to sing sat quietly awaiting his turn, in his deep-set eyes a far-away look, and with his shepherd's pipe across his lap. Beside him was a Kurd who could well pose as a model man of the desert—swarthy of skin and clear of eye, his thin lips compressed to a narrow line, his sun scarf draped gracefully around his head and neck.

MUD WALLS OBLITERATED BY THE POWER OF SONG

The accompanist had a peculiar musical instrument, whose counterpart can be seen in the Hittite carvings of three thousand years ago. Perhaps the skill of a hundred generations animated his fingers. Certainly it was no modern music that came from the mandolin-like affair with the long neck and the small body. It was a spirit of the ancient days returned to play for the men who had rediscovered the site of the brilliant Hittite capital.

Hogarth rapped the ashes from his pipe and threw his leg over the arm of the easy chair. Lawrence, the blond Oxonian, curled down into the throne-like seat, in which his white suit stood out from the soft-toned background of a Persian rug. Woolley motioned the musicians to begin. The accompaniment seemed to be the echo of the winds that swept across the Euphrates and moaned as they passed on across the city of ruins.

But it was something different when the old singer blew a few notes on his pipe. The windy wastes were now in-

Photograph by Maynard Owen Williams

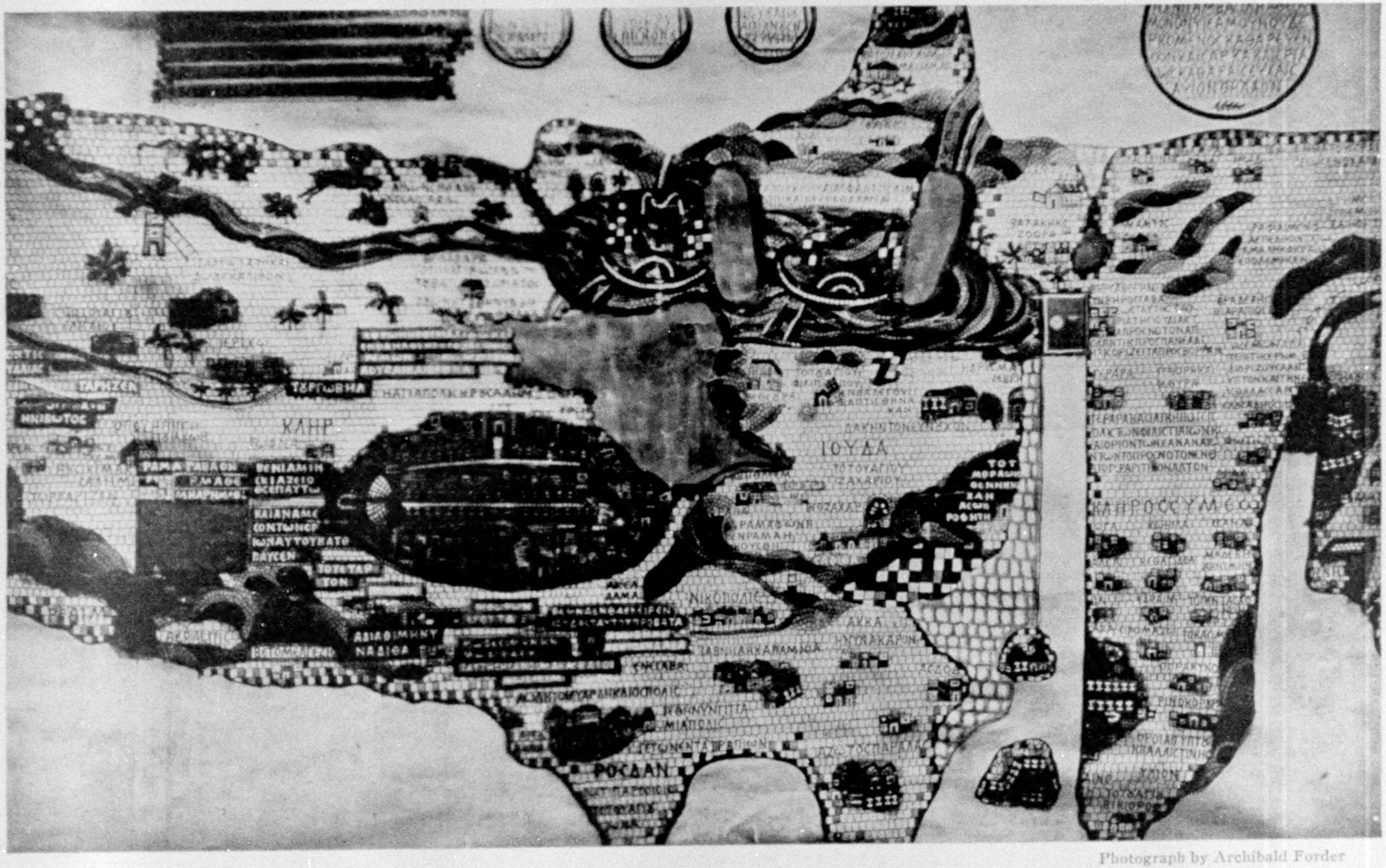
A NOONDAY SIESTA AMID HISTORIC PETRA'S TEMPLED HILLS: THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE ANCIENT BUILDING KNOWN AS THE DEIR

This is not a victory emblem on the forward turret of the latest battle cruiser, but a studied pose of eight missionary teachers on the ground in front of one of Petra's most famous rock temples. The distance to the ground is 130 feet and the whole structure is really a part of the sandstone hill from which its face was carved. The florid façade is as deceptive as the false front of a boom-town emporium, for the plain interior is less than forty feet square.

habited. The spirit of man animated the scene with the sad, shrill cry of a creature in pain. The figures of the room were blotted out. This was no concert music, designed for bright lights and well-dressed audiences. A soul was stirring in that flute, an out-of-door spirit communing with its God across vast distances, but with a sense of sympathetic nearness.

He began to sing. I started at the first note. It was a protest against the wrongs of the Angel of Death, a plea for mercy at the hands of a determined despot. Each note was wrung from the heart of a despondent soul, fearing, pleading, crying out for a relief that would never come.

The eyes of the singer were fixed; the cords of his throat were visible under his swarthy skin. The veins of his forehead stood out under his dark kaffiyeh, and with each line he seemed to swallow, to choke



Photograph by Archibald Forder

AN ANCIENT IDEA OF PICTORIAL GEOGRAPHY: THE MADEBA MOSAIC MAP

This is the oldest map of Palestine in existence. The dark oval represents the city of Jerusalem. Instead of burdening the student of geography with pink and green blotches representing political units, the maker of this mosaic map tried to show the country pictorially. Bridges, fishes, men, and animals are depicted, as well as mountains, rivers, and cities.

Photographs by Maynard Owen Williams

TAKING A PICTURE OF THE MADEBA MAP

The church in which this earliest of Palestinian maps is housed was built on the site of a fifth or sixth century edifice. An American archeologist missed the honor of discovering this wonderful mosaic by barely three inches; he was diverted by other important finds superimposed upon the map

THE MOST FAMOUS OF THE CEDARS OF LEBANON

This stately tree has been reproduced in the seal of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, an American university with more than a thousand students. Although there are great groves of these trees in the Taurus Mountains, only about four hundred specimens remain on the Lebanon heights.

XUM

back a sob that was springing to his lips. For some time I could not turn my head. I had forgotten the others. I could not understand the words of the singer, but the music wrenched my heart. I turned to Woolley and asked what the man was singing. It was the lament of a Kurdish woman whose husband, Said Ahmed, the greatest of warriors, had been brought home dead. I understood the sorrow of the song, its harrowing complaint against an unkind Fate.

REVENGE SET TO KURDISH MUSIC

Then, in an instant, the music changed. The notes were the same; the rhythm was unaltered. The singer was as still as if he were carved out of rock, but the soul-stirring complaint of the bereaved wife at the death of her loved one was changing to the cunning, low, tense song of a Jael at the side of Sisera. Revenge was taking the place of despair. Hatred was blotting out womanly love. The funeral chant was fast becoming a battle-song, in which the hatred of a race was stirring murder in the hearts of her hearers. This woman, after kneeling by the side of her husband's dead body, had raised herself to a proud height, and with outflung arms like Davidson's "France" was praying that his tribe would avenge her husband's death. A Fury, with ghastly face and disordered hair, was hurling Death back upon itself, was already sucking sweetness from the thought of pillage and bloodshed. A note of victory crept into the awful chant. Then Deborah's song of conquest and thankfulness burst forth—cruel, menacing, exultant.

In a moment it was over. Only the shrill sound of the pipes remained. The woman, having seen her tribe depart on its mission of revenge, was once more at the side of her loved one, whose cold lips would not respond to her long, passionate kiss.

WHERE THE BAGDAD RAILWAY CROSSES THE MESOPOTAMIAN RUBICON

Just south of the Hittite ruins at Carchemish the Bagdad Railway crosses the muddy Euphrates and enters Mesopotamia. For the present the line to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf will monopolize the attention of the road-builders; but slowly and surely the iron pathways of commerce will extend north to the copper fields of Asia Minor and the rich plains where Turkish tobacco is grown, up through Armenia to the Caucasus, across Persia to Turkestan, and across Afghanistan or Baluchistan to the gates of India.

Through communication with central Asia may rob the wharf at Beirut of many colorful groups of Mecca pilgrims from both Turkestans, and soon even the Peking Mohammedan may take a pilgrimage to Mecca by rail; but this improvement of communication will induce stability and make less likely another destructive migration by the free-ranging Central Asian nomads, who are an anachronism in a crowded world.

War may not be entirely a thing of the past, but the Syrian and Mesopotamian routes are essential to the commercial and industrial development of Europe and the cultural development of Asia. While wars may come and while Syria is sure to be deeply affected by every conflict in which European or Asiatic nations are involved, the downfall of Turkish control in this region is likely to do away with such disastrous street fighting as has for centuries discouraged traffic along the world's greatest historic highway.

YOUR NEW MAP OF EUROPE WHEN THE BOUNDARIES ARE DEFINITELY ANNOUNCED

The National Geographic Society's New Map of Europe, which has been in preparation for two years, will be issued as a supplement to the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE immediately following the official announcement of the boundaries of the new nations created by the Paris Peace Conference. As any map issued prior to this official announcement must necessarily be of only temporary worth, the Society has deferred the publication of its map in order that its members may have a work both authoritative and of permanent value. The map, in colors, and drawn on a generous scale, will show the boundaries of the nations as they existed before the World War as well as the new boundaries now being established by the Peace Commissioners.

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The instrument specially made to play Victor and Victrola Records

The greatest artists of all the world make records for the Victor Company exclusively because they are convinced that only the Victrola brings their art into your home in all its beauty.

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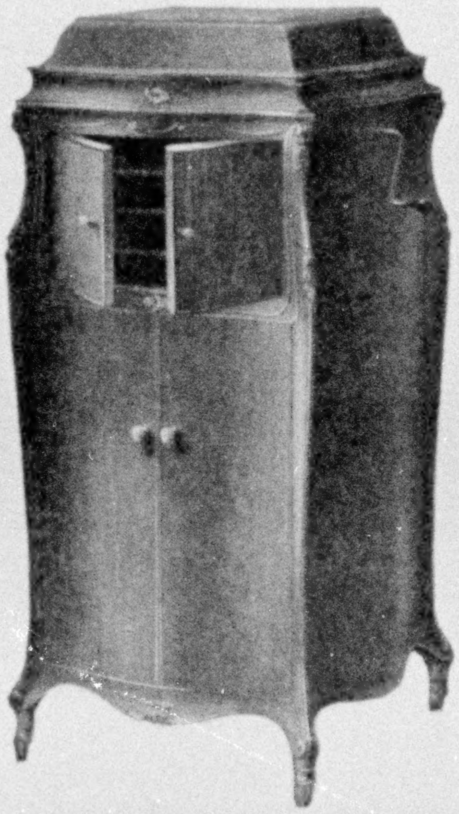

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Many of the country's banks, institutions, and experienced individual investors consult regularly our monthly list of securities. It will be sent upon request for AN-111.

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IT is rapidly becoming the vogue to use more fine crystal and cut glass. Families who have always prized their collections are now adding the latest Libbey art creations. These newest pieces are distinguished for their beauty of form and rare design. They breathe an atmosphere of quality possible only as a result of the long years of experience of Libbey artists and master craftsmen.

Exhibitions now being shown by the best dealers in your city

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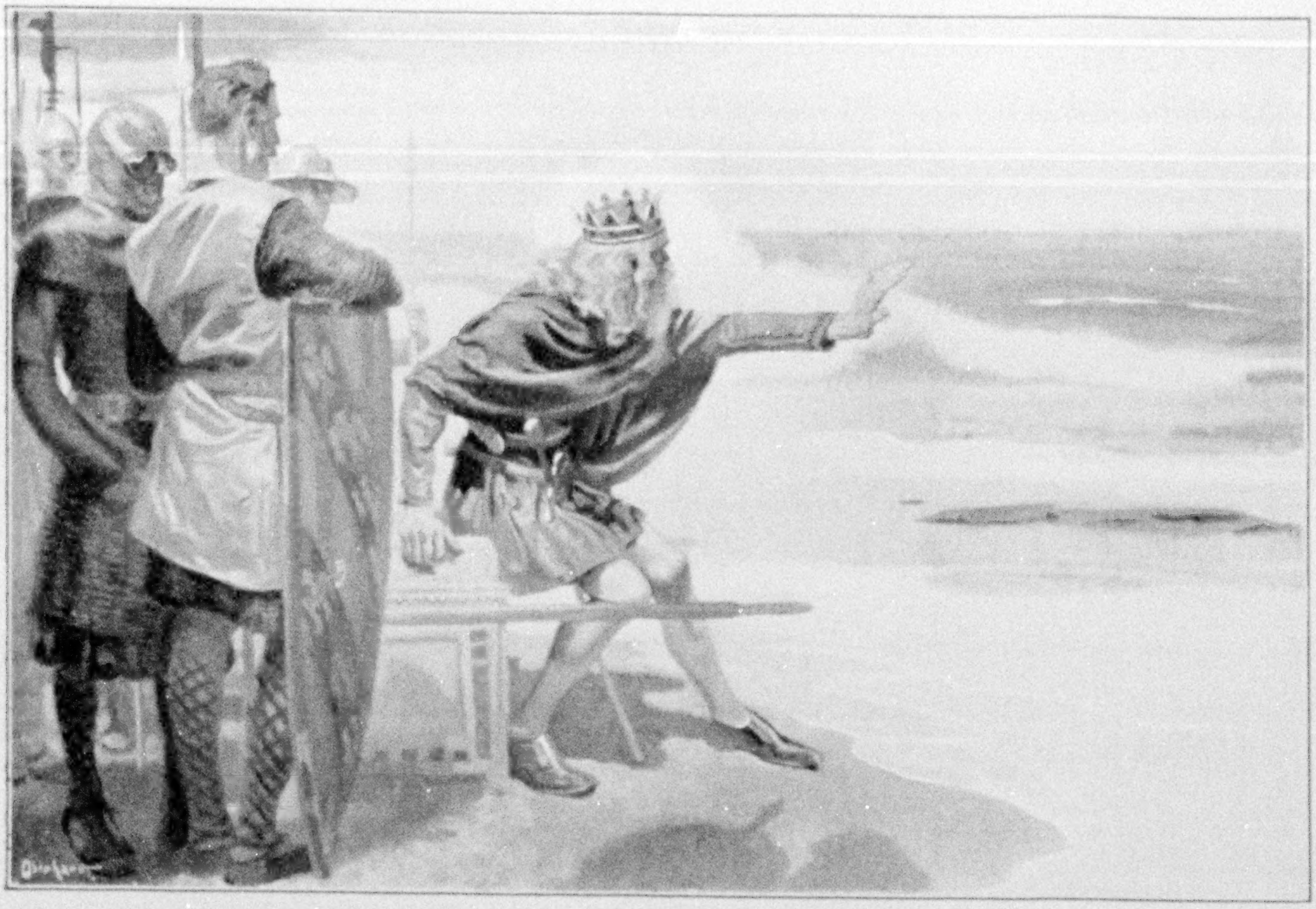

A Modern King Canute

The people who lived in the good days of the wise King Canute thought he had the power to make the ocean recede at a mere word of command. Today the Bell Telephone Company finds itself in a position not unlike that of the ancient king. Its mere word will not hold back an ocean of expense.

Rigid economy and the most modern methods of operation have made it possible for the Bell Company to keep its rates at a far lower level than that of the commodities which it must use in construction and upkeep. But it has felt the rising tide of costs just as certainly as has every business and every family.

The one source of revenue of the Bell Company is the price you pay for service. If this price fails to cover fair wages and necessary materials, then both you and your telephone company must suffer.

For one year the Bell Company was under Government control. The Government analyzed methods and costs; and established the present rates as just. All the Bell Company asks is a rate sufficient to provide satisfactory service to every subscriber.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
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One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

XUM

Robbed of Health and Beauty

SLOWLY and stealthily, Pyorrhea has taken away the things that made her life worth while. That unaccountable depression, those nervous fears, that drawn and haggard look—these are the things Pyorrhea has brought her in place of health and beauty.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums; then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Perhaps the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that often cause rheumatism, anaemia, indigestion, and other serious ills.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea; and many under that age have it also. The best way to end Pyorrhea dangers is to stop them before they begin. Start to use Forhan's today.

Forhan's for the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada. At all druggists.

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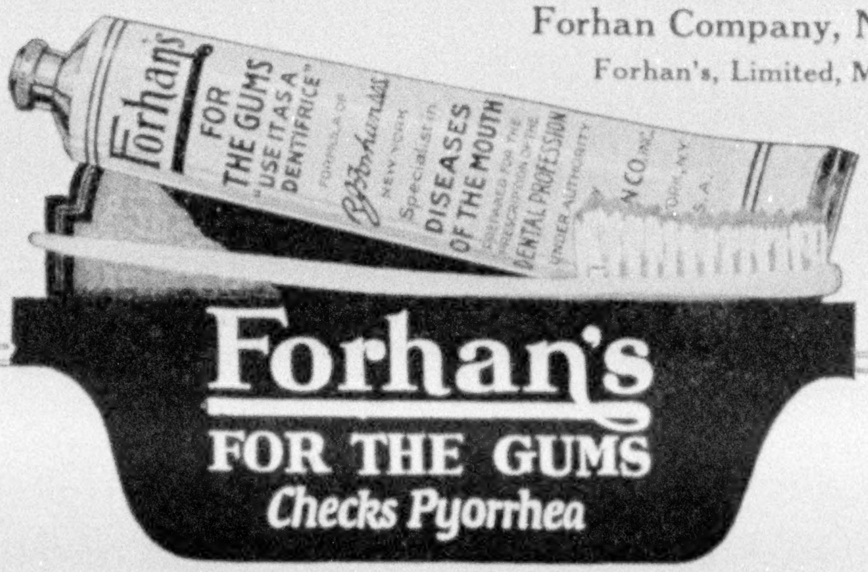

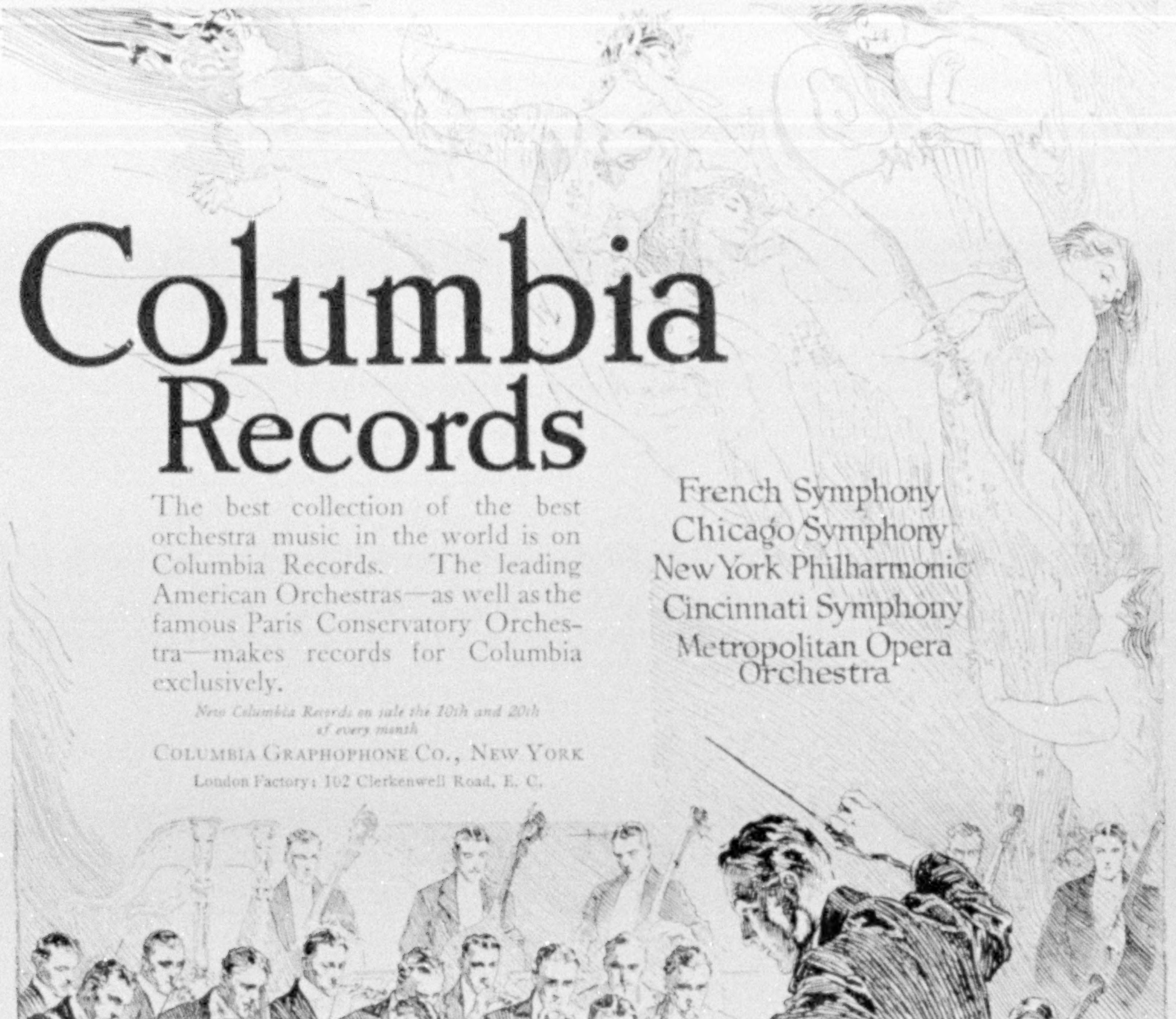
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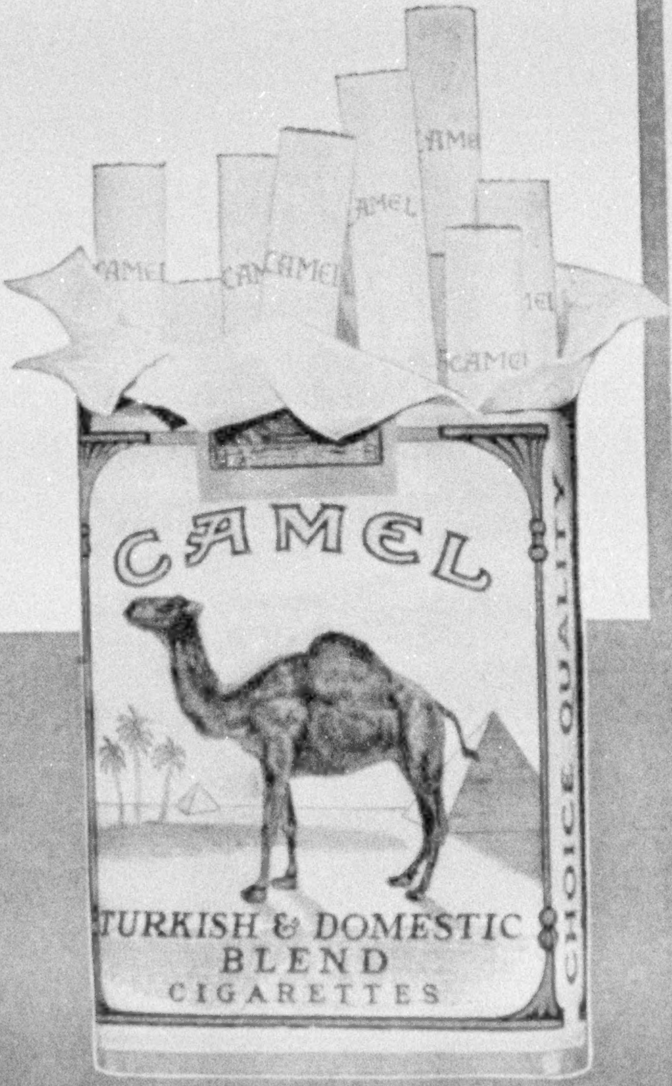

Why That Stain

On Teeth Brushed Daily?

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

It is in the Film

Millions find that stain and tartar form on teeth brushed daily. Teeth decay, pyorrhea starts, despite the constant cleaning.

The reason lies in a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth-brush doesn't end it. The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it. And dental science knows that film is the cause of most tooth troubles.

The film is what discolors, not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of countless troubles, local and internal.

Dental science, after years of research, has found a film combatant. Clinical tests have amply proved its efficiency. Also years of laboratory tests. Now leading dentists all over America urge its universal use.

It is embodied for home uses in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube for testing is sent free to all who ask.

Watch the Film Go

Ask us for this 10-Day Tube. Use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. Let your own teeth show you what this method means. Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A new invention has made pepsin possible. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden. Now science has supplied a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin, as employed in Pepsodent, can be applied twice a day to that film. That fact opens up a new era in teeth cleaning, and we ask you to learn what it means.

Pepsodent

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Cut it out now so you won't forget. Compare this tooth paste with the kind you use, then judge for yourself what is best. (255)

Ten-Day Tube Free

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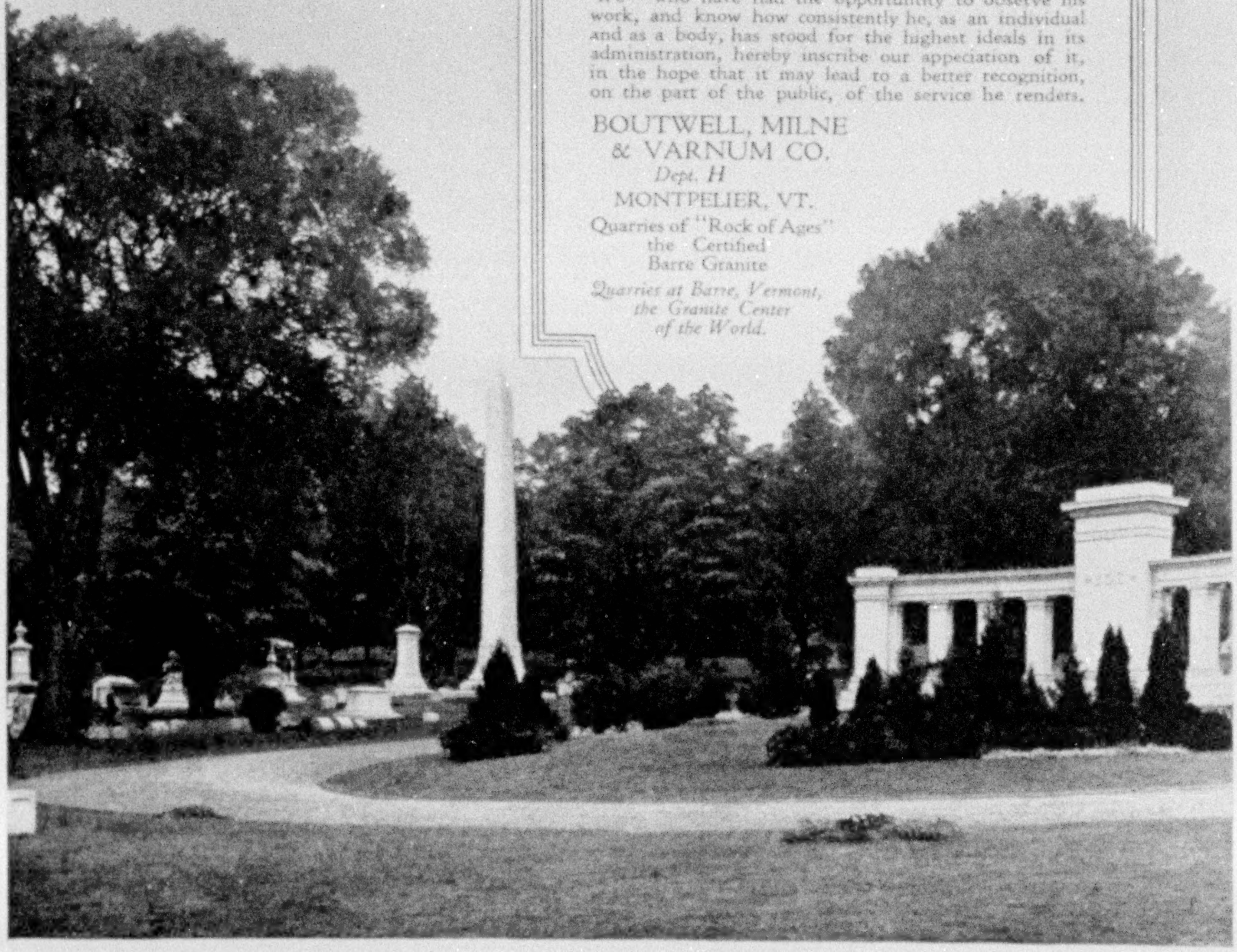

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TRADE MARK

The Cemetery Superintendent

His Great and Seldom-Appreciated Service to the Public

His life is dedicated to the reverent service of memorial, and his work calls for almost professional knowledge in many different lines. He must be a student of memorial art, of landscape architecture, of geology, of horticulture; and frequently, when his advice is sought as to the proper location, setting and erection of large memorials and mausoleums, he is called upon for information that requires engineering skill of no mean order.

In keeping beautiful the quiet retreats where those who mourn may linger in loving remembrance — in sympathetic administration of his duties in connection with the bereaved, in the constant striving, often with inadequate support, to keep the sacred grounds over which he has charge, in a manner which will make them a fitting tribute to the departed — he plays a vitally important part in the life of every community.

We — who have had the opportuntity to observe his work, and know how consistently he, as an individual and as a body, has stood for the highest ideals in its administration, hereby inscribe our appeciation of it, in the hope that it may lead to a better recognition, on the part of the public, of the service he renders.

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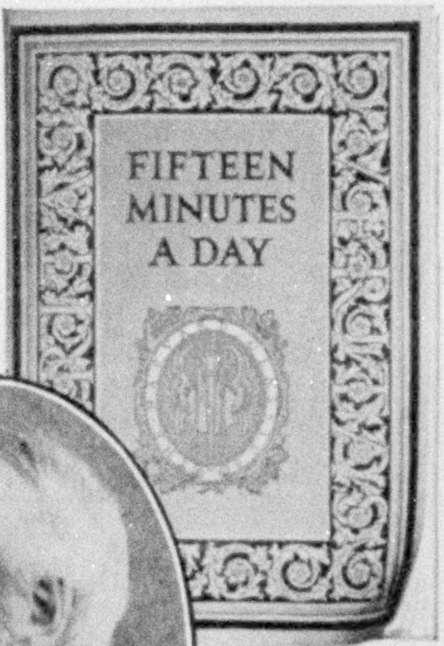

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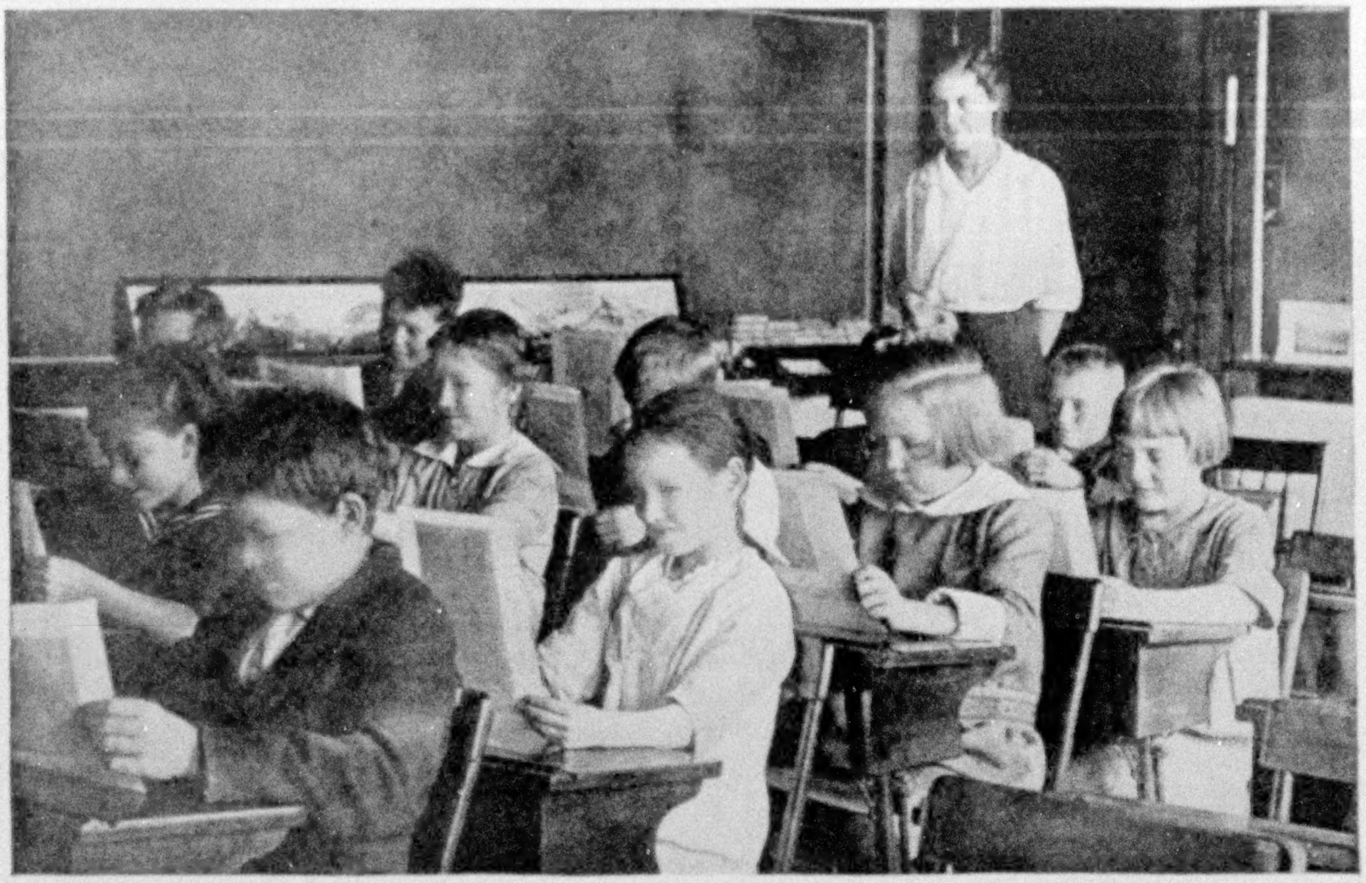

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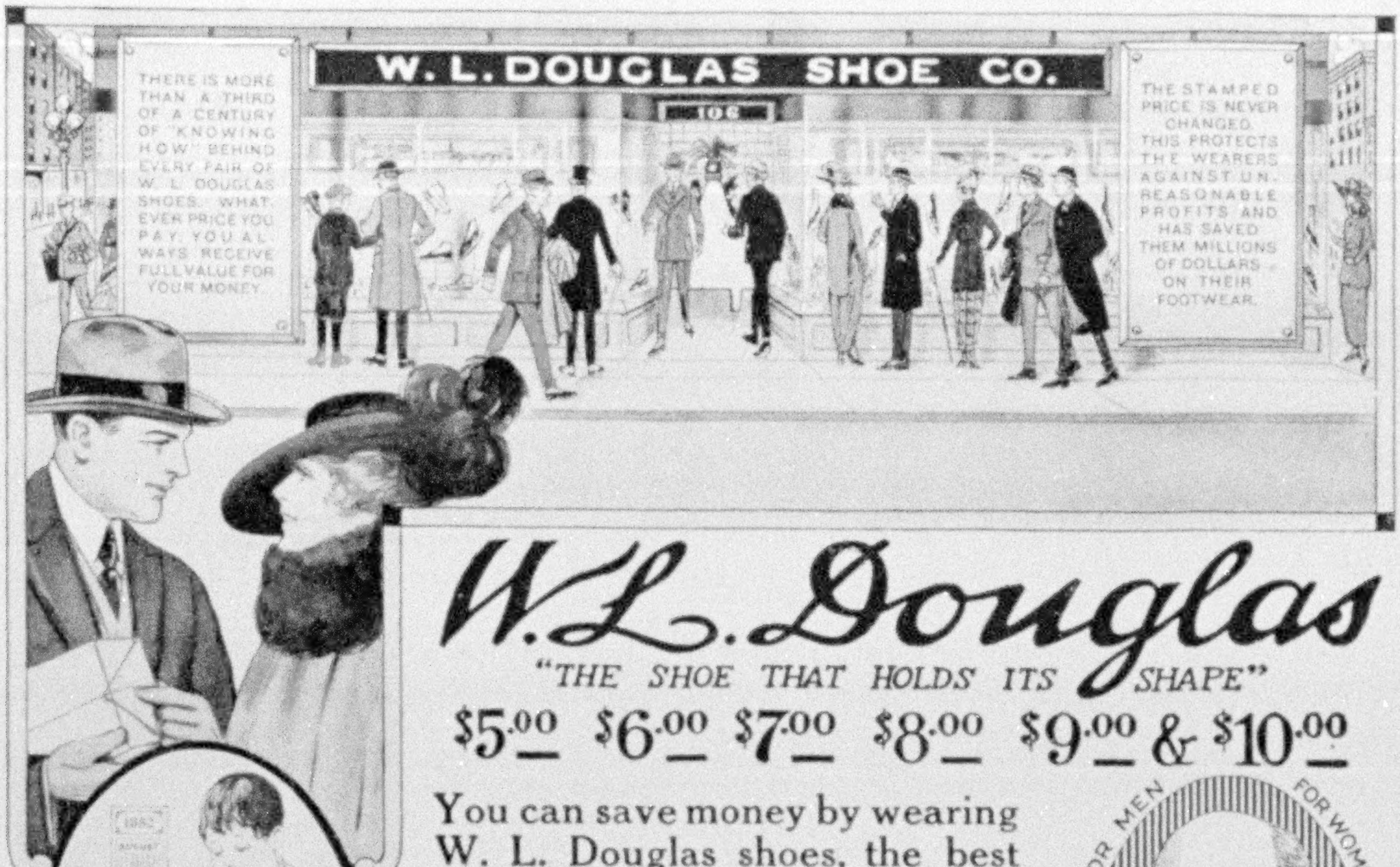

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The Refill Shaving Stick

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"Handy Grip" Stick
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22c

AND every Colgate shave is so smooth and comfortable that it is worth saving the 50 extra shaves you get by unscrewing the last ½ inch of soap from the "Handy Grip" and sticking on your "Refill."

Simply unscrew the "stub," screw a "Refill" into the socket and stick the stub on the "Refill."

Just as easy as putting a new electric light bulb in its socket.

Saves the cost of a new metal box. We make Sticks, Powders and Creams, and can give the impartial advice that the Stick is the most economical.

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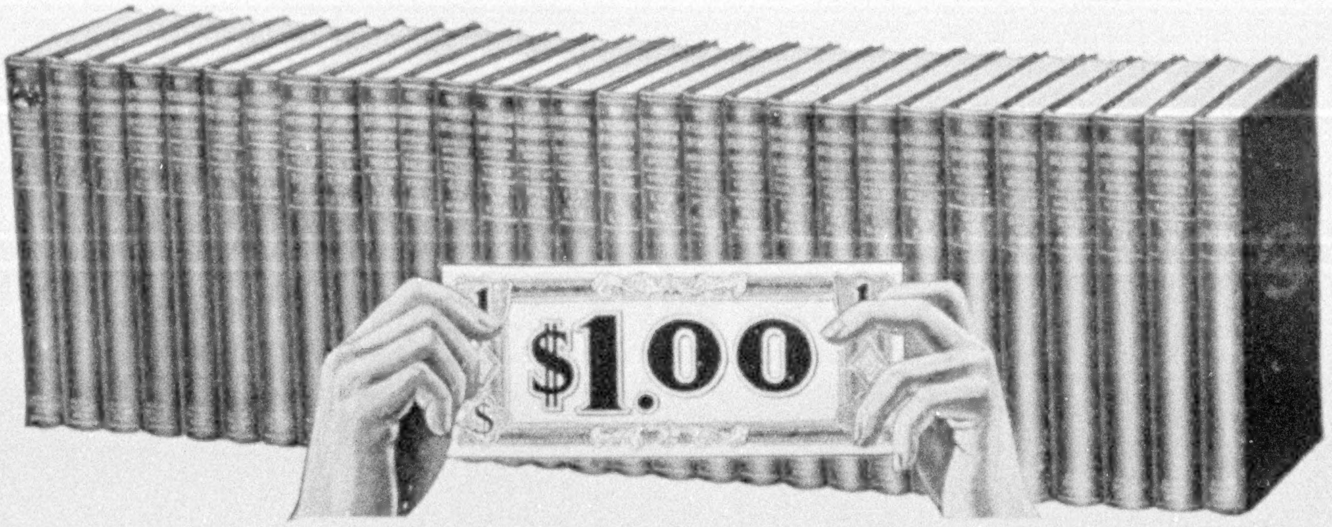

Now as Never Before You Need the Encyclopaedia Britannica

HANDY VOLUME ISSUE

War awoke this great land of ours and set the stage for a tremendous industrial, spiritual and social awakening. There probably is not a man, woman or child among the more than 100,000,000 inhabitants of the United States upon whom the past five years has not had a profound effect. Great reforms are being hastened and this will be a better and cleaner world after the ordeals of fire through which it has passed. The participation of the United States as never before in the world's affairs has brought to the people new interests not limited to the neighborhood, town or city in which they live, but interests that are world wide. A miracle has been wrought in men's minds, a miracle in which there is a tremendous thirst for knowledge, a knowledge which is absolutely necessary today, as never before. Where can people find correct, authoritative and comprehensive information on the many different subjects in which they are interested, as a consequence of this awakening? They naturally turn to the wonderful storehouse of knowledge—the world's greatest guide to correct and authoritative information—The Encyclopaedia Britannica. The Britannica furnishes practical, detailed articles of great value to the business man, to the manufacturer, to the importer, to the worker in the industries. The Britannica will give a foundation for study of subjects which will be uppermost in our minds for years to come. It is the book for Americans today who are waking up to new thoughts, new work and new interests.

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But this marvelous work with its 41,000 separate articles is more than a guide for the enterprising business man of the United States, fitting him to be a citizen of the world—a world merchant. The Britannica discusses in a way that you can understand every branch of science, industry, literature, art, religion, inventions and engineering; history and race development; war and peace; architecture, astronomy, chemistry, sociology, electricity, geology and geography, biography, law and physics. You and your family will find in the Britannica a liberal education. In answer to the hundred questions which every day come to your mind and to your wives' and children's minds—it will tell you more about everything than you can get from any other source.

What Is Before Us?

There are many serious post-war problems confronting us. Do you understand the tendencies in our industrial life? Why are the prices of commodities high? Will wages go still higher or down? Will the cost of living gradually drop? Is there likely to be some great cataclysm that will serve to send prices and wages tumbling downward? Are you inclined to be stampeded with fear of what is before us? Are you sitting down and studying the facts of past cases that were somewhat similar? Are you familiar with what has happened after other wars? In England after the Napoleonic campaigns; in the United States after the Civil War; to France, to Germany and to Neutrals after the Franco-Prussian war?

This wonderful book of knowledge—the new Encyclopaedia Britannica—literally brings the whole world to the reader. It tells all about foreign countries, their people, their history, their progress, their resources, their imports and exports. An hour a day with the Britannica will give you as clear and comprehensive an idea of the rest of the world as we Americans now have of the States of the Union.

Woman Needs the Britannica as Never Before.

The war has changed the status of women industrially and politically. The mother must keep abreast of the great thoughts and movements that are taking place throughout the world, that are vitally affecting her. Woman today in her greater and more important place in the world needs the Encyclopaedia Britannica as never before—she needs it to teach her how to fulfill her new status as a citizen—how to make her more efficient in the business world and, as a mother, to make herself broader and a bigger woman so she can teach her children wisely and correctly.

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The Government has announced its withdrawal of many passport restrictions and travel may now be resumed to most foreign countries.

This affords me the opportunity to extend to all Americans and American institutions the world-wide facilities of the foreign offices of the American Express Company, where you will find helpful service and always an American welcome.

Throughout Europe, South America, and the Orient the offices of the "Old" American Express Company have long been the official business headquarters, as well as the social centers, for American travelers. Its representatives are trained in American business methods and ideals. They are thoroughly acquainted with local conditions and will be glad to assist you by personal advice or in the details of business matters.

The following are ways in which we can serve you:

Our offices may be used as your headquarters for receiving or reforwarding of your mail or telegrams.

We shall be glad to provide your railroad, Pullman, steamship, or hotel accommodations, either in this country or abroad.

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We will assist in financing your imports and exports through our Commercial Credit and Exchange Departments.

We invite you to take advantage of these facilities in all parts of the world and to ask us for any information which will assist you in foreign banking, travel, or shipping matters.

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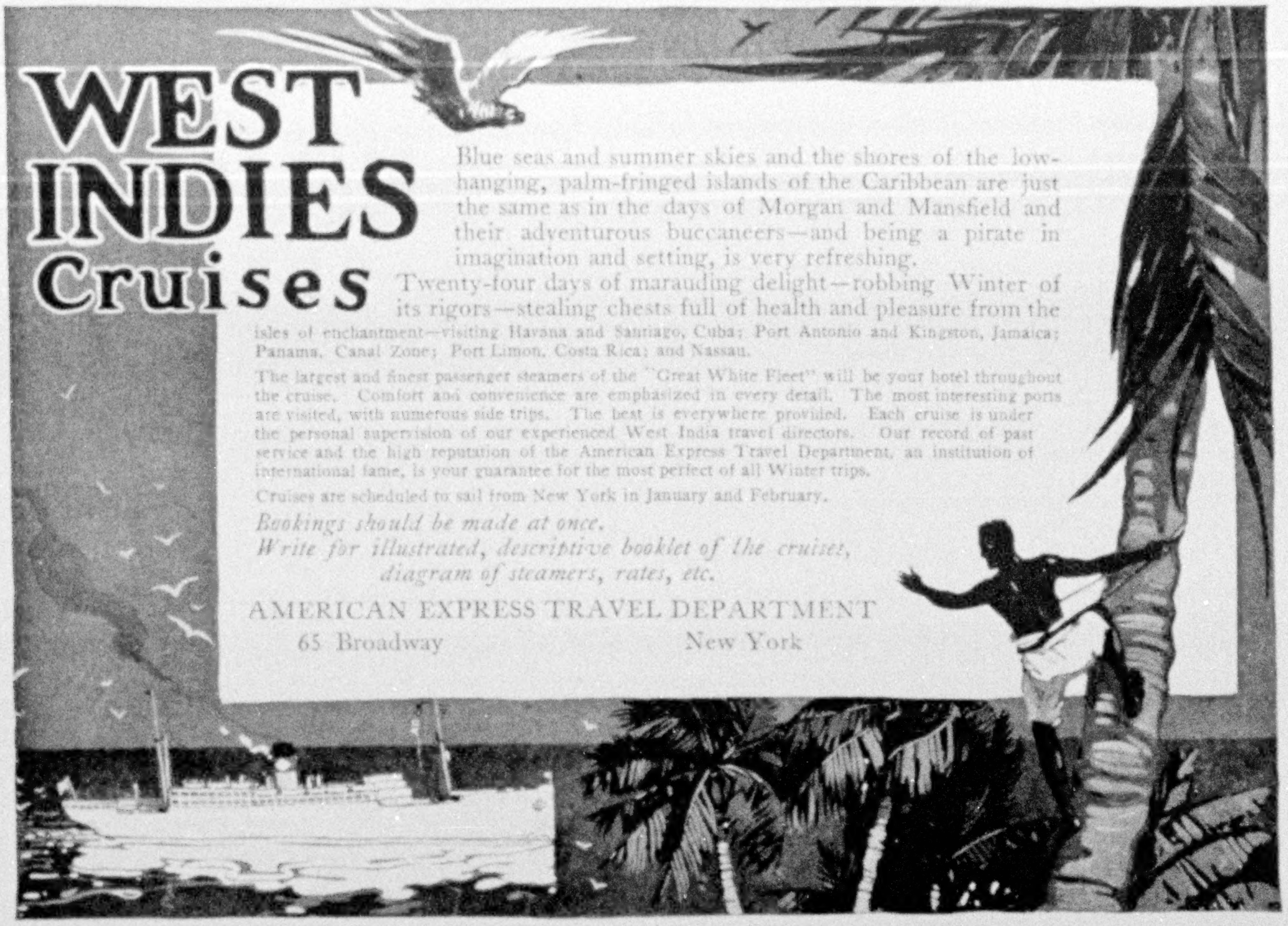

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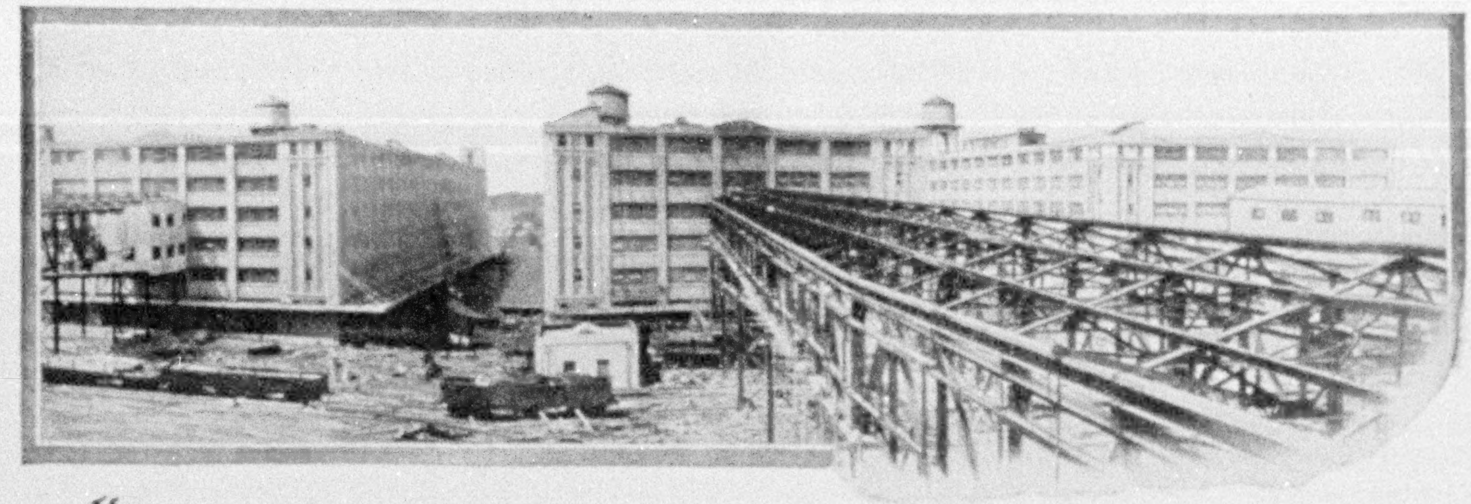

"Fuller-Built Landmarks"

In The Service of Industry

The warehouses and wharves here pictured which were recently completed at New Orleans for the U. S. Army indicate the facilities of the company for handling certain phases of this industrial work. The plant consists of three 6-story reinforced concrete warehouse units 600 ft. long and 140 ft. wide and a 2-story steel and pile wharf and warehouse, 2,000 ft. long, connected with the warehouse units by three structural steel bridges.

The plant contains a total floor space of 48 acres and has a total capacity for 178,500 tons—equivalent to over ten days' average movement over all the wharves, private and State, in the port of New Orleans.

Other industrial work now in progress includes the following:

U. S. Navy Steel Storage Shed, Boston, Mass.
Chicago Union Station, Taylor St. Viaduct, Chicago, Ill.
Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co. Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
Penn. Railroad Round House, Columbus, Ohio
Wisconsin Telephone Company Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.
Johnston Candy Factory, Milwaukee, Wis.
Grain Elevator, Port Arthur, Canada
T. Eaton Company Bldg., Moncton, New Brunswick
Kipawa Co. Pulp, Paper & Sulphite Plant, Timiskaming, Canada
Pennsylvania Terminal additions, Steubenville, Ohio
Railroad Tracks, Pennsylvania R. R., Long Island, N. Y.
Car Shop, Pennsylvania Railroad, Terre Haute, Ind.
Housing U. S. Housing Corporation, Washington, D. C.
12—9600 ton ships, Wilmington, N. C.
Republic Iron & Steel Company Bldg., Youngstown, Ohio

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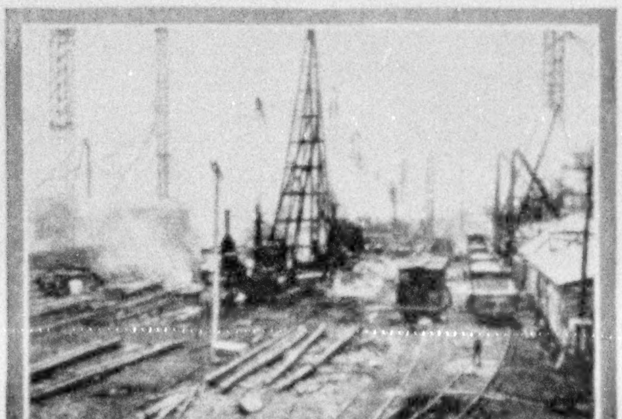

Metal Weather Strips Saved Forty Thousand Cars of Coal Last Winter

In the winter of 1918, metal weather strips were credited with saving from waste, two million tons of coal (40,000 car-loads) which fact led the United States Government Fuel Administration to publicly state that "Weather Strips are 100% fuel conservation."

Every house-owner or building manager must now realize the importance of the weather-strip industry—must understand that any unprotected window continually wastes fuel by allowing heat to escape, and should be anxious to mitigate the coal shortage, that is staring the country in the face, by installing metal weather strips to save his share of the two million tons of coal that they save the Nation annually.

"Monarch Outstrips 'Em All"

Monarch Metal Weather Strips hermetically seal windows, doors, or any opening—yet provide a slipping, sliding surface that allows easy and noiseless operation. Made in two tubular strips—one acting as a curved track for the other—they make a leak-proof cushion between the sash and frame that gives and takes with every movement of the window, yet seals the gap securely and permanently. "Monarch Outstrips 'Em All" because the two-piece, tubular design is exclusively owned by the Monarch Company.

Look up "Monarch" in the phone book, or write us for address of our nearest representative. Monarch Metal Weather Strips will save your coal and increase your comfort.

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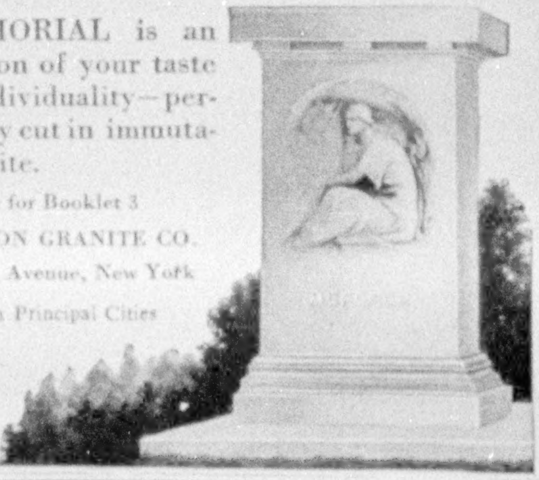

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SparOak in a Cotton Mill

SparOak Belting is seen in this picture operating on spinning frame drives in one of the largest cotton mills in the world. SparOak's flexibility, pulley gripping power, and endurance have made it the standard for work of this kind. SparOak with its permanent elasticity and tensile strength will pull its load at top speed for years with a minimum number of stops.

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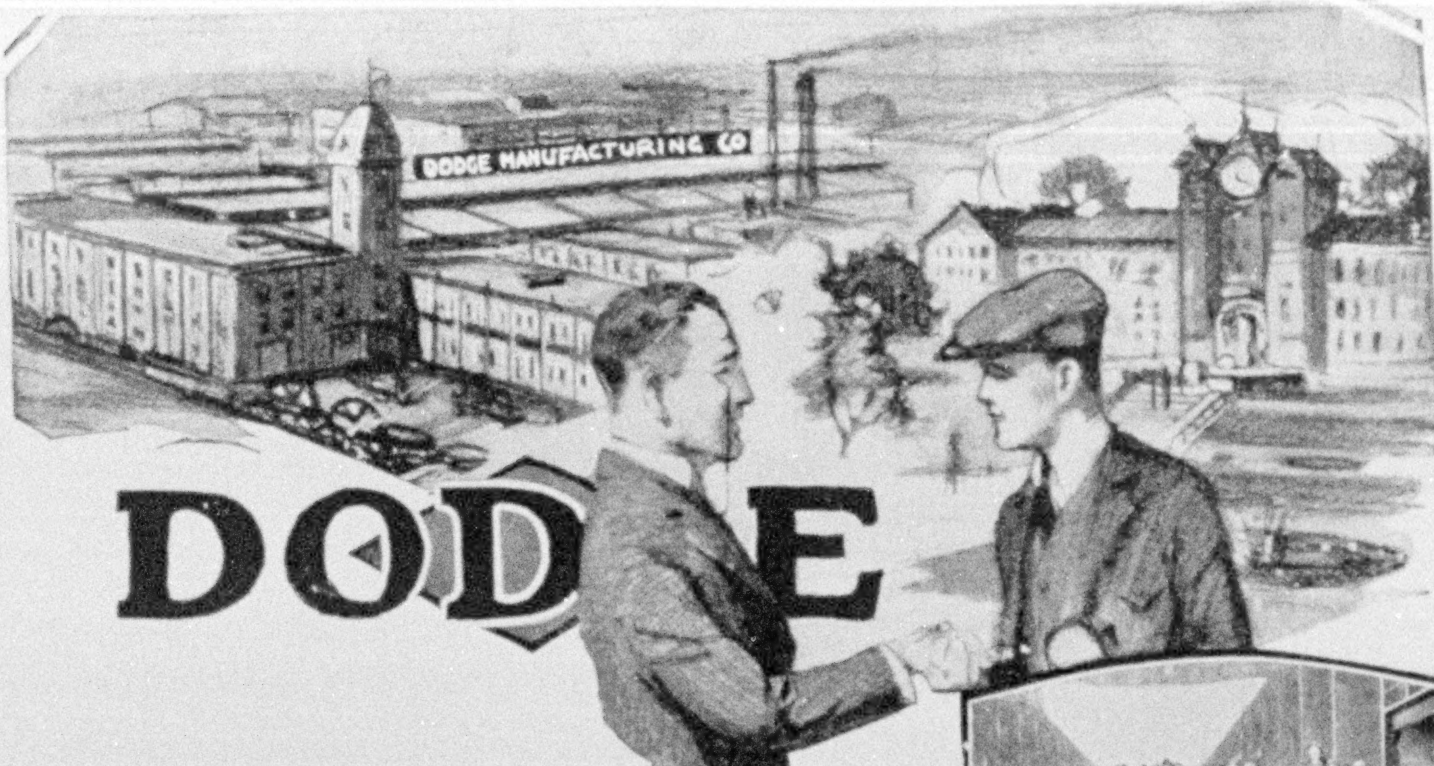

Power transmission methods originate in Dodge shops

Every spring, several of the more important Engineering Universities of America send the graduation class of mechanical engineers to the Dodge plant.

The purpose of their visit is two-fold; they see under construction, everything for the mechanical transmission of power; and they see those same products in operation in the Dodge plant.

Each of these graduate engineers is soon to carry his theory into actual practice. Problems of power distribution will confront him in every branch of industry.

And so in the Dodge plant exhibits are arranged covering the principles of shaft friction and bearing construction; Exhibits demonstrating the centrifugal effect of speed on pulley rims; Exhibits showing the result of balance and true running of fly wheels and line shaft equipments.

Year after year the universities include the trip to Dodge shops in their courses—because in Dodge shops, deeply imbedded in Dodge products they see the physical demonstration of those very principles of correct engineering practice that they have learned in the textbooks of Kent, Cambria and Suplee.

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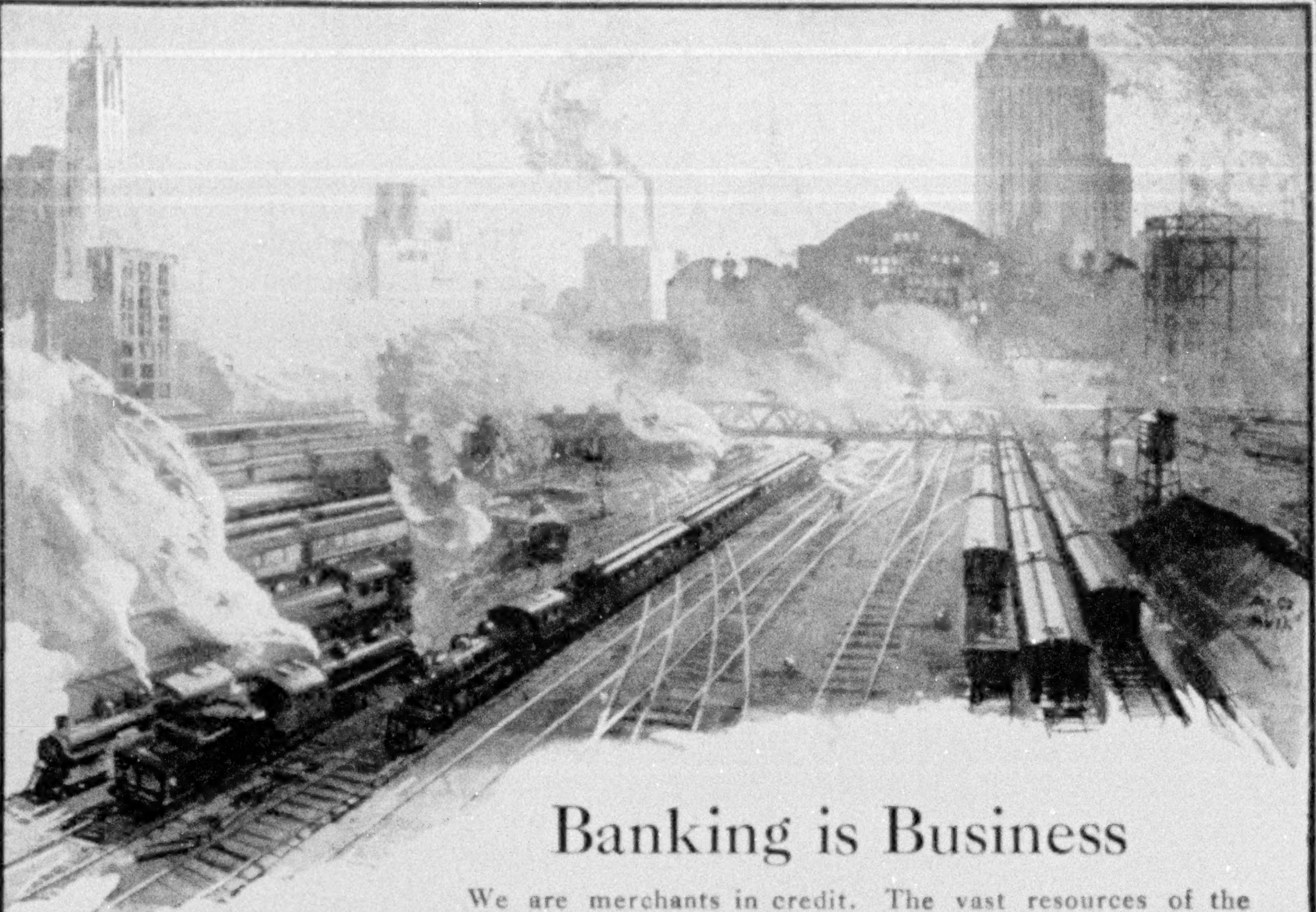

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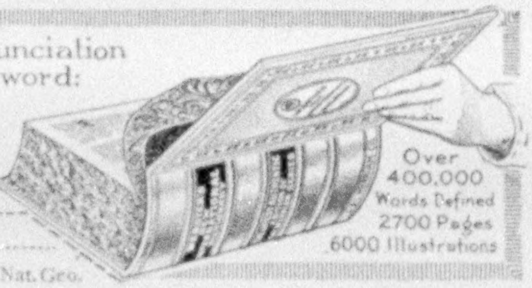
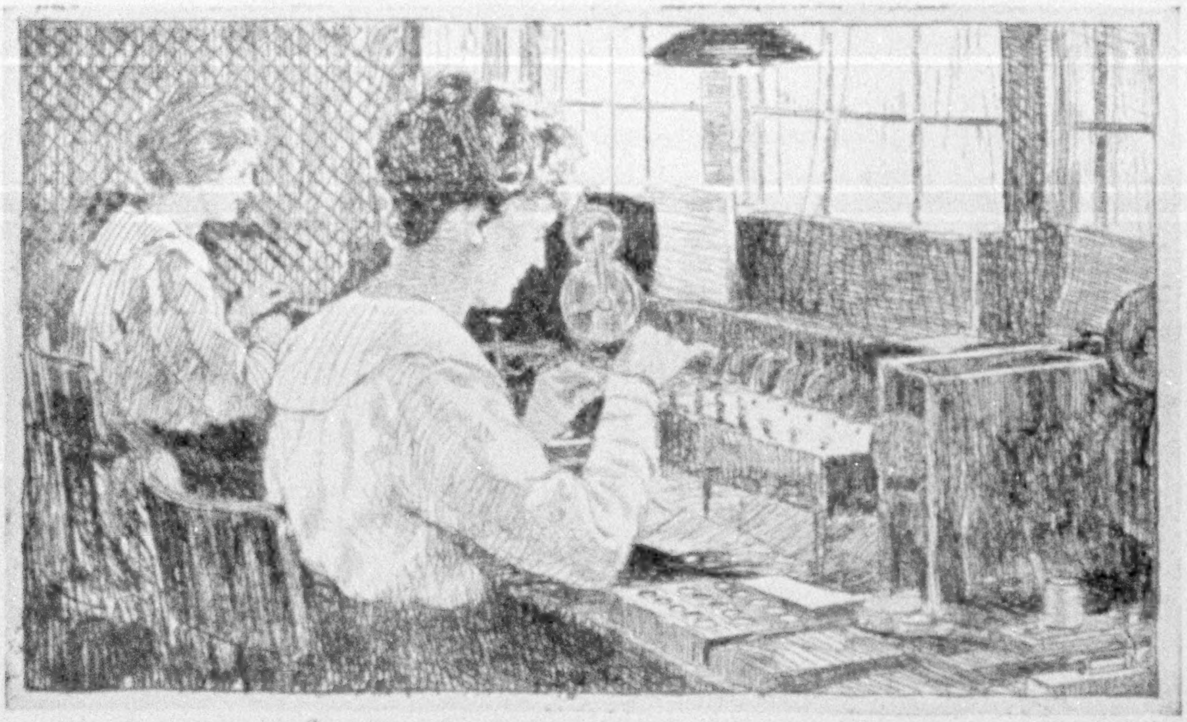


WALTHAM THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH

AND THE FOREIGN BUILT WATCH



Know "the Works" of the Watch You Buy

THE hairspring upon the balance wheel of a watch is similar in function to the effect of gravity upon a pendulum in a clock. A pendulum swings so far to the left or right and is stopped and swung back to the point of impulse by gravity.

A hairspring retards the balance wheel of a watch and revolves it back to the point of impulse, which impulse is given by the escapement.

Therefore, as the hairspring controls the speed and arc of vibration of the balance, or its resultant, time, it is of the utmost importance to the time-keeping quality of the movement that the balance and hairspring be mated in perfect ratio as to the weight of the balance and the proper relation of that weight to the center of gravity and the strength of the spring.

To determine this absolute ratio, John Logan, a famous Waltham horologist, invented a vibratory machine (illustrated above) which so accurately mates the Waltham balance wheel and the hairspring, so perfectly selects the right hairspring for the particular balance wheel, that when finally assembled in the watch the watch is a natural time-keeper. This is one reason why the Waltham watch is famous for its close and constant time-rate.

The foreign watch balance and hairspring are of varying construction. They are made by hand — one at a time — therefore it is impossible even for a skilled watchmaker to determine the ratio weight of the balance to the strength of the hairspring.

Its determination is by the uncertain rule of thumb method in trying various hairsprings until one is found which approximately performs its function.

This is yet another reason why the Waltham watch, due to standardized exclusive machinery, standardized material, absolute measurements and known ratios, is the watch you should insist upon buying —

And why the world's leading horologists came to Waltham for time.

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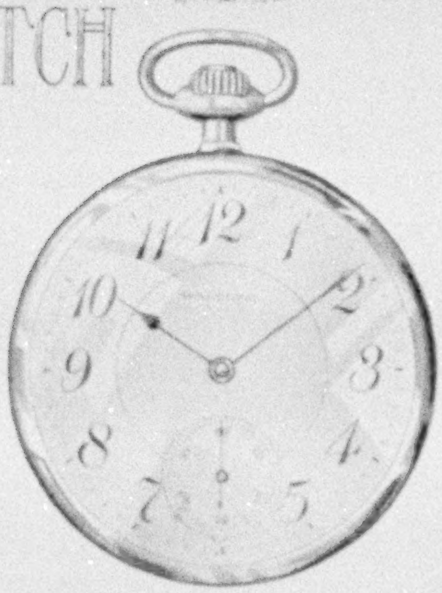

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WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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THE REASON WHY
MAGAZINES PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK CITY WILL BE LATE

DIFFERENCES between certain local unions and their international unions have closed every magazine printing establishment in New York City. Some of the local unions have retained their membership in their international union, while the pressmen, feeders, and paper handlers have seceded and struck. These local unions demand a 32½ to 44-hour week and an increase of $14 per week, with double and triple pay for overtime, to take effect immediately. The international unions contend that the men should return to work and the entire matter be left to arbitration.

The publishers of the magazines meanwhile must suspend publication until the unions fight out their differences. This means that *Collier's Weekly, McClure's, Pictorial Review, Cosmopolitan, Hearst's Magazine, Harper's Bazar, Good Housekeeping, Harper's Magazine, Metropolitan, Scribner's Magazine, Century, Munsey's, Popular, Delineator, Everybody's Magazine, McCall's, Popular Science Monthly, Vogue, Vanity Fair, Motion Picture Magazine,* and 152 others, as well as many of the largest trade papers in the country, will not appear on time as usual.

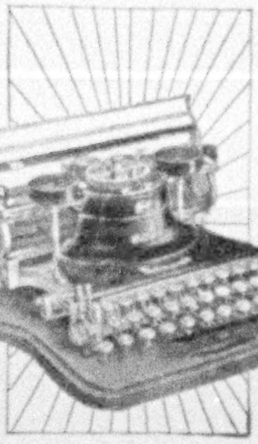
Some of the publishers are making plans to remove their plants from New York to other places, and many Western cities are bidding vigorously to induce these publishers to consider their particular localities. Three very large publications have already completed plans for permanent removal, and their printing machinery and paper supply are now being shipped to Chicago.

The millions of readers of the publications affected by the strike are requested to be patient and to refrain from writing the publishers concerning delays in receipt of magazines. It will be only a question of a short time until the presses will again be running.

(Signed) **Periodical Publishers' Association of America.**

NEW YORK CITY, *October 10, 1919.*

I
DO
THE
WORLD'S
WORK



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A New World Fairy Tale

THE story begins in a little Old World village with an apprentice lad listening to tales told by his elders, in the long evenings after work. As they talked, he learned of a world outside his village, and there came a sudden, half-fearful resolution to break the fetters of his narrow life, and try his fortune in a land of shining opportunity. And so the lad set forth, in his nineteenth year.

Forty-nine days crossing the stormy Atlantic in a sailing vessel; berths of rough boards; food cooked by the passengers themselves—thus in 1849 John J. Bausch came to America—the land of his dreams. Followed disillusionment, almost complete. An epidemic of cholera in Buffalo; no work to be had; a bare existence as cook's helper and porter in a hotel; then a wood-turner in Rochester, at a dollar a day. And then a venture in his chosen field, the optical business—and utter, disastrous failure and a return to wood turning; and even an accident which threatened his livelihood. And the vision grew dim at times—but still it lived; and again an optical business was attempted, this time in his own house.

Mr. J. J. Bausch at 24 years of age

Mr. Henry Lomb at 26 years of age

Henry Lomb joined him, and every hour was busy—yet when Henry Lomb enlisted for the Civil War, their debts just equalled their resources. And this was the net of eight years' work.

But then, slowly, almost imperceptibly, the tide turned. Under the spur of their constant striving for broader knowledge and higher standards, the partners and their sons built up a unique and lasting tradition of science and craftsmanship. Mr. Bausch designed and built the first power lens-grinding machine in America; and gradually other machines and processes were developed, scientific studies undertaken, and new products added to the already well-known eyeglass and spectacle lenses. It took many more years of patient, constructive effort, but success came at last. Exceeding all dreams of the pioneer, the great Bausch & Lomb factory stands as visible evidence of this success.

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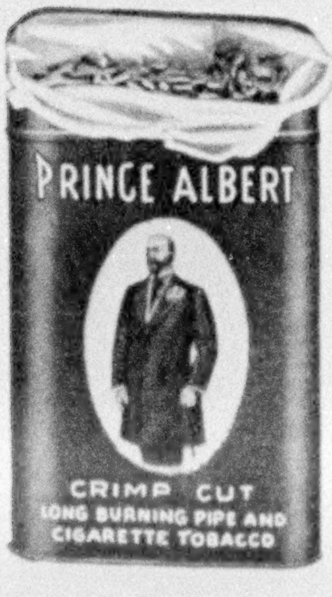

To shoot it quick:—Prince Albert turns over a new leaf in your smoke-career! Shovels smokesorrows right out the attic airshaft and throws wide open the smoke-section-shutters! Talk about letting in a flood of smokesunshine! Bet your pet luckystone that the best you ever heard tell about can't hold a candle *with what Prince Albert will hand you* seven days out of every week! And, then, some-on-the-side!

Smoking Prince Albert is just about twins with having the top time of your life on each fire-up! *It gives you a new idea of how delightful a jimmy pipe or a home-rolled cigarette can be!* Such flavor and fragrance and coolness; such freedom from bite and parch! Prove out personally that Prince Albert's exclusive patented process *really does cut out bite and parch!*

Talk about ringing the bell every time you take *just one more little smoke!* You'll agree with your old fellow citizen, General Approval, that Prince Albert puts a man on the firing line with a pipe or cigarette, *and keeps him there;* that it sends all previous smoke setto records to the rear-ranks; that it just slams in one good time on top of another so fast, so happy-like, you realize that heretofore you've been hunting regular-man-sport with the wrong ammunition!

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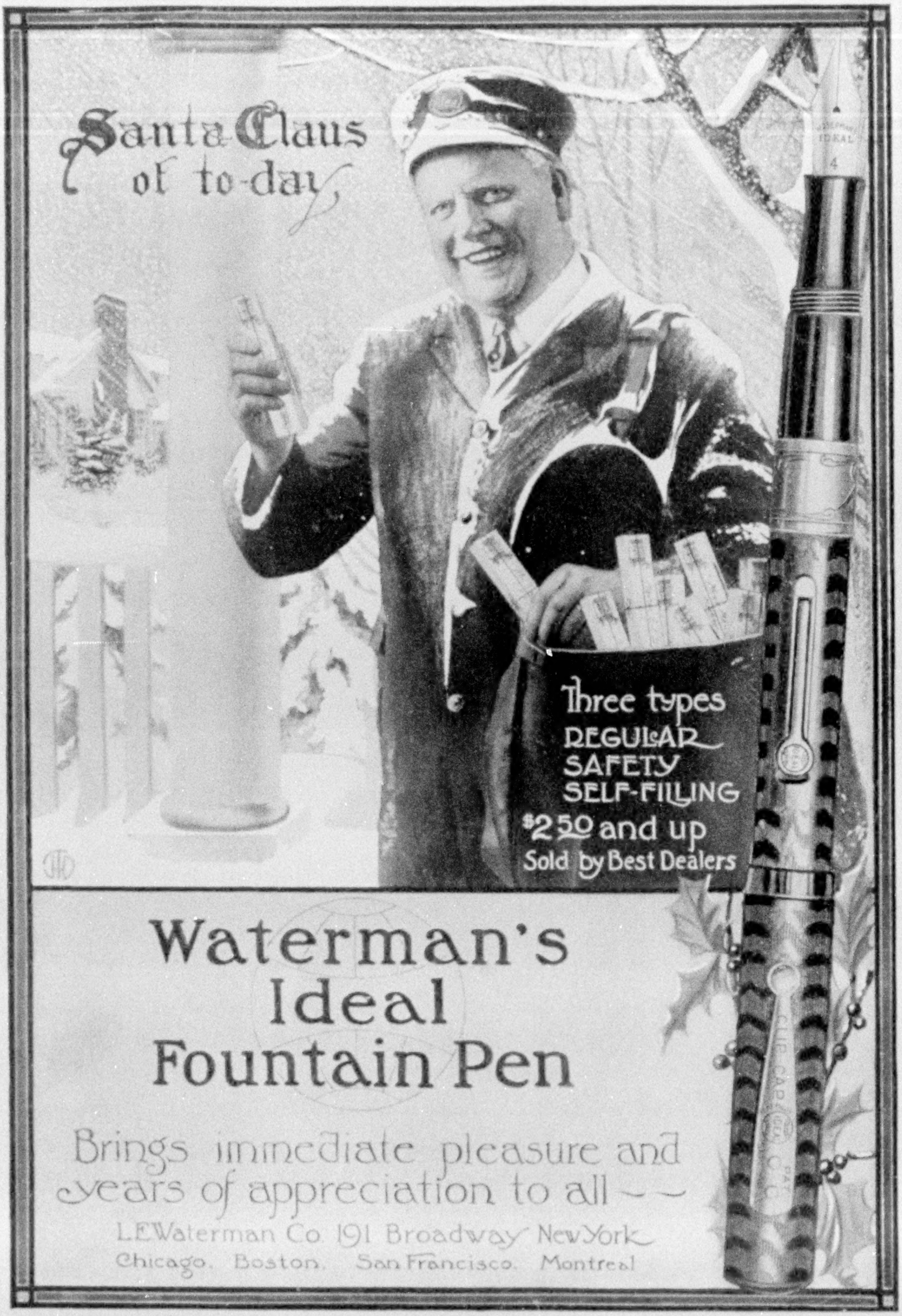

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